e Saturday Evening Post · October 23, 1965 · 25c

POST

Exclusive survey:

What Americans really think of L.B.J.

Medal of Honor winner's unforgettable story of battle

By Vietnam hero Capt. Roger Donlon, USA.

#927 @COLAL7P025APR b
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
LIBRARY
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you're not content to string along with the herd, take a long look at the big Dodge Polara above. Your first thought may be, "Nice, but out of my class." Don't you believe it. For that's what the Dodge Rebellion is all about. Giving you more go, show, spice for the same price you've always paid. Check the price tags on smaller cars. By the time you add a few of the things Polara's got standard—383 cu. in. V8, foam-padded seats, carpets—you can end up paying Polara's price, and still be a long way from Polara's class. (We haven't even mentioned the outside mirror, variable-speed wipers with washers, backup lights and padded dash.) So, stand up for your rights—march down to your Dodge Dealer's. The Dodge Rebellion wants you.

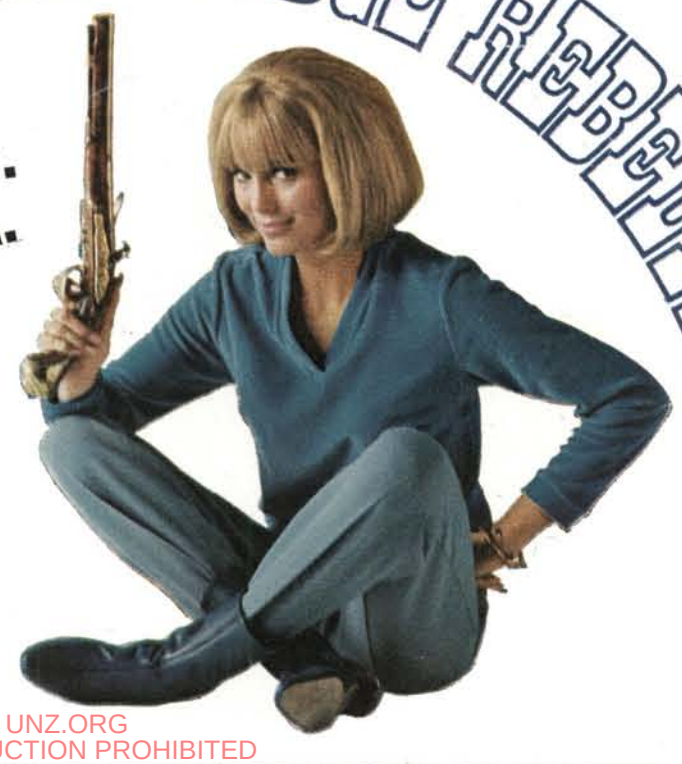
'66 Dodge Polara

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

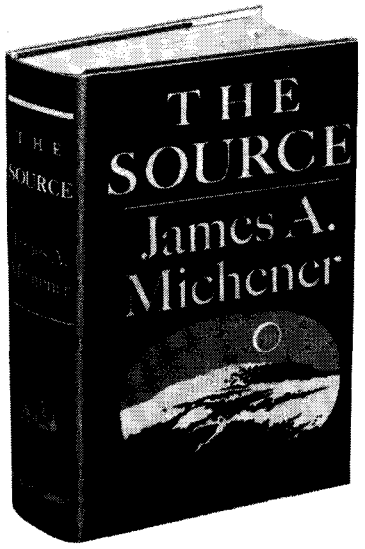
JOIN THE DODGE REBELLION

Demand more "big" in your big car.

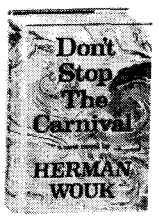
Swing with Dodge Polara.



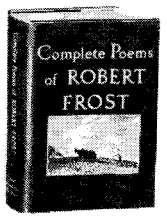
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



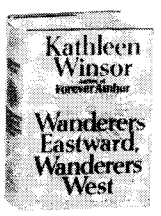
235. THE SOURCE
by JAMES A. MICHENER
Illustrated
(Retail price $7.95)



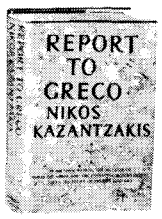
199. DON'T STOP THE CARNIVAL *by* HERMAN WOUK (Retail price $4.95)



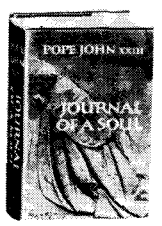
231. COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST. (Retail price $7)



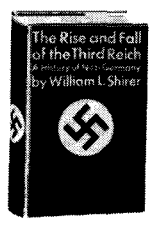
236. WANDERERS EASTWARD, WANDERERS WEST *by* KATHLEEN WINSOR (Retail price $7.95)



256. REPORT TO GRECO *by* NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS (Retail price $7.50)

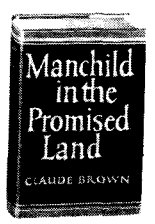


206. JOURNAL OF A SOUL *by* POPE JOHN XXIII Illustrated. (Retail price $7.95)



431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Retail price $10)

259. MY TWELVE YEARS WITH JOHN F. KENNEDY *by* EVELYN LINCOLN (Retail price $5.50)



262. MANCHILD IN THE PROMISED LAND *by* CLAUDE BROWN. (Retail price $5.95)

An Invitation to Readers

WHO MAY HAVE CONSIDERED MEMBERSHIP IN THE

Book-of-the-Month Club

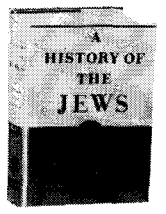
CHOOSE ANY THREE

of the books shown on this page

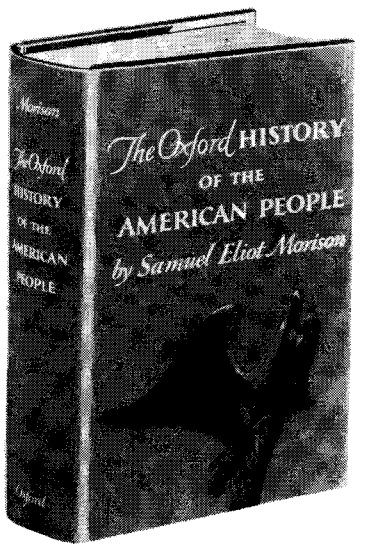
FOR ONLY $1

IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL SUBSCRIPTION

YOU SIMPLY AGREE TO BUY THREE ADDITIONAL CLUB CHOICES WITHIN A YEAR

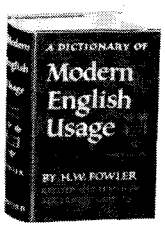


258. A HISTORY OF THE JEWS *by* ABRAM LEON SACHAR. Maps (Retail price $7.95)



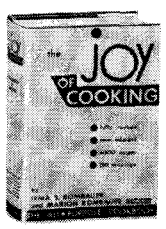
234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE
by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
Illustrated. (Retail price $12.50)

205. THE AMBASSADOR *by* MORRIS L. WEST (Retail price $4.95)



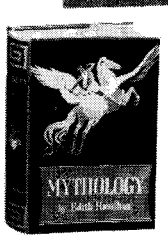
232. A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE *by* H. W. FOWLER Revised edition (Retail price $5)

148. THE ITALIANS *by* LUIGI BARZINI (Retail price $6.95)

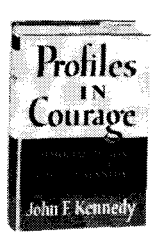


161. JOY OF COOKING *by* IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER. Illustrated (Retail price $6.50)

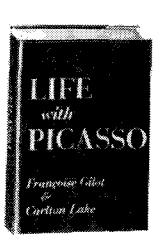
600. THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT Illustrated. (Retail price $10)



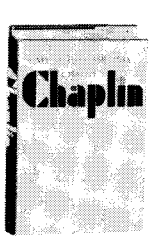
253. MYTHOLOGY *by* EDITH HAMILTON Illustrated. (Retail price $5)



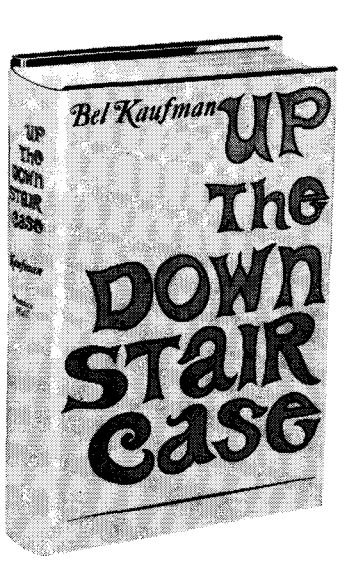
616. PROFILES IN COURAGE *by* JOHN F. KENNEDY Memorial Edition (Retail price $5)



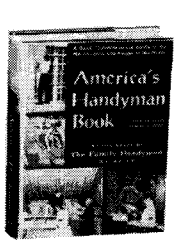
193. LIFE WITH PICASSO *by* FRANÇOISE GILOT *and* CARLTON LAKE Illustrated. (Retail price $6.95)



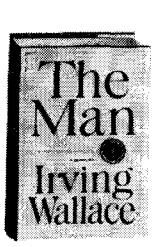
111. MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY *by* CHARLES CHAPLIN Illustrated. (Retail price $6.95)



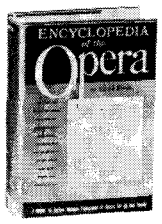
203. UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE
by BEL KAUFMAN
(Retail price $4.95)



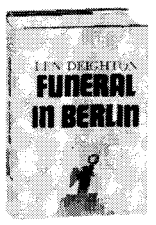
529. AMERICA'S HANDYMAN BOOK. Illustrated (Retail price $8.95)



127. THE MAN *by* IRVING WALLACE (Retail price $5.95)



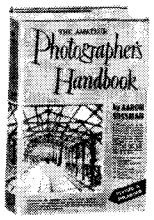
156. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE OPERA *by* DAVID EWEN. (Retail price $7.50)



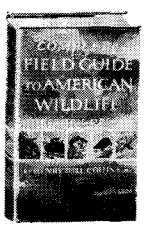
198. FUNERAL IN BERLIN *by* LEN DEIGHTON. (Retail price $4.95)

250. DOG YEARS *by* GUENTER GRASS (Retail price $6.95)

625. A MOVEABLE FEAST *by* ERNEST HEMINGWAY. Illustrated. (Retail price $4.95)

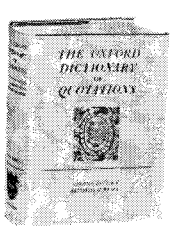


534. THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S HANDBOOK *by* AARON SUSSMAN. Revised edition. Illustrated (Retail price $5.95)



497. COMPLETE FIELD GUIDE TO AMERICAN WILDLIFE *by* HENRY HILL COLLINS, JR. Illustrated. (Retail price $6.95)

106. REMINISCENCES *by* GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR Illustrated. (Retail price $6.95)



260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Retail price $11)

AN UNPRECEDENTED HOME-LIBRARY BUILDING PLAN EVERY BOOK-READING FAMILY SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club **keeps you from missing, through oversight or overbusyness,** books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another equally important advantage enjoyed by members: Book-Dividends. Through this unique profit-sharing system Book-of-the-Month Club members can regularly receive valuable library volumes —at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will receive, *with every Club choice you buy*, a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each Certificate, together with a nominal sum, **usually $1.00 or $1.50**—occasionally more for unusually expensive volumes—can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from over 100 fine library volumes whose retail prices now average $7. Since its inauguration the almost incredible sum of **over $330,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by members through this unique plan.**

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. **A165-10-1**
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the three volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $1.00 for all three volumes. I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these three books. If I continue after the trial, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or Alternate—I buy under the system described at left. (A small charge is added to all shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.) **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club offers two or more books at *a special combined price*. Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

☐ ☐ ☐

MR.
MRS.
MISS } .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*..... **5-55**

In Canada send coupon to: Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd., 73 Bathurst Street, Toronto 2-B, Ontario.

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR SALE ONLY BY FRANCHISED JEWELERS AND JEWELRY DEPARTMENTS

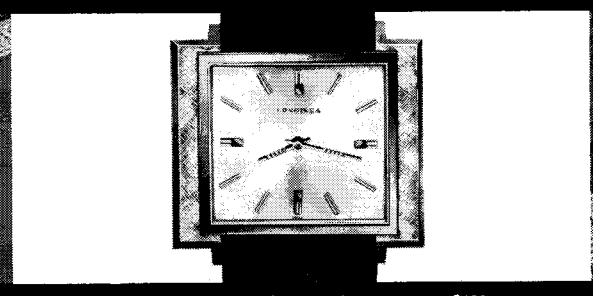
LONGINES THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

THE MOST HONORED
PERSONAL POSSESSION
IN THE WORLD
TODAY

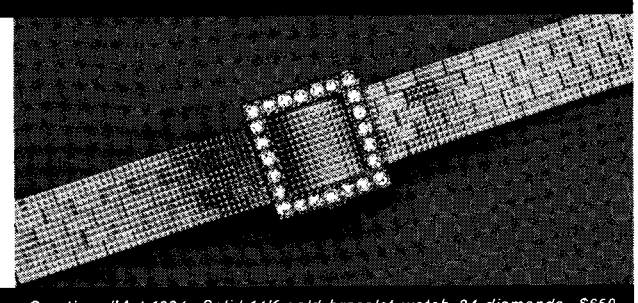
Creation d'Art 1766—Solid 14K gold bracelet watch—$165.

Innovation 5015—Automatic with Calendar, All-proof, Gold-filled—$130.

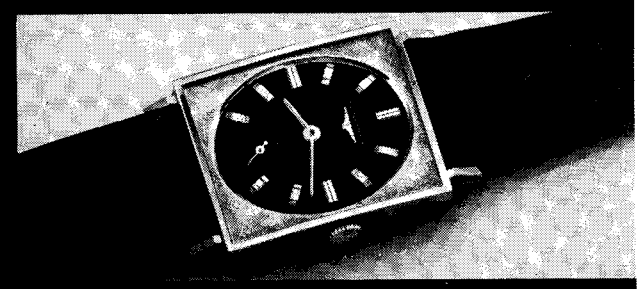
Innovation 5066—Solid 14K gold bracelet watch—$125.



World's Fair 2620—Solid 14K gold, strap—$150.



Creation d'Art 1824—Solid 14K gold bracelet watch, 24 diamonds—$650.



Gold Medal 2100—Gold-filled, strap—$79.50.

10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES

28 GOLD MEDALS

HIGHEST OBSERVATORY HONORS

OFFICIAL WATCH FOR WORLD'S GREAT SPORTS ASSOCIATIONS

WATCH OF THE GREAT AVIATORS AND EXPLORERS OF OUR CENTURY

SOLD IN 150 COUNTRIES OF THE FREE WORLD
UNDER THE LONGINES INTERNATIONAL GUARANTEE

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY
Since 1867 Maker of Watches of the Highest Character
Geneva • Longines-Wittnauer Building, Fifth Avenue, New York • *Montreal*

LEFT *Creation 1937—Solid 14K gold bracelet watch—$395.*

RIGHT *Creation 1911—Solid 14K gold bracelet watch—$325.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening
POST

Founded in 1728 by
Benj. Franklin

WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. Editor

OTTO FRIEDRICH Managing editor
ASGER JERRILD Art director
DON McKINNEY Chief articles editor
WILLIAM EWALD Assistant articles editor
L. RUST HILLS Fiction editor
FRANK KILKER Art editor
JOE SAPINSKY Associate art director (photography)
STEWART ALSOP Washington editor

Senior articles editors JOHN APPLETON (entertainment); HILLEL BLACK (general); SANDFORD BROWN (business); THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (national affairs); WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK (national affairs); JOHN HUNT (speaking out); ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (national affairs); RICHARD LEMON (general); DAVID A. LYLE (foreign); MICHAEL M. MOONEY (general); JEANETTE A. SARKISIAN (general); STEVEN M. SPENCER (science). **Assistant** BARBARA J. POSEN. **Editors-at-large** JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, ROGER KAHN, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN. **Contributing writers** TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, MYRON COPE, SANCHE DE GRAMONT, PETE HAMILL, MARVIN KITMAN, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, ROBERT K. MASSIE, CHARLES McCARRY, WILLIAM SAROYAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR. **Senior fiction editor** MacLENNAN FARRELL. **Associate fiction editor** SUSAN STANWOOD. **Assistants** ANN BAYER, GERALDINE KRUG. **Technical photography director** JOHN HARM. **Associate photography editors** ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, SALLY A. REUKAUF, JOSH EPPINGER III. **Regional photographers** OLLIE ATKINS (Washington); BILL BRIDGES (Los Angeles); LYNN PELHAM (Miami). **Photo lab** ROBERT MOORE (chief). **Senior copy editors** RICHARD L. LEHMAN, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER. **Associate copy editor** NORRIS RANDOLPH. **Assistant** MARY ANN O'ROARK. **Layout** JOHN OAKLAND, DAVID HANNUM, GERALD T. COUNIHAN. **Editorial production** FLORENCE CONWAY. **Assistant** RITA ORTIGA. **Research** LIA SMITS (chief); MYRA L. BLUESTEIN, MARILYN FLAIG, VICTORIA SMITH.

J. M. CLIFFORD President
JESS L. BALLEW Publisher

© 1965 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U. S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published biweekly; twenty-six issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa. and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $3.95; 2 Yrs., $7.45; 3 Yrs., $10.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Pan American countries, 1 Yr., $5.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $6.95. UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY: We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, J. M. Clifford, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; Maurice W. Poppei, Sr. Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Robert L. Sherrod, Vice Pres., Editorial Coordinator; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres., Publisher, The Saturday Evening Post; John S. Connors, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. Executive offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Editorial and advertising offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

IN THIS ISSUE

October 23, 1965 • 238th Year, Issue No. 21

Articles

Down with cops *(Speaking Out)* . . . . . *Nelson Algren* 10
The twin illusions *(Affairs of State)* . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 18
To each his own buffalo *(The Human Comedy)* . . . . . *Roy Bongartz* 22
What the people really think . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 27
The man who speaks for L.B.J. . . . . *Don Oberdorfer* 32
George Balanchine: "God creates, I assemble" . . . . . *Suzanne Massie* 34
The battle for Nam Dong . . *Capt. Roger H. C. Donlon, as told to Warren Rogers* 38
Down the wide Missouri with "an old s.o.b." . . . . . *Robert Wernick* 92
The riddle of the "nice" killer . . . . . *Bard Lindeman* 98
Dr. Seuss: "What am I doing here?" . . . . . *C. Robert Jennings* 105

Fiction

Just a friendly little game . . . . . *William Price Fox* 54
The huntress . . . . . *Christina Stead* 76

Departments

Letters . . . 4 America, America . . . 88 Post scripts . . 90
Hazel . . . . . 102 Editorial 110

About this issue

WARREN ROGERS, who collaborated with Capt. Roger H. C. Donlon on his account of battle in Vietnam, has been chief Washington correspondent of the Hearst newspapers for the past 2½ years. A veteran newspaperman, he was with the Associated Press for 12 years and the New York *Herald Tribune* for four years. In 1962 McGraw-Hill published his book, *The Floating Revolution*, in which he describes the seizure of the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria* by a group of rebels under the leadership of Henrique Galvão. Rogers is now on his eighth trip to South Vietnam . . . . DON OBERDORFER, who writes about the President's acting press secretary, Bill Moyers, was a *Post* writer for four years and is now a national correspondent of the Knight newspapers . . . . Free-lance writer SUZANNE MASSIE is a former ballet instructor and is the wife of *Post* contributing writer Robert K. Massie./The cover illustration was painted by Belgian artist JEAN L. HUENS.

Warren Rogers with Captain Donlon

Moving?

Change your address in advance and get this FREE Moving Guide

Please send us the address label from this issue before you move and we will send you—FREE—a copy of NEW HOME JOURNAL, the 64-page illustrated guide that will help you save time, trouble and money when you move.

Mail to:
SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
DEPT. NHJ
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1910:

Please send me a FREE copy of New Home Journal

ATTACH YOUR ADDRESS LABEL HERE

NAME (print)_____
My New Address_____
City_____State_____Zip Code_____
Date Moving_____

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

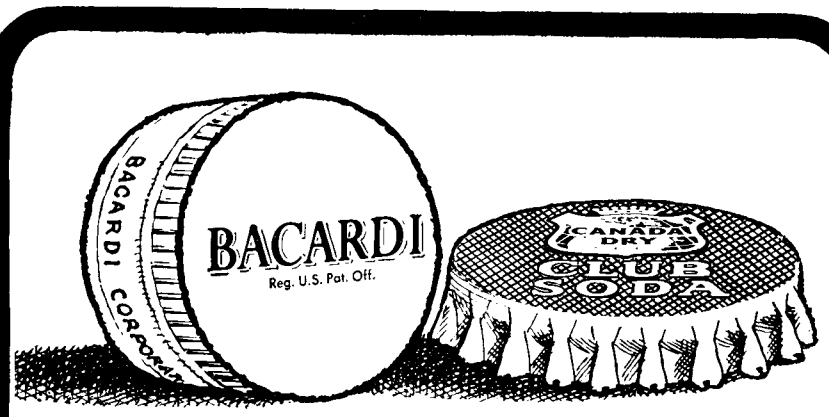
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's a better way to do it

...with a Nicholson file

Quality tools by Nicholson: Files · Rotary Burs
Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades · Hole Saws
Ground Flat Stock · Industrial Hammers

NICHOLSON U.S.A.® **NICHOLSON** BLACK DIAMOND® U.S.A.
Nicholson File Company, Providence, R. I.



DRINKMATES!

Rum in a highball? Read on!

Chances are better than even that Bacardi rum has what *you* want in a highball. It's sunny dry (not sweet)... light-bodied... and so smooth on the tongue that many people prefer it right out of the bottle and on-the-rocks! So why *wouldn't* it taste real good with soda or water? It does. We bet you like it! How about giving it a try?

BACARDI® ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

© Bacardi Imports, Inc., Miami, Fla. Rum 80 & 151 Proof

Letters

J. Edgar Hoover

Thanks to *The Post* and author James Phelan for a fitting tribute to HOOVER OF THE FBI [September 25], the irreplaceable man.

ORVILLE STOKES
Tacoma, Wash.

• James Phelan makes it clear that the clock stopped in the FBI from the day Dillinger was gunned down. Hoover's early achievements are overshadowed by the fact that he runs his bureau in a fashion as dated as his two-button suits. He is irreplaceable only in the sense that it would be hard to find a modern police chief with such anachronistic concepts.

WILLIAM W. TURNER
Sausalito, Calif.

• I hope he retires in time to write his memoirs; as a retired employee he would be truly free to speak his mind and name names. It would be great of him to point out some of the comsymps and frontmembers in high places. He is "square" and "corny" to this jazz-crazy generation, but I wish we had millions like him. Then America would be more fit to lead the West against the encircling gloom of Marxist slavery.

ARTHUR A. MADSEN
Castro Valley, Calif.

• There is one aspect of the FBI about which your article was significantly silent: the FBI and politics. What actually goes on in that shadowy area I don't know, but we all know that the FBI checks on the loyalty of many citizens. And who defines "loyalty"? What are the guidelines? From his books, Mr. Hoover makes no secret of his rightist leanings—he's probably quite proud of them—but this doesn't make for objectivity in judging people's loyalty.

Anonymity and secrecy when the agency is tracking down kidnappers, murderers and other suspects is one thing, but in the sphere of politics it is quite another. And it is to this aspect of the FBI's work that I refer when I say that we have among us a full-fledged secret police.

DONALD C. SKONE-PALMER
Van Nuys, Calif.

Whither education?

All hail to Robert M. Hutchins and hisblockbuster, COLLEGES ARE OBSOLETE [September 25]. I came out of Stanford (A.B. in '27, A.M. in '30, Earth Sciences) as a geologist and micropaleontologist. Working with the microscope eight hours a day, we micropaleontologists did many useful things, uncovering subsurface geologic correlations in oil and gas fields.

It took me many years to discover that I was a technological barbarian. Only through such devices as the open forum and the communications media was I able to obtain the rudiments of a liberal education. The process still continues.

Specialization should be relegated to the graduate schools. First, teach.

MAURY N. TRAVIS
Denver, Colo.

• As a college junior about to return for a new term, I found the article wonderful in lending much-needed perspective. Aims in college are vague and often untenable. Thank you for a star to sight on.

RICHARD C. DONOVAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

• Thank God for Hutchins. When I was an undergraduate at the University of Chicago (1949–51), many said that, and quite a few put it the other way around. But his solution, even if it were unquestionably right, hasn't much chance of being accepted in post-midcentury America. In various associations with other universities—Minnesota, Oxford, Yale and U.C.L.A.—I have met few (and most of those ex-Chicagoans) who shared Hutchins's "19th century" view of the university as first of all a producer of civilized, just and cooperatively enquiring men. As the years pass since Hutchins's Chicago ceased, I meet fewer and fewer.

In an age when most citizens are becoming increasingly unnecessary to "progress," Hutchins's message is urgent, but it will be heard too late by too few and to no avail. We, whose values are weights and measures, what do we know of worth? And when will we trouble to learn?

THOMAS CLAYTON
Los Angeles, Calif.

• Doctor Hutchins's article was not all-inclusive. Many of us are harboring doubts about the whole educational program. We see the spectacle of many of those who would teach our youth marching in protest parades, picketing for various and sundry causes, joining and even leading student demonstrations and riots against authority and established order. As our young men and women enter the institutions of higher learning, they come under the influence of these teachers.

This writer questions whether the education which we are going all out to provide for our youth is going to improve our way of life enough to warrant the great effort and expense involved. If we produce a generation of dissenters, the answer is *no*.

B. A. HOBAN
New London, N.H.

Alone against the sea

William Willis is really Hemingway's *Old Man and the Sea*, come back to make our astronauts seem a little absurd [ALONE AGAINST THE SEA by William Willis, September 25].

SHERMAN HARDIN
Palo Verde, Ariz.

• *Age Unlimited* is no raft. According to Webster a raft is "a floating flat framework made of logs, boards . . . fastened together. . . ." Obviously a raft has no deck, certainly no steering wheel and rudder, no tripod steel mast and no pontoons.

Life in a windjammer is hard enough; I spent five years before the mast in the big Cape Horners, I know. Why then compound the hardships by sailing in a contraption that is slow as a snail, unseaworthy as an old washtub and as ugly as a scrawny witch?

Mr. Willis was just plain lucky to fetch up in Australia.

CHARLES ROSNER
Bellport, N.Y.

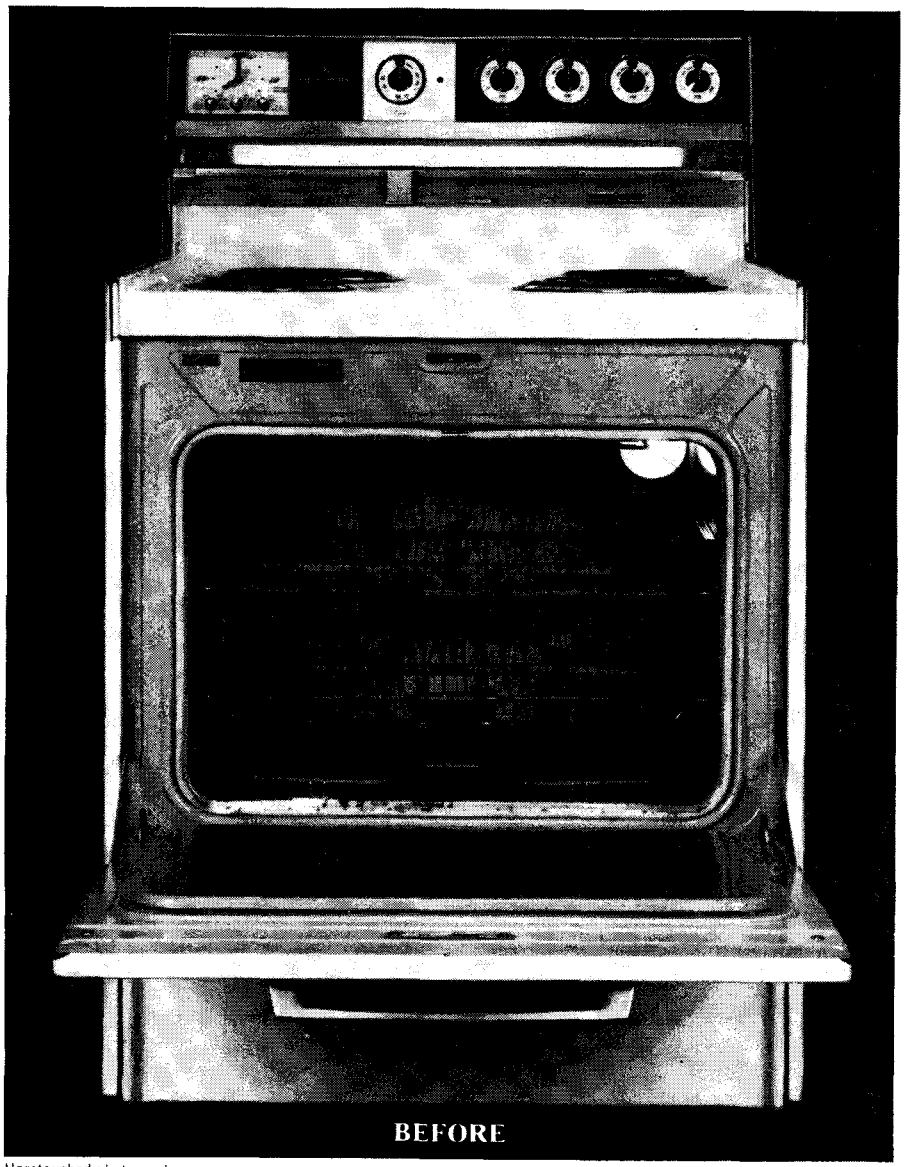
Campbell's tomato soup

Being a firm believer in the cliché "everything in life has a purpose," I am in dire need of enlightenment. Case in point—a small but highly provocative picture of a can of Campbell's Tomato Soup right smack next to your editorial entitled ON THE OUTNESS OF INNESS

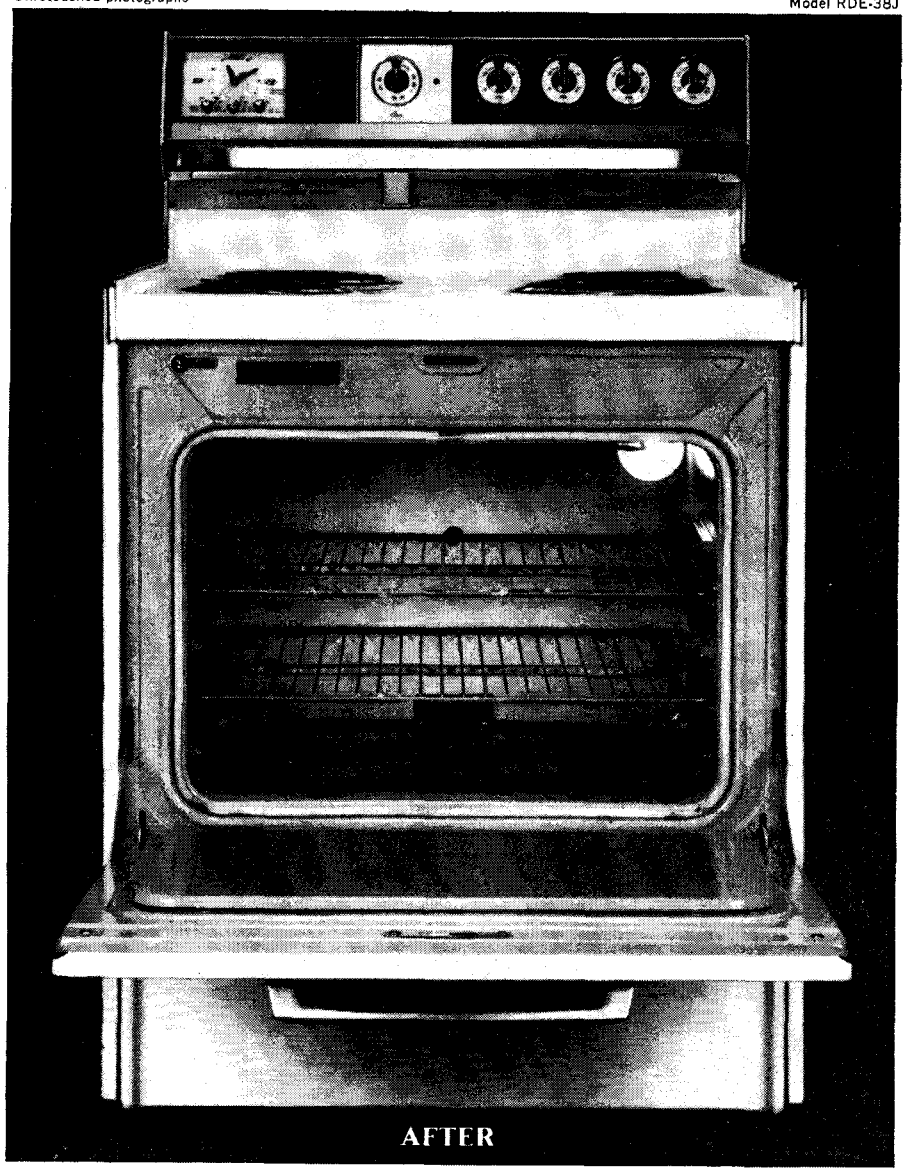
Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

Cover–Jean L. Huens. • 3–Andrée L. Abecassis. • 10–Art Shay. • 18–Wide World. • 27, 28–Ollie Atkins. • 29–Ollie Atkins, Bill Bridges. • 30, 31, 32, 33–Ollie Atkins. • 34, 35, 36, 37–Martha Swope. • 38–Lt. Col. Josephfont, UPI. • 39–Lt. Col. Josephfont. • 41–Pfc. Kenneth Franz. • 42, 46, 47–Lt. Col. Josephfont. • 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97–Ted Polumbaum. • 98–Declan Haun (Black Star). • 101–UPI. • 105–Bruce Kerner. • 106, 108–© by Dr. Seuss. • 109–Bruce Kerner. • 110–U.S. Army Photograph.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Unretouched photographs Model RDE-38J



Now from Frigidaire...an oven that cleans itself automatically!

It's the Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven ...and the range costs only about $330!

How does it work? The unretouched "before" photo shows how a Frigidaire oven looked after we had baked on meat fats, cherry pie filling and starch at 450° for 2 hours. The unretouched "after" photo shows the same oven after one Frigidaire Electri-clean cleaning cycle. High heat—about 900°—has turned even this tough soil into harmless vapor and a trace of ash.

As the oven reaches broiling heat, the door locks itself; it cannot be reopened until the temperature drops to the conventional level. This is one reason the Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven meets the safety requirements of Underwriters Laboratories and carries the Underwriters Laboratories insignia.

What do you do? Just set the "clean" lever, turn the "start" dial and the Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven does the rest. Cleans itself, plus oven racks, automatically, electrically.

If the facings outside the oven are soiled wipe them off before the cleaning process starts. After the oven has cleaned itself, all that's left of the heavy soil is a slight trace of white ash. Just whisk it out and your oven's like new again.

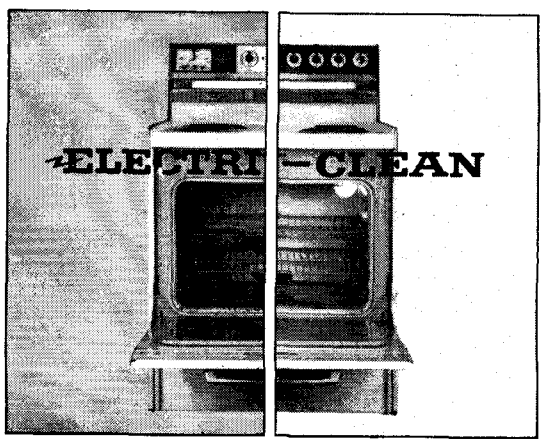
What about cost? Every feature-filled Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven Range is surprisingly inexpensive to own and to operate. This model costs only about $330, with the exact price determined by the dealer. See your own Frigidaire dealer for his price and terms for all the Electri-clean models.

What's more, this "big family" oven cleans itself automatically, electrically, for about the cost of a cup of coffee.

Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven Ranges...products of General Motors.

FRIGIDAIRE

The brightest ideas in ranges are yours with Frigidaire... Electri-clean, Tender-matic, Flair, Twin-30 & Pull-n-Clean oven models.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

(pg. 98, September 25). I shall not sleep until I determine if tomato soup is now to be considered "out" or "in." Or was the picture you put *in* supposed to be left *out?*

RICHARD CANTWELL
East Rutherford, N.J.

Tomato-soup cans are sometimes thought to be in when painted by Andy Warhol; in actual fact, tomato soup is always in when the can is sealed.—Ed.

An ordinary girl

Sharon Kinne [I'M JUST AN ORDINARY GIRL by Pete Hamill and David Weber September 25] could not adjust to her role as an average housewife and mother and so escaped into a world of illusion. It is not enough to declare her "guilty" or "innocent." Sharon obviously needs a psychiatrist.

MARY SULLIVAN
Broomall, Pa.

• Sharon Kinne may be "just an ordinary girl," but Rudy Fick, Inc. (The House of Sincere Service) is not a Fink as authors Pete Hamill and David Weber indicate.

BILL MABRY
Kansas City, Mo.

THE POST *apologizes for the typographical error.—Ed.*

The Indian image

Recently I had the misfortune to read a story in your August 28 issue called THE GAUDIEST THING ON WHEELS by William Humphrey. The first part is good, pointing out briefly the guilt the author felt as a boy for the injustices committed against the Indian. Then, as an adult, the author totally reverses his outlook and projects the impression that the American Indian is dirty, stupid and totally unprepared to live in today's society.

An Indian myself, I take this as a personal insult. Most Indian tribes have had the custom of bathing once a day, but in reservations of dust and rock this is rather difficult. As for the accusation "an Indian won't work"—a great many of New York's skyscrapers were built by Mohawk Indian ironworkers; Indians of the Northwest excel in lumbering; Western Indians have superb herds of cattle which demand much hard work to be maintained. Indians work just as hard as other peoples and in some cases harder, for often the land that they have been "given" is the worst in America.

I could write until the sun settles this day tearing William Humphrey's unjust article to pieces, but I should not have to. I cannot understand why a magazine of such standing as yours would allow ink to be wasted on such a prejudiced article.

JOHN FADDEN, KA-HON-HES
Onchiota, N.Y.

• On behalf of the Indian tribes of this country, let me express our profound thanks for your short story, THE GAUDIEST THING ON WHEELS.

We are saddened at the thought of a society where an innocent little boy can grow into a prejudiced adult and feel that he has "bettered himself." Perhaps the story will help your readers to understand why Indians are so reluctant to leave their tribal society and why they reject "success."

VINE DELORIA JR.
Executive Director
National Congress of American Indians
Washington, D.C.

Time remembered

I lived in Flushing when Ed Love did [HOMETOWN, U.S.A., September 11], and his article held almost too much nostalgia for me. Two of his conclusions were very pertinent—the insular town is a thing of the past because of the automobile, and shattered memories will probably prevent me from returning.

EVERETT E. WYNKOOP
New York, N.Y.

• I was born in Brockton, Mass., and it's almost the same story. What a privilege to be alive to enjoy friends, memories and writings such as HOMETOWN, U.S.A. Flushing, Mich., was and always will be a part of all of us.

COL. ROBERT L. COOMBS
Otis AFB, Mass.

• Very well done, I thought, and astonishingly parallel to life in those same years in Martinsville, Ind., where I sold your *Post* door-to-door.

ROBERT E. HINE
Fontana, Calif.

• My father came to Flushing in 1908, so that many of the stories I heard as a child were similar to those of Mr. Love. But I don't believe that anyone can go back to a town and judge it in one afternoon.

Mr. Love wrote that Flushing is no longer the center of our lives. I wish he could see how many trips I make in one week for groceries, gas, shopping, banking, picnics, clubs, church, bowling, swimming pool, etc.

Mr. Love suggested that our children don't have the good life anymore. True, we don't let them play in the streets, but why should they want to when they have Little Leagues, Pee Wee Leagues, Big Leagues, Church Leagues, fields all over town and a beautiful hill at the Flushing golf course to slide down on.

The movies don't play as important a part in their lives, because TV offers entertainment in the living room. True, we no longer can turn our children loose to run through stores, and we don't send them to school to watch the trains. But they still manage to fall out of trees, tear their clothes, and watch the bulldozers outside the classroom window.

As you must have guessed, we love our town, its past, present and future. In our hometown paper, the *Observer*, we never miss a column called TURNING BACK THE PAGES; but to quote my Dad, "There's nothing good about the good old days except that they're gone."

MRS. CHARLES WOODRUFF
Flushing, Mich.

Engine No. 5623, etc., etc.

A photograph of author Edmund G. Love "clambering over the last steam engine in Michigan" is incorrectly captioned [HOMETOWN, U.S.A., September 11]. The picture shows Grand Trunk Western steam engine No. 5632, which is displayed in Durand, Mich. In addition to 5632, the Grand Trunk has engines displayed in Jackson and Battle Creek. The Chesapeake and Ohio has engines at the State Fair grounds in Detroit and on the campus of Michigan State University at East Lansing.

There are also two railroads that are operating steam engines in Michigan today, the Cadillac and Lake City in the northwest part of the lower peninsula, and the Marquette and Huron Mountain Railroad Co., Inc., from Marquette to Big Bay, Mich.

LOUIS N. HERBERT
Corresponding Secretary
Michigan Railroad Club
East Detroit, Mich.

Most Styles $19.95 to $39.50

ANKLE-FASHIONED
NOT ANKLE-FASHIONED

You Take the High Road

First in Quality!
NUNN BUSH
ANKLE-FASHIONED SHOES

With improved patterns and extra hand operations, Nunn-Bush is elevating shoemaking to the level of the fine arts. Give Nunn-Bush Shoes your confidence. They will reward *you* with a superior comfort and style persistence that will win your loyalty for life. Only Nunn-Bush Shoes are *Ankle-Fashioned*. They are your best route to complete shoe satisfaction!

Style 2315 — Antique Brass Calfskin. Hand Antiqued Finish. Vented Leather Lining. Leather Sole. Leather Heel. Also in Black. • Nunn-Bush Shoe Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201. Also made at: 430 McGill Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada • Progreso 172, Mexico City 18, D. F. Mexico.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How easy is it to sell stock on the N.Y. Stock Exchange?...who buys when you sell?...the growing number of investors...4 guides to investing

The ambition to add a brighter hue to your financial picture may have led you—along with millions of other Americans—to consider investing in stocks.

* * *

Your goal may range from an education for your children or retirement fund, to an exotic trip around the world, to a second income that will help you meet living expenses. And perhaps, with a clear eye on your goal, you have arrived at this practical question: "What would happen if I needed cash; how easily could I find a buyer for my stock?"

* * *

If your stock were listed on the New York Stock Exchange, it would usually be easy. For several reasons.

* * *

One is, of some 20 million investors, about 12 million own stocks listed on the Exchange. Some invest frequently, some rarely, but every day thousands of orders to buy and sell listed stocks funnel into the market place in New York, sometimes from shareowners as far apart as Hawaii and Afghanistan.

* * *

You could populate a city the size of Milwaukee with the people who recently, on the average, have become shareowners each year for the first time—more than 1 million.

* * *

But private individuals are not the only investors who might buy your stock. In addition, there are the important institutional investors—pension funds, banks, colleges, etc. Another group consists of members of the Exchange who buy and sell for themselves. For instance, at the Exchange, members called Specialists often step into the picture. They make a market when there are no other buyers or sellers at a price reasonably close to the last sale.

* * *

For the first eight months this year, during an average trading day, more than 5,300,000 shares were bought and sold on the Exchange.

* * *

This volume of supply and demand is an important reason why you can usually sell stock quickly and at a price close to the last round-lot trading price. Few items of property, if any, can be bought or sold so easily or in such orderly fashion.

* * *

If investing figures in your plans, here are four guides to follow:

* * *

1. Remember, there is risk in every kind of investment—stock prices fluctuate and dividends are never assured. So make sure you've considered day-to-day expenses and a fund for emergencies.

* * *

2. Zero in on a specific goal. Dividends perhaps, which may help you to meet living expenses. Often a company will increase dividends as its profits rise. Or maybe you're looking for growth in the value of your stock. Some listed stocks have shown impressive records in this area. Perhaps your aim is a combination of these objectives. Or the relative safety that bonds usually offer.

3. *Get facts. Ask your member firm broker for information he has on hand that may help you make an intelligent decision—such as a company's sales, earning trends and dividend record.*

* * *

4. Ask your registered representative (broker) for his opinion. Before he could act as a member firm broker, he had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business. While that does not mean he is necessarily right, maybe he can suggest a new approach you may want to consider.

* * *

Investing might help you to reach some long sought goal. That is why it is so important to know that there are right and wrong ways to go about it.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 5-AT, P.O. Box 1070, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

Please send me, free, "INVESTMENT FACTS," listing some 500 stocks that have paid cash dividends every three months for 20 to 100 years.

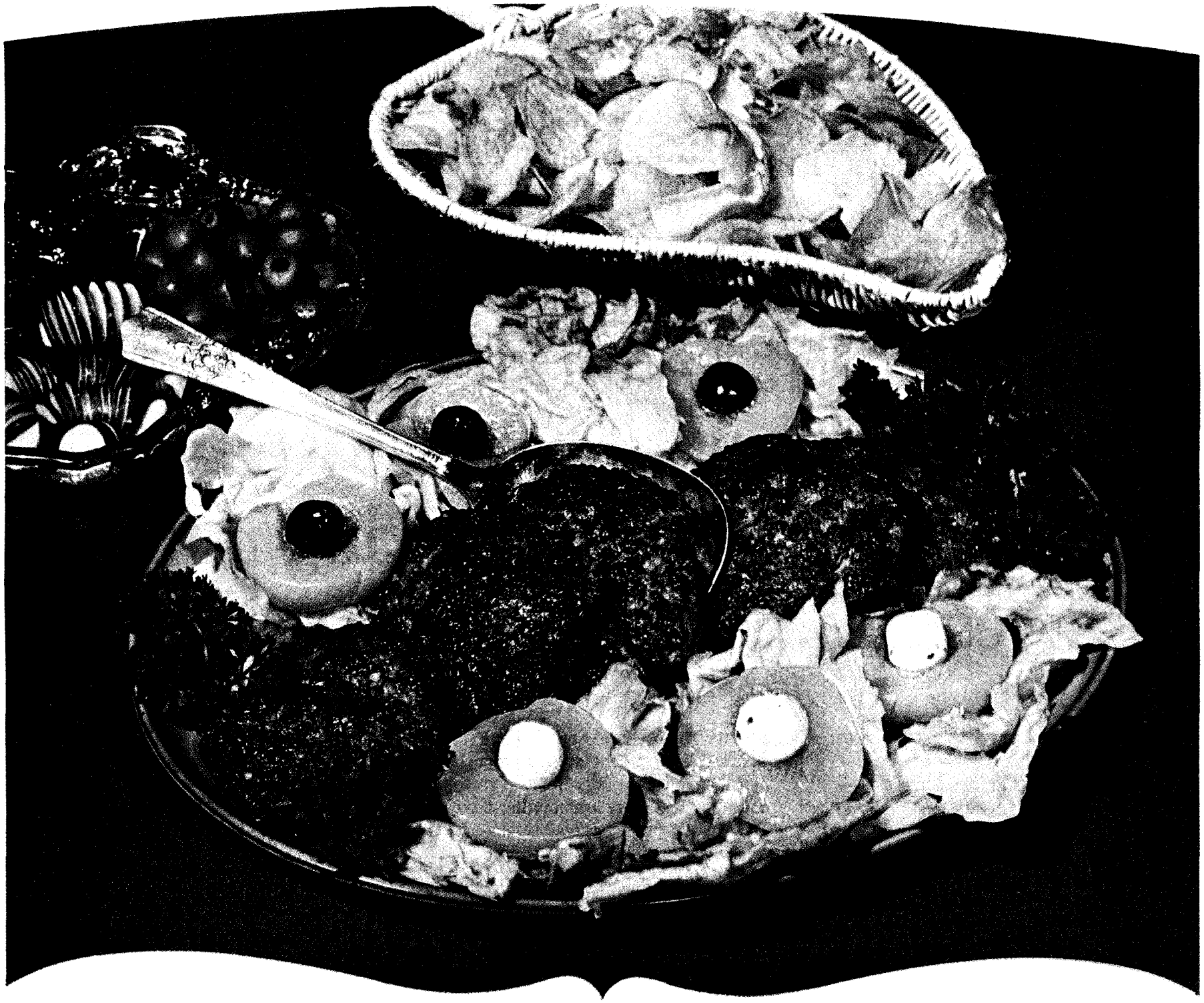
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Country-Good Sausage

BUY THE BEST

There are many exciting ways to serve sausage. And even in the most fancy dishes that country-good flavor of Gooch Olde Virginia Sausage always comes through.

It's made the old-fashioned way.

Gooch Olde Virginia Sausage is mild and nutritious, flavor-blended from the choicest cuts of lean pork. Olde Virginia is a proud member of the Gooch family of fine sausages.

GOOCH PACKING COMPANY, INC. / ABILENE, TEXAS

GOOCH
Blue Ribbon
FIRST QUALITY

...the meat with the Blue Ribbon Quality

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86

except the people who drink it

Today's bright moderns know that *real* bourbon flavor—the genuine article—just has to be old-fashioned. What else could give you traditional taste that's so richly rewarding? And what could be more modern than to enjoy the best that time has to offer—today's old-fashioned Old Taylor. *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Kentucky.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking Out

DOWN WITH COPS

An author who knows the city's seamier side tells why he thinks the "cop mentality" illustrates an evil buried in all of us.

"Poet of the Chicago Slums," **Nelson Algren** has written many books (*MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM, A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE*). His latest: *NOTES FROM A SEA DIARY.*

I may or may not concede that some cops honestly try to maintain law and order. I will concede part of this, or all of this partly. If an old lady in respectable clothes falls down on the street, the cop will heroically try to help her, but the sight of an old bum on the same street brings out some atavistic desire in the cop with the cop mentality. The fakery of his charity reveals itself. He loves the old lady? Maybe; but, if so, only because it gives him a justification to beat up the old bum.

Not long ago a small girl complained that she had been molested in a Chicago park by a man walking a dog. Two cops, shortly after, discovered a man walking a dog in the same park. They knocked him down without warning, drove him to an abandoned station and pushed him around until it became clear that they had the wrong man. The man was Judge John T. Dempsey of the Chicago Circuit Court.

"What would have happened to me if I didn't happen to be a judge?" Judge Dempsey marveled wistfully. He might be doing one-to-life.

The small girl dressing dolls in search of her own femininity, and failing to find it, may grow into a successful fashion designer: still in search. The boy enduring a sickly childhood may become a physician, a clergyman or an athlete. What of the boy in whom need of social approval runs so deep that he becomes the kid with the cleanest ears, the best table manners, and never smokes, swears nor insults the girls? When besieged by midnight passion to possess every girl in class and the teacher as well, small wonder he feels there is something wrong with him. Nobody else has such strange desires, he feels, waking in a sweat out of a dream. What is he, some kind of *freak*.

He doesn't know he's healthy. He thinks he's sick. And from this dangerous illusion his life is pervaded by a conviction that he is inferior. Between the image the world approves and the fantasy he indulges, he drives to the hour when the approval is made official by the badge on his breast; and immunity is granted him to indulge such fantasy. Now at last those who have made him toe the mark are going to have to take their turn at toeing. Now the girl trying to make her room rent by sitting in front of a whiskey glass with a false bottom had better take care: She doesn't know that she has a lot to make up for to the good-looking, neatly dressed, friendly fellow sitting down next to her.

He must be the same ex-honor student, now striving to get out of patrolman's blue and into plainclothes, who put a flashlight on the face of a friend of mine, parked with a woman to whom he wasn't married.

"What's your story, buddy?" the cop asked cheerfully. "What's your excuse?"

Since my friend had no excuse he had no story; so he handed the cop his driver's license. Upon which the cop leaned over and whispered, man-to-man, "Not *here*, buddy—why don't you drive around to that parking lot behind the boathouse—nobody's parked there this late."

Up to that moment there had been no love-making: The couple had parked, actually, to talk. Now, however, that the man-to-man fuzz was so helpful, the idea began to appeal to them. They drove around to the lot behind the boathouse.

You know the rest of the story: This time two cops, two flashlights, and one the same cop and the same flashlight:

"What the hell do you think you're doing, mister—saving room rent?"

The cop demanded fifty dollars for himself and another fifty for his partner. My friend gave them ten dollars to divide between them and they appeared to be contented.

After all, the satisfaction of entrapping the pair had been worth something too.

These suspects got off light because they had homes and friends. But what if you don't own a Diner's Club card, and your GI insurance is the only asset? What if you're a part-time fry cook, or an unemployed house painter or a man without any job at all? Cops can spot an out-of-work man by the walk. In a country where ownership is synonymous with virtue, the moment the cops start to question a nonowner he's in trouble.

All police departments know that mere rugged health and courage aren't enough to make a good cop out of a rookie. This is why it is not unusual to have him make his first pinch at a prostitute's expense. And it's revealing that he sometimes ends by marrying one. This was remarked upon by a former sheriff of Cook County, and a partial answer supplied by him: "A prostitute who has not gone down the drain can become one of the most tolerant, wisest and generous human beings imaginable." The answer is only partial because it overlooks the phenomenon of conscience. The policeman's conscience is based upon the presumption of guilt: The devil is at the bottom of it all, he knows. But the prostitute presumes innocence: She knows, as soon as a man looks her way, what he has in mind, and regards it as natural. Thus she provides, for the policeman, a connection with the world of freedom of action, while he provides, for her, a connection with the approval world.

Having employed the tone of a man who knows more than the average cop knows, I would do well to ask whether there isn't *something* the cop knows that *we* don't know.

There is. He knows that if we didn't want there to be women available for hire, there would be no such women available; he knows that if we did not want to look at "blue" films, there would be no blue-film industry. And he knows that if we did not actually believe that every man is guilty until he is proven innocent, there would be fewer policemen employed to catch those who are merely *suspicious*.

By virtue of an ordinance known as "The B-Girl Ban," Chicago plainclothesmen were empowered to arrest any woman asking a man to buy her a drink. "A clean sweep," the press called it; yet nobody has yet proposed that we make a *really* clean sweep by simply arresting all the unescorted women in town.

"One week we're up and one week we're down," a temporarily unemployed bartender remarks philosophically. "If the police wanted the joints shut down, why don't they just shut them down?" The police aren't about to shut down the honky-tonk joints. Chicago has a businessman's police force in a convention city, dependent upon the happiness of out-of-town spenders.

And who, in this law-enforcement-by-scapegoat, is the biggest scapegoat of all if it isn't the cop?

For isn't he the man whom we pay to sustain the presumption of innocence? Isn't he the man whom, in the long run, we pay to exact an eye for an eye, while we piously shrink from the very idea?

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How come Metropolitan Life treats you like its only customer – when it insures 45 million people?

Concern for the individual and his family is what put Metropolitan in business. And we've never lost that concern.

Metropolitan has served its customers with such individual care that today they number over 45,000,000 people. People in *every* walk of life. More people than are insured by any other company in the world.

It was precisely to meet your individual needs that Metropolitan developed the Family Security Check-Up. This free, written analysis pinpoints your family's situation today and projects the problems and opportunities of tomorrow. Sometimes it uncovers assets you never even knew you had.

Any Metropolitan adviser will give you this valuable service. Ask for it. There's no obligation . . . *except to those you love.*

More choose Metropolitan Life
millions more than any other company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Introducing the tuned car. 1966 Buick.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this 1966 Electra 225.

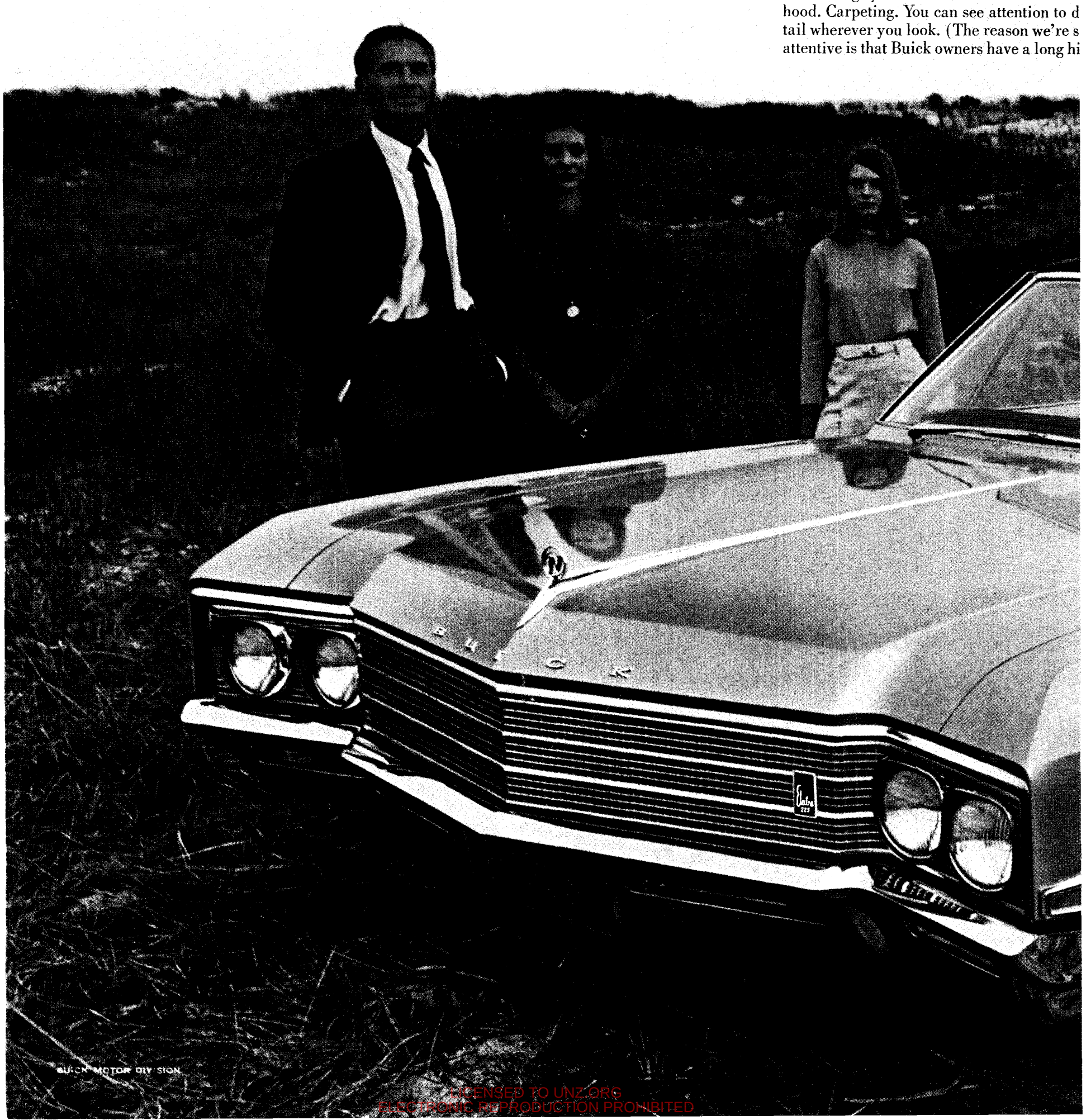
You know how well your car's engine run after a tuneup? Buick tuning has the sam effect on the whole car. Not just the engin The whole Buick. Everything blends wit everything else. Styling. Performance. Rid Handling. All tuned to work together in ha mony. That's what the tuned car is. A Buic

Can the tuned car really do anything fo you that ordinary cars can't?

Stop for a minute, and look and listen.

What you can learn from a look. Th beauty of a '66 Buick's beauty is that it goe beyond looks. Because we style the tuned ca to look like a million dollars—and then buil it as if looks didn't count.

So things *fit* on a Buick. The doors. Th hood. Carpeting. You can see attention to d tail wherever you look. (The reason we're s attentive is that Buick owners have a long hi



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory of being attentive themselves. They're used to the best, and we aim to please.)

And things *blend*, too. You don't get the feeling that the rear deck doesn't belong with the grille, or that the interior doesn't really quite fit in. That's tuned styling.

What a listen can tell you. Buick thinks building a quiet car is more than a matter of insulation. In fact, we build our cars as if insulation never existed. We winnow out sound before it starts.

And when we have the car as silent as we can, we apply insulation. Just the right amount, just where it'll do the most good.

And so when you go driving, you don't hear a lot of little intrusions. But you do feel the road. We think road feel is important, in the tuned car. (Our engineers spend vast amounts of time out on the road, testing and checking and re-testing. It's said that our chief engineer won't approve a design until we build it and he or his staff can test it.)

A drive can do more. Now that you've been introduced to the tuned car, you should meet it personally. The Electra 225 in our picture is perhaps the ultimate Buick. (It answers the question, "What do you move up to when you've been used to a Buick?") Among its standard features are power steering and brakes, Super Turbine automatic transmission and virtually everything you can think of to make driving pure pleasure.

Driving the tuned car will teach you more than you might suspect.

For one thing, you'll find out why Buick owners are so loyal. And so many.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

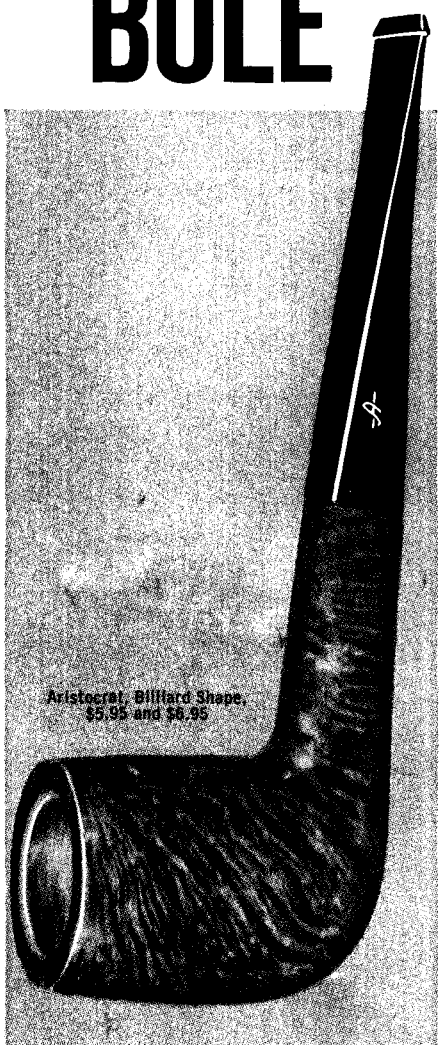
1966 Buick. The tuned car.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INSTANT MILDNESS

yours with

YELLO-BOLE



No matter what you smoke you'll like Yello-Bole. The new formula honey lining insures Instant Mildness; protects the imported briar bowl—so completely, it's guaranteed against burn out for life. Why not change your smoking habits the easy way — the Yello-Bole way. $2.50 to $6.95.

Official Pipes New York World's Fair

Free Booklet tells how to smoke a pipe; shows shapes, write: YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N. Y. 22, Dept. P50.
By the makers of KAYWOODIE

SPEAKING OUT

Doesn't the cop become a cop, not merely by putting on a uniform, but when he sees which side his bread is buttered on?

Despite the newspaper crusades, the TV dramas, the movies and pulpit and radio and magazines, all protesting the growth of crime—when it comes right down to the facts, we *do* want law by entrapment, law by retribution and law by the strong against the weak.

The cop knows this because of the sanction given him (however displeasing to most judges) to hold court in the streets.

"If you didn't have it in mind to hit some poor old man on the head and rob him," the cop demands of the drifter-of-no-trade, "what were you doing in the bar?" This pinch comes under the heading of "reasonable cause."

The devil being at the bottom of it all, it's the cop's duty, he feels, to keep people from acting funny before they do something funny. As in this scene, enacted in the court of a judge of the Criminal Court of Cook County:

> *Officer:* This man was arrested by two officers of our unit last night at seven o'clock. He's been in custody ever since, and we have nothing on him.
> *Judge:* Why was this man arrested?
> *Officer:* Well, it would probably come under the category, your honor, of a routine pickup in instances like this. . . .
> *Judge:* Can you explain to the court why, after the interrogation ended, this man was kept in custody all night?
> *Officer:* No sir, I would not be able to explain to you, your honor. All I can say is that it's been going on for years relative to the same thing.

Some of these things, "relative to the same thing," are sufficiently comical if you don't happen to be the poor joker they happen to. Such as that nocturnal drifter-of-no-trade trapped washing his clothes in a Laundromat in Florida wearing nothing but a sheet.

"When I walked in," the arresting officer complained somberly, "here's this guy, cold sober, standing over a washing machine, whistling, with no clothes on him. So I asked him where were his clothes."

"In the machine," the drifter-of-no-trade replied, "they were dirty. I've washed them. Now I'm waiting for them to dry."

"People aren't supposed to wash their clothes in public with nothing on them but a sheet," said the officer.

"There wasn't anybody in here when I came in," the suspect explained. "Now everybody's coming in."

"Put on your clothes."

"I can't," the drifter-of-no-trade said. "They're wet."

"Put them on all the same."

The prisoner was booked into the county jail. He explained, "I was just in there for thirty days. That's how come my clothes got so crummy."

The sanction given the officer here, to keep running the same poor clown in and out of the clink, is merely pathetic. When such sanction passes from the courts to television, it becomes ominous.

Chicago viewers some time ago were treated to a TV special whereon TUF (Task Undercover Force) provided the heroes and West Madison Street inadvertently played the villain. It was quite a treat.

The opening shot showed us a coiffeur and a cosmetician ministering to two cops, one white and one Negro. Given hairdos, artificial lashes and falsies, and putting their big feet into high-heeled shoes, the two went promenading, their handbags swinging.

Thirty feet behind them, concealed in a beat-up truck advertising itself as a mover's van, a hundred thousand dollars in electronic equipment rolled slowly. And, behind the truck, a platoon of armed cops, keeping out of sight but on the ready. All this to a sound track ticking off seconds to remind viewers that our boys in blue were getting ready to go over the top.

The phony hookers must have looked too good to be true, because they got no play at all. But a lone cop, collar open, hair mussed, in plainclothes and staggering, picking himself up to hum a few bars of *Auld Lang Syne* and stagger on, was finally stopped by a genuine hooker.

"Mister," she told him, "you better go home. Somebody is going to rob you." Then she walked on. You could feel the disappointment all over town. The camera shifted to a character leaning against a wall. As the decoy came by, the character joined him, linking an arm into the cop's, and the cop let himself be swung into an alley. Then the suspect, a cracker who hadn't been sober for six months, sank under a living wall of 200-pound cops, like nothing so much as the Green Bay Packers' line crashing down on a motherless chicken.

While the editorials, on the day after, expressed self-satisfaction, and TV columnists continued on that day to express alarm because some actress did a bump and grind on a program presenting The Beatles, not one had the ordinary decency to disapprove of a display of lynch law on TV. So why should we be shocked that 38 people in a New York City residential district witnessed from their windows a murder of a woman, and didn't make a move? Are we to assume that these 38 are somehow more callous than any other 38 men and women in any other residential section, coast to coast?

You can't have it both ways. Between a city wherein millions sit, eating TV dinners with complacency or glee, to watch a man in need of hospitalization be roughed up by the city's finest, and one wherein thousands turned out to witness a public hanging, I fail to see a large choice. The thousands, too, brought their lunches.

"I call upon you to remember," Sir Samuel Romilly warned a century and a half ago, "that cruel punishments have an inevitable tendency to produce cruelty in the people."

Thus, ultimately, the cop is no more than the instrument which fulfills us; no more than the extension of our own vindictiveness. And his secret enjoyment of flashing his light on the parked couple, or of crying, "Open the door!" on the midnight stair, is no more than our own secret enjoyment.

Help him to keep healthy, alert and in good spirits

Worm him regularly with **Sergeant's Worm-Away®** —just mix with his food

Half the fun of having a dog is the warm companionship he offers.

Help guard his health. Simply mix Sergeant's Worm-Away with your dog's food according to directions.

That's **all** you need do. Worm-Away protects him safely and surely against the common large roundworms which steal his vitality.

Puppies need special care. Worm them six to eight weeks after birth.

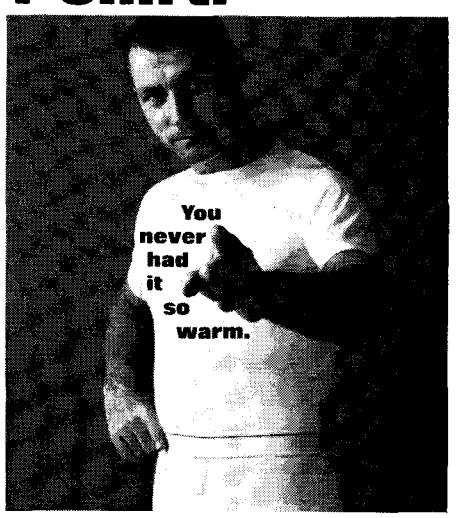
Get Worm-Away today. Only 98¢ at drugstores and pet counters. Remember, too, Sergeant's offers you a complete line of tested dog-care products.

FREE Dog-Care Book.
Packed with facts on feeding, training, ailments. Send a postcard with your name and address to Sergeant's, Dept. SEP, Richmond, Va. 23230.

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

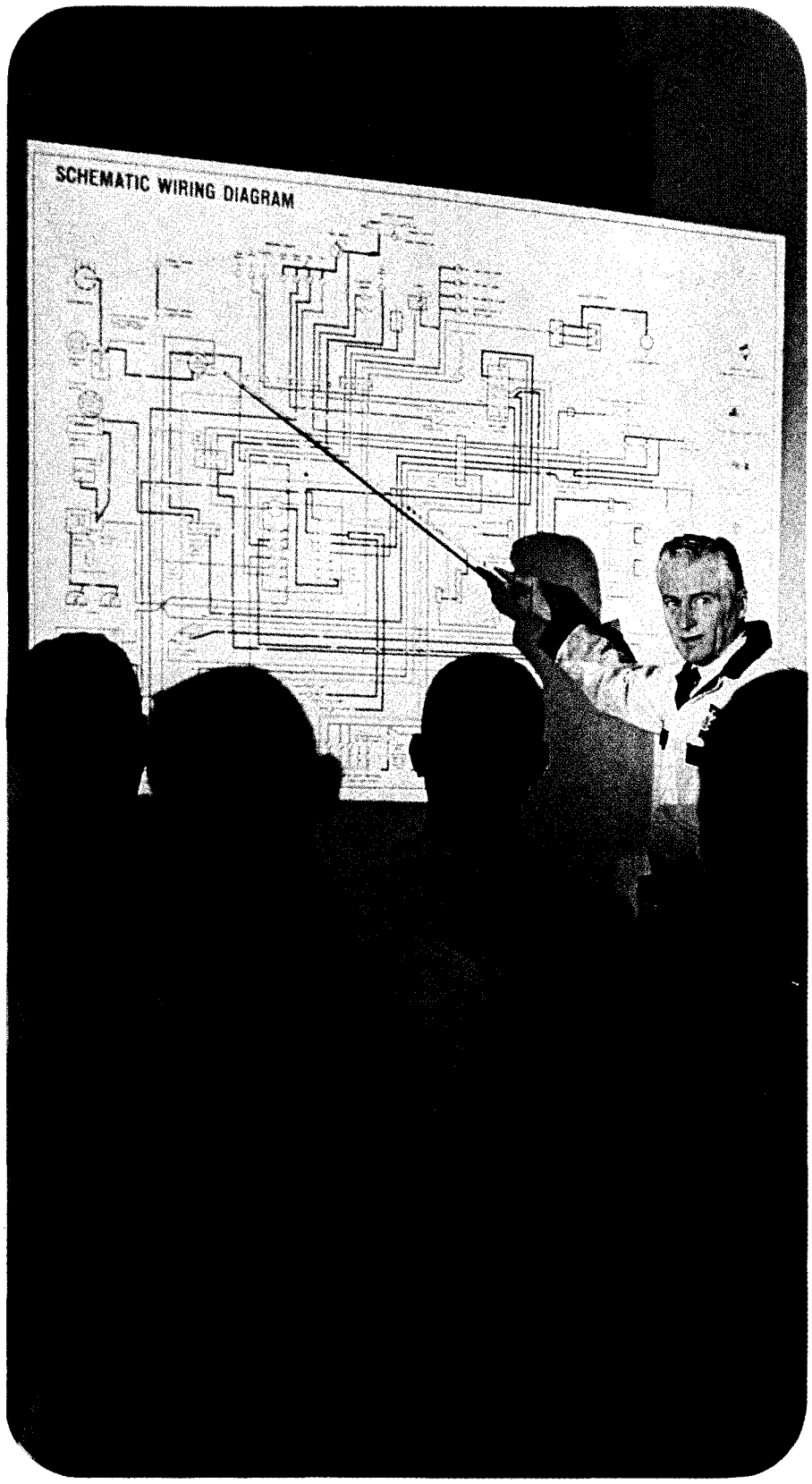
Sergeant's® Worm-Away

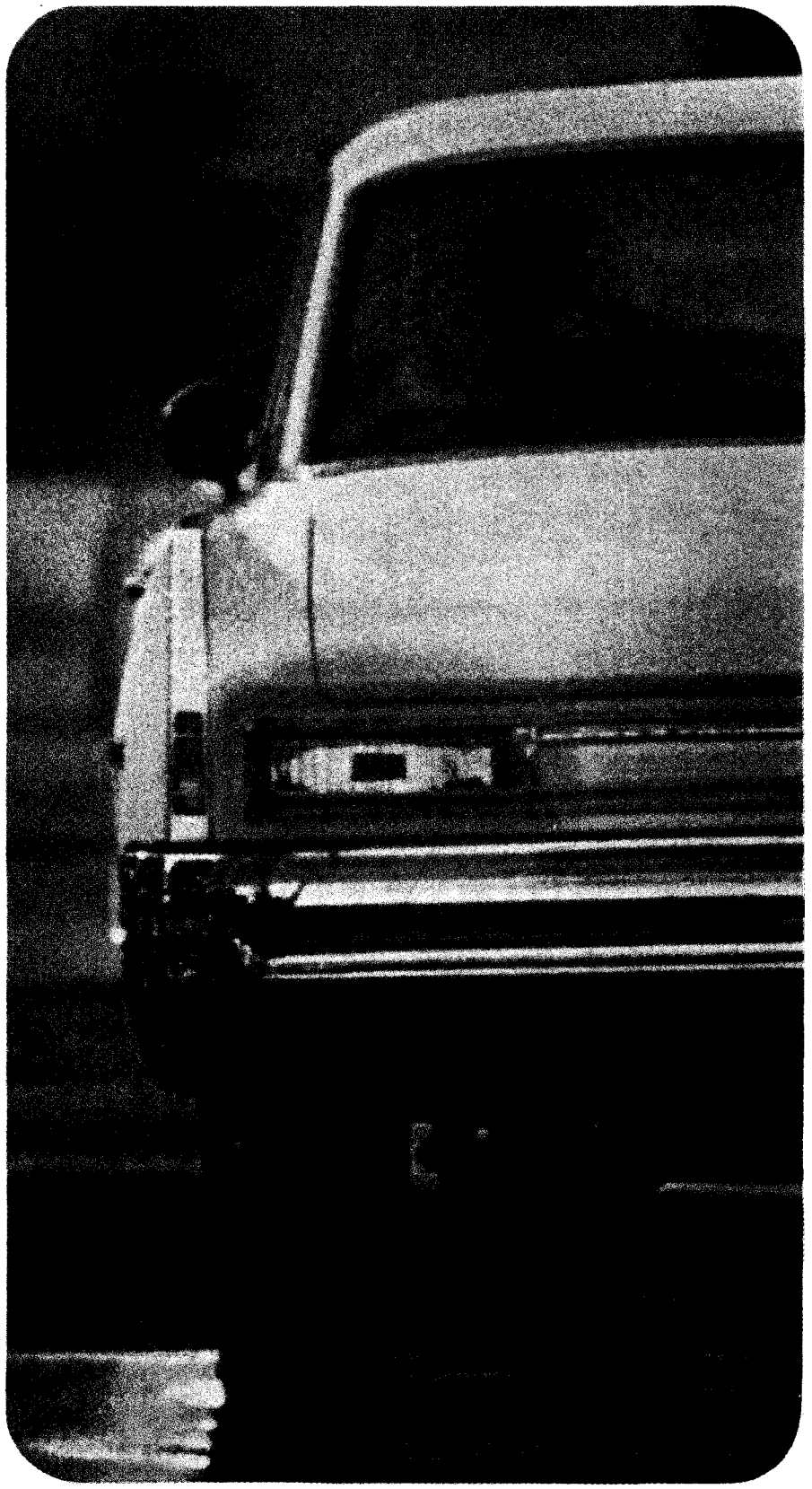
This is duofold's® NEW 2-layer Cold-Weather T-Shirt.



This one revolutionary T-Shirt *kills the chill* all winter long! Patented 2-layer principle absorbs body moisture, insulates with air space, evaporates it away from the skin at an outer layer of wool/nylon/cotton. Write for FREE SWATCH SAMPLE and store nearest you. Duofold Inc., Dept. F, Mohawk, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Full measure of training . . . for a safer measure of protection

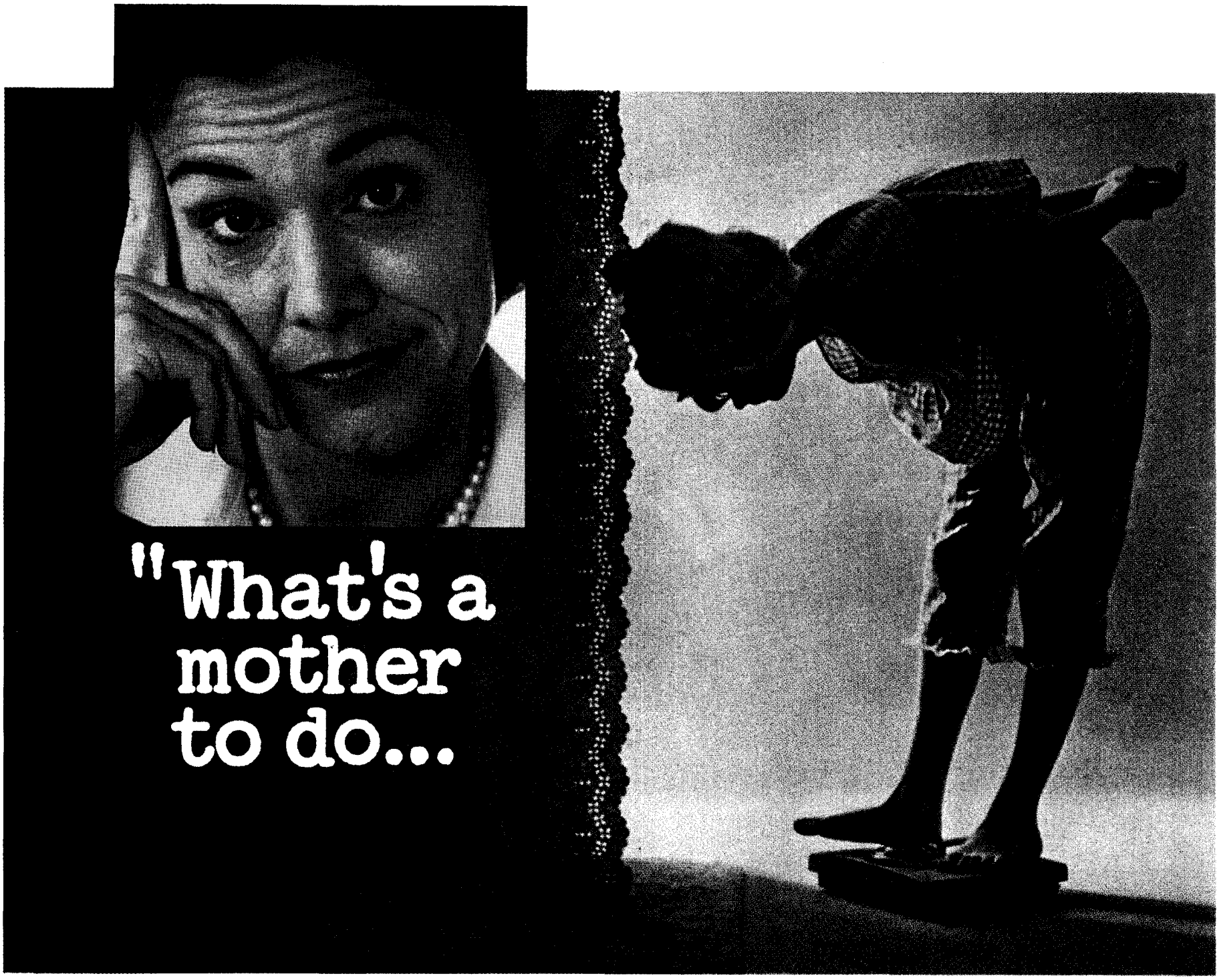
In a specially equipped, specially designed training room, a color-coded electrical diagram flashes on the screen. The instructor faces a small group of GM dealer servicemen . . . discussing the electrical circuit from the brake pedal to the stoplight of a GM car. It's an important lesson involving items critical to driving safety! Classes like this—covering every part of your General Motors car or truck—go on day after day at 30 GM Training Centers across the nation. This skilled training makes Guardian Maintenance servicemen well qualified to protect your GM car. Genuine GM Parts, special tools and trained technicians make your GM dealer the expert to see for service protection!

SEE YOUR GM DEALER FOR QUALITY SERVICE

GUARDIAN MAINTENANCE

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • OPEL KADETT • CADILLAC • GMC TRUCK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

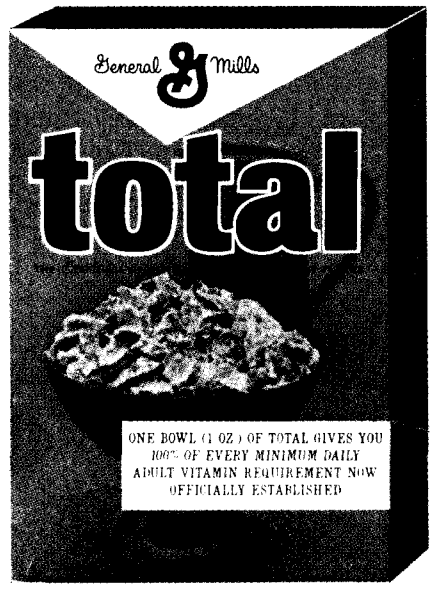


about vitamins...with a teen-age daughter who's forever going on a diet?"

Serve "total"....the only leading cereal with a whole day's vitamin supply.

One bowl (1 oz.) gives you 100% of every minimum daily adult vitamin requirement now established by the U.S. Government.

Enjoy "total" every day.
Feel vitamin-safe all day.


General Mills
total
ONE BOWL (1 OZ.) OF TOTAL GIVES YOU 100% OF EVERY MINIMUM DAILY ADULT VITAMIN REQUIREMENT NOW OFFICIALLY ESTABLISHED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When in Southern California visit Universal City Studios

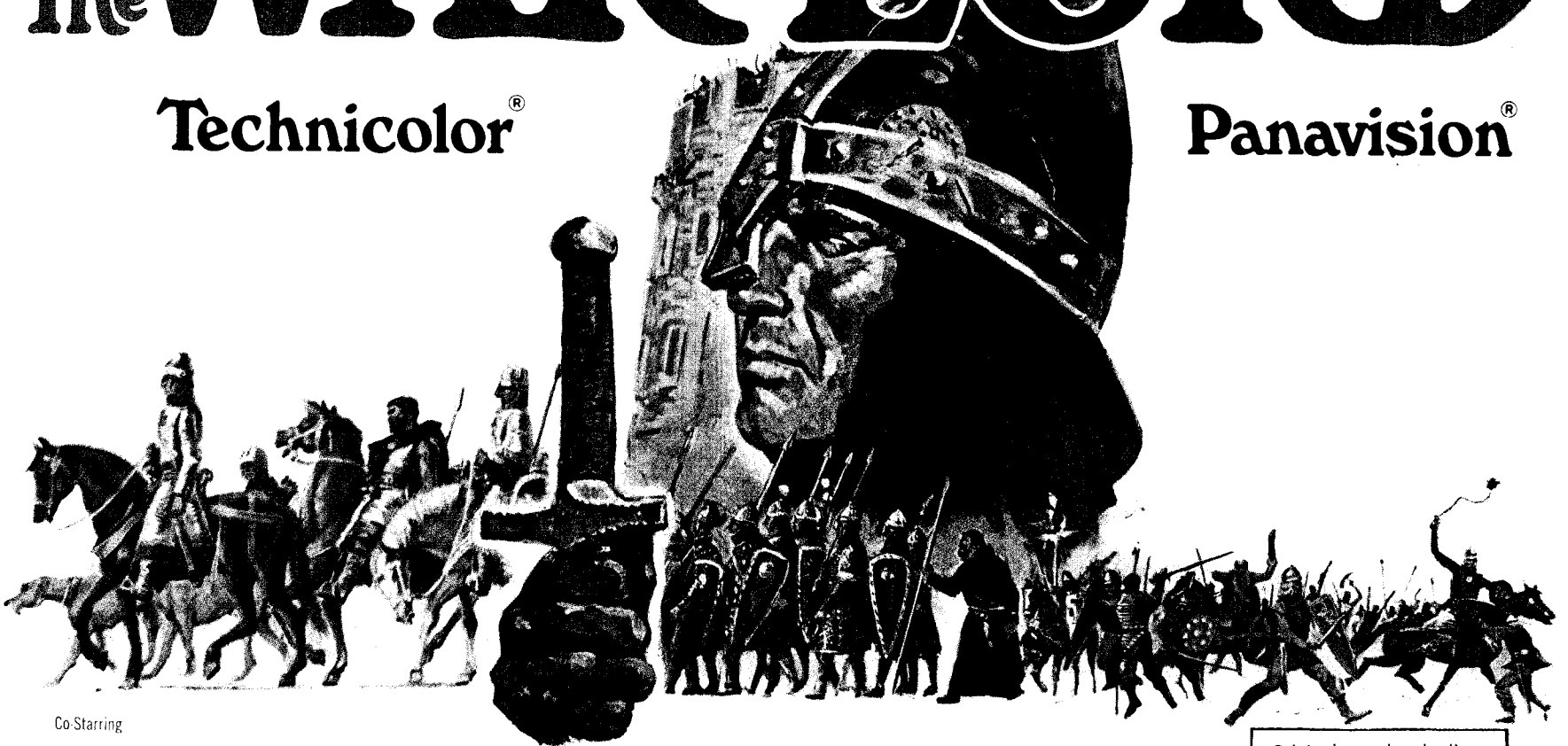
Towering Above All Adventures of the Flesh, the Sword and the Soul!

By pagan law he claimed another man's bride on her wedding night...Now, he must risk honor, land, life to keep her!

Charlton Heston · Richard Boone

The WAR LORD

Technicolor® Panavision®



Co-Starring

ROSEMARY FORSYTH · GUY STOCKWELL

NIALL MacGINNIS · HENRY WILCOXON · JAMES FARENTINO ALSO STARRING **MAURICE EVANS**

Screenplay by JOHN COLLIER and MILLARD KAUFMAN Based on the play "THE LOVERS" by LESLIE STEVENS Directed by FRANKLIN SCHAFFNER

Produced by WALTER SELTZER · A Court Production · A Universal Picture

Original soundtrack album on DECCA RECORDS!

Watch for it at your local Theatre

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The twin illusions

WASHINGTON:

A great many Americans entertain a peculiar and dangerous illusion about the war in Vietnam, as this reporter and Oliver Quayle, the President's personal poller, discovered while interviewing hundreds of people for the article which begins on page 27 of this issue.

Excluding the undecided, almost three people out of five want to bomb Hanoi and Communist China in order to win the war. This is rather surprising, but what is more surprising is that most of these people firmly believe that, if only the President can screw his courage to the sticking point, and give the U.S. Air Force the necessary order, that will be that. The war in Vietnam will be won, Communism in Asia will be out of business, and the boys can come back home.

The American people, in short, have been fantastically oversold on the magical properties of air power. Air superiority is a huge asset to any army. But our side enjoyed *total* control of the air throughout the last two years of World War II, throughout the Korean war, and from the start of our participation in the Vietnamese war itself. By this time we should have learned a simple lesson—that wars are won bloodily, on the ground, not cleanly, in the air. But the lesson has not been learned at all. A quite astonishing proportion of the electorate is firmly convinced that the way to win the war in Vietnam is to "teach those Commies a lesson" by "dropping a few bombs on them."

To be sure, the United States could, if it would, reduce North Vietnam and Communist China to a "waste howling wilderness" by the use of nuclear weapons. A tiny minority of Americans want to do just that—and they are at least logical in their grim way. But the great majority of the people who want to bomb Hanoi and Communist China recoil in horror at any suggestion that the job be done with nuclear weapons.

The air-power enthusiasts who have promoted the widespread illusions that wars can be won painlessly have done no favor to President Johnson. For already a surprising number of people think the President is "indecisive," or "wishy-washy," for failing to "get the war over with." This dangerous illusion of the American people, that air power can cheaply win the war in Vietnam, is matched by a Communist illusion about the American people, which could be even more dangerous. In their public statements and their propaganda, the Chinese and North Vietnamese Communists have been entirely explicit about how they expect to win the war in Vietnam.

First, they believe the United States will soon suffer the sort of defeat the French suffered in their war in Indochina in 1954. As Pham Van Dong, premier of North Vietnam, said in September, "Today the United States imperialists are rushing headlong into the criminal path of French colonialism. . . . But they are sustaining defeats and will certainly meet with total defeat."

Second, as Radio Hanoi put it, "total defeat" is inevitable because of "the anger of the American people, who have clearly realized that their children are being used as cannon fodder in a dirty and unjust war." Or, in the words of Communist China's *People's Daily*, because of "the flaming wrath of the American people against the aggression in Vietnam, which is burning vigorously right under the feet of the Johnson Administration."

This is propaganda, of course, but the experts warn that it would be unwise to dismiss it as meaningless. It is entirely natural for the North Vietnamese Communist leaders to equate the war in South Vietnam today with their own war against the French more than a decade ago.

The immediate cause of the French capitulation in that war was their military disaster at Dienbienphu. But the basic cause was that the French people, or a great many of them, did indeed consider the war in Indochina a "dirty and unjust war"—"*la sale guerre*," they called it.

Because this was so, the government in Paris never solidly supported the French Army in Indochina. No government dared to risk sending French conscripts to Indochina, so that the professional French officers in Indochina (many of them brave and brilliant soldiers) had to depend on mercenaries and native draftees. With inadequate supplies, and no war aim loftier than the reimposition of the prewar French colonial system, defeat was sooner or later inevitable. Defeat came in 1954—although the French still totally controlled the air, and also controlled Hanoi, Saigon, and the major towns.

It is quite natural that the Hanoi Communists, egged on by the Chinese Communists, should expect this history to repeat itself. For they have what must seem to them abundant evidence of "the anger of the U.S. people" against the "dirty and unjust war" in Vietnam—evidence ranging from the famous "teach-ins" to Senator Morse's nonsensical report of a growing popular demand for the "impeachment" of President Johnson.

This sort of thing is unquestionably taken seriously by the Communists. "If I were an intelligence officer on the other side," says an American intelligence officer, "I'm pretty sure I'd be telling my bosses to hang on, and the Americans would soon settle for any terms they could get, like the French in 1954."

In fact, as this reporter and Oliver Quayle discovered, the whole weight of popular opinion is already pressing in precisely the opposite direction. President Johnson need fear "the anger of the American people" only if he accepts the equivalent of defeat in Vietnam, or if the people conclude that he is "not doing enough to get it over with."

Partly the growing pressure to expand the war derives from the widespread illusion about the magical properties of air power. But the heart of the matter is simply that dishonor or defeat in war is inconceivable to Americans. It has just not occurred to most Americans that the United States could really be forced to throw in the sponge by a comparative handful of Asian guerrilla fighters. Perhaps this faith in the undefeatability of the United States is an illusion too. But if so, it is an illusion with which the Communist side in the present struggle should reckon most seriously. For one thing soon becomes clear if you talk to large numbers of Americans. The temper of the American people in 1965, as regards the war in Vietnam, has nothing whatever in common with the temper of the French people in 1954. The danger is that both sides, nursing their twin illusions, will stumble deeper and deeper into a more and more lethal war.

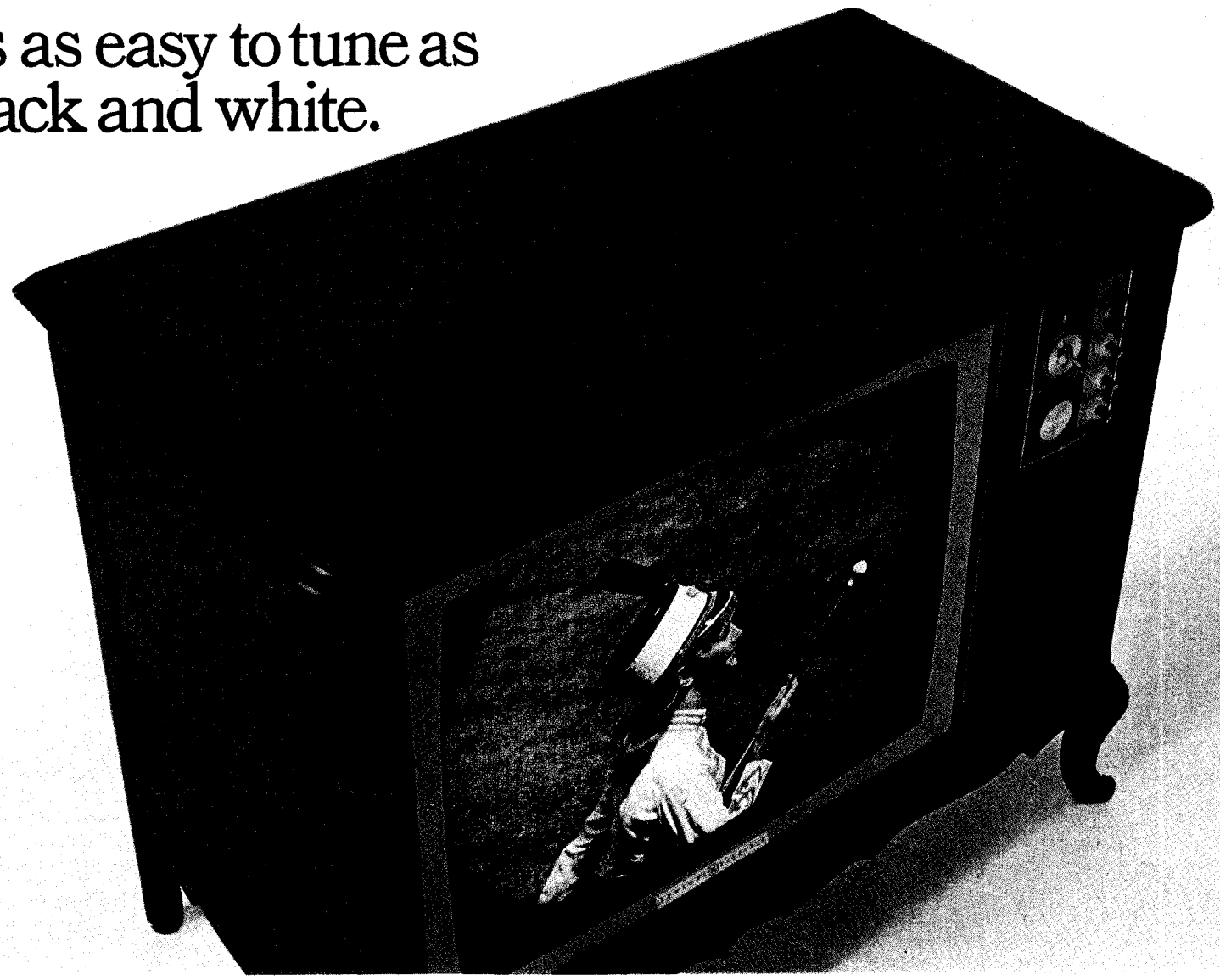
Stewart Alsop

Vietnam antagonists: U.S. bombers vs. Ho Chi Minh.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally, Perfected Color Television.

It's as easy to tune as black and white.



Up to now, there were two problems with color television sets.

One, they were hard to tune.

And two, once they were tuned almost any outside interference (airplanes, cars, electric shavers, even aluminum siding) threw the picture out of whack.

General Electric has taken care of both.

New Magic-Memory tuning.

We developed a new kind of tuning system called Magic-Memory tuning.

What's magic about it is that it's ridiculously easy to tune. All you do is turn all the dials until their pointers point straight up.

That's it.

Some people say they can get a perfect color picture in less than 10 seconds.

New color coaxial cable.

Then we tracked down what was picking up all the outside interference.

It was the old flat lead-in wire that connected the set to the antenna.

So we redesigned our sets and added a coaxial cable lead-in.

(Coaxial cable is what TV studios use because it has two layers of plastic and one layer of woven metal to shield against outside interference.)

What we had when we finished was the first really Perfected Color Television set. Bright, clear, natural color with no more fuss than black and white.

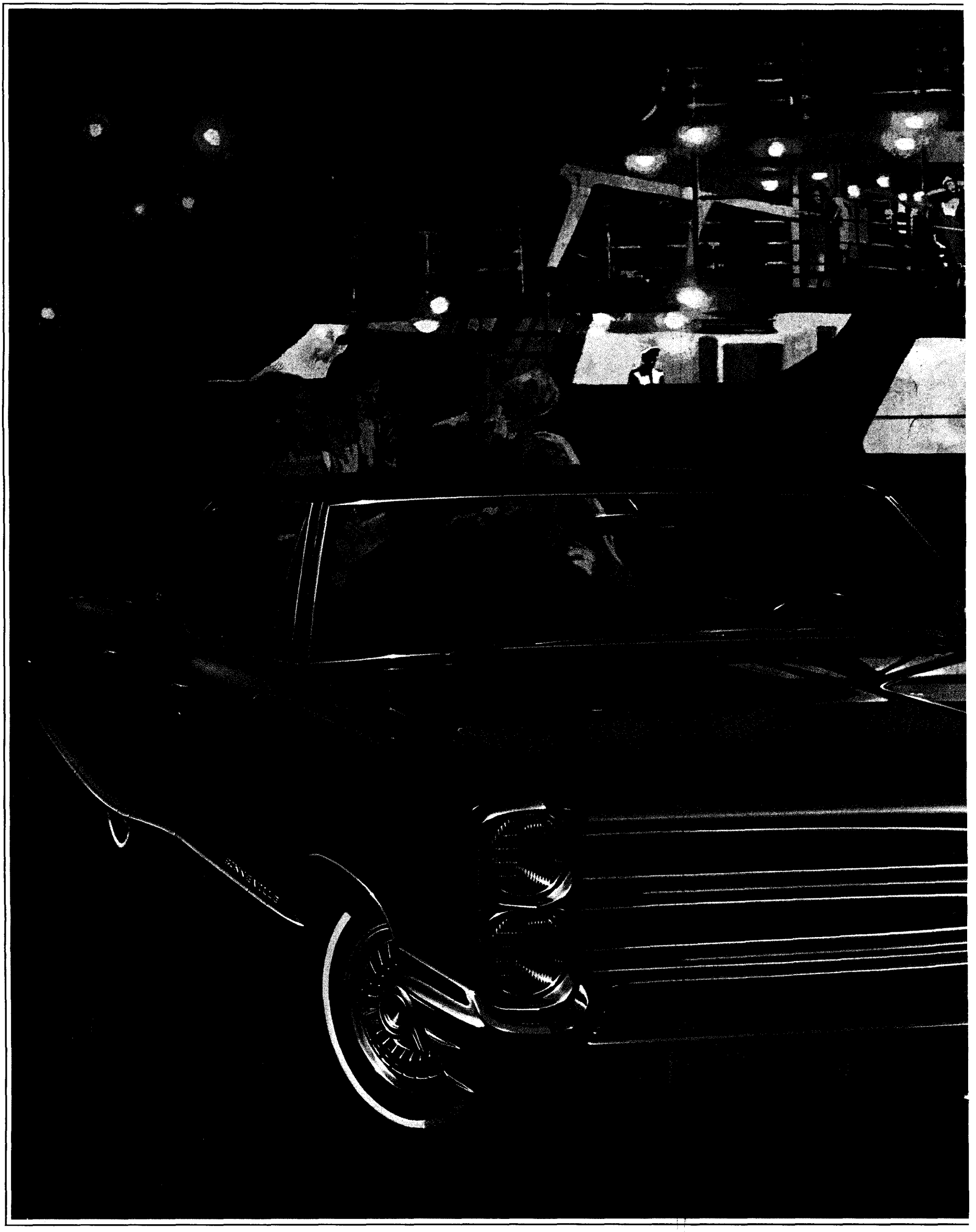
And that's what a lot of people tell us they've been waiting for.

If you're one of them, see your G-E dealer.

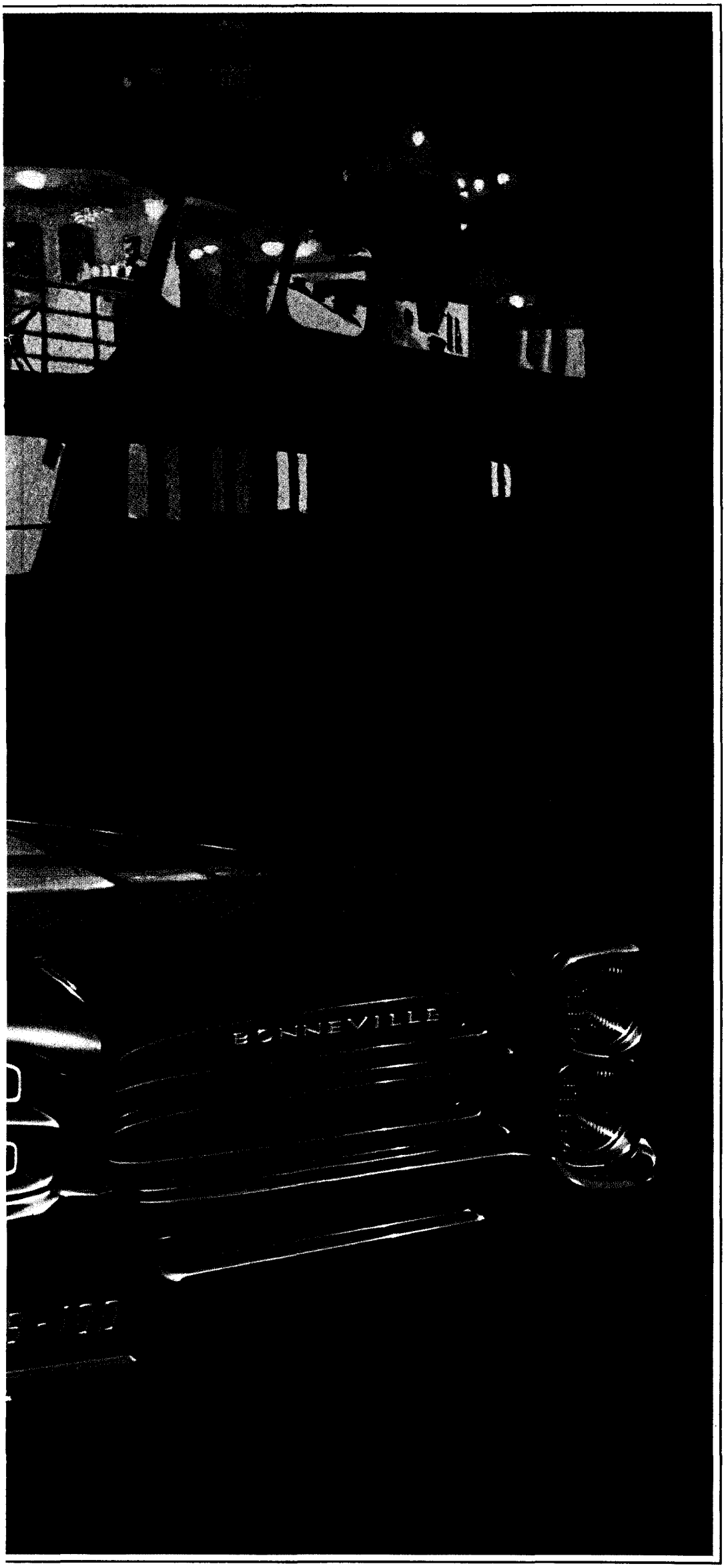
Television Receiver Department, Syracuse, N.Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Everybody tried to improve on the '65 Pontiac.

We did...

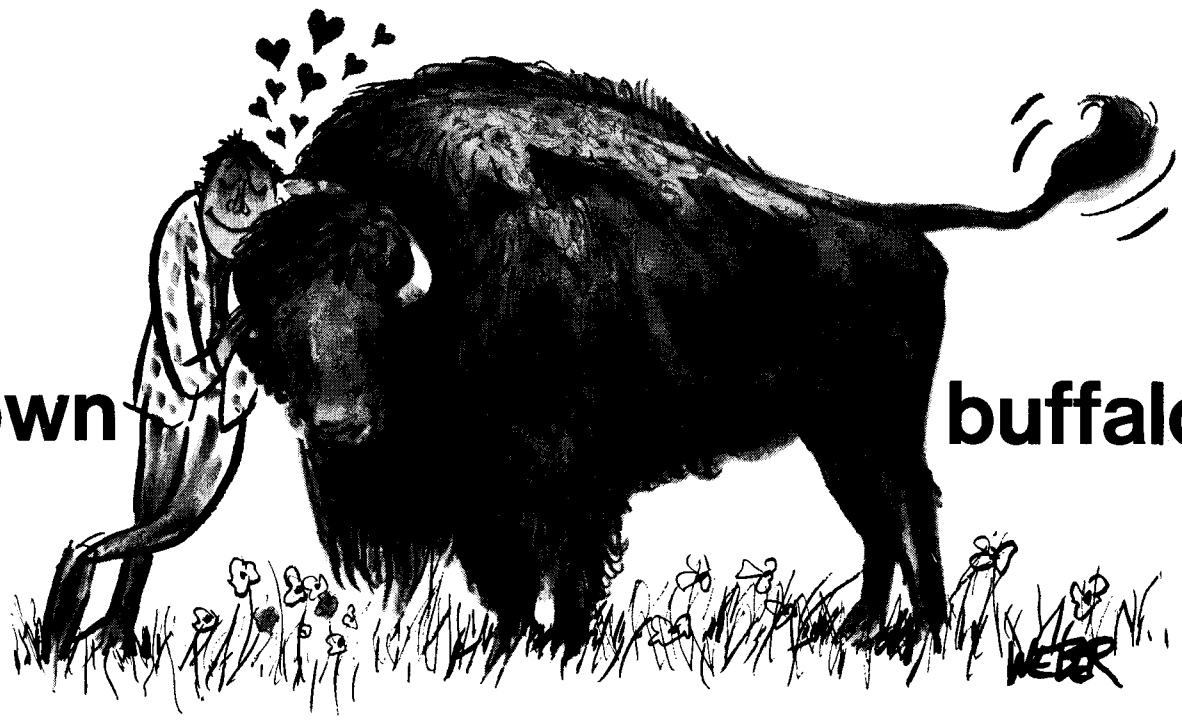
...and what we wound up with (and nobody else even came close to) was a new improved version of the success car of the year. Same Wide-Track ride—only smoother. Same characteristic Pontiac styling—only sleeker. Same elegant interiors—only more of them and more luxurious, and in some models, a reclining front seat is available. In fact, we even introduced three new Broughams, four new Venturas and a new Star Chief Executive hardtop coupe in the belief that the world can always use more of a good thing. Now all that remains is to see how many people try to improve on the '66 Pontiac. Lots of luck. The tiger scores again!

Wide-Track Pontiac/'66

Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To each his own buffalo



BY ROY BONGARTZ

Not long ago I read an item in a local Rhode Island paper that made my stomach tighten with excitement:

> Always had a yen to have a buffalo around the house? Well, the Government will be happy to sell you one for $200 on a first-come, first-served basis.

It went on to tell how you could pick up buffaloes at one of the federal ranges out West, where a number are sold or butchered each year to hold down the size of the herds. Inexplicably, I felt a dizzying pang of ardor for a buffalo—my buffalo. Suddenly I knew I had to have one.

My wife was the first one to hear my news. She was dubious. "Probably eat my flowers," she muttered.

"How can you think of flowers at a time like this?" I cried. "We'll put up a chicken-wire fence. We'll train him. We'll have him bringing up the mail from the box down on the main road!"

"But how will he get along with the other animals around here? The neighbors' dog, for instance."

"Don't try to understand the subtle mysteries of the animal world," I explained. "They adjust automatically to one another. It's part of the life cycle."

Having thus convinced my wife, I checked to see if the state Division of Fish and Game had any objections. "Personally," the director replied, "I see no harm from a biological viewpoint." The way, obviously, was clear.

But to play safe, I also decided to make sure there was no local anti-buffalo prejudice. When I stopped at the neighborhood gas station, I brought up the subject casually: "Guess the price of gas is higher out West, eh? So it'll cost me a little more per mile, driving out there to pick up my buffalo." My worries were unfounded; the group of loiterers around the station were nearly as enthusiastic as I was.

One man claimed to have caught a wildcat in a rope trap in a tree and then taught him to drink buttermilk. Another said he once had a pet moose who could blow a fair imitation of *Taps*. An old farmer swore he once bought an elephant from a circus, and had to play band-music records to keep it happy.

Relieved to see buffalo approval on all sides, I impatiently awaited our departure—my wife and I had decided to attend the annual roundup at the National Bison Range at Moiese, Mont. There was plenty of time, meanwhile, to ponder my obsession. I couldn't say why, but I already loved the buffalo I didn't have. I wanted to make him happy, wanted to—yes, that was it!—make it up to him for the mass slaughter of his kind a century ago. I wanted to atone for the sins of our forefathers. From dimly remembered history lessons in the third grade I must have kept some notion of this guilt, and the prospect of a buffalo of my own awoke these old feelings of remorse. They grew within me. He would have the run of our three acres, all the sumac and poison ivy he could eat. And every morning I would go out and apologize aloud to him for what we had done to his ancestors.

A century ago something like 100 million buffaloes were wandering around out West. Then buffalo hunters began killing them for sport, for their hides, for their tongues, (pickled and sold in England as a delicacy) and finally for their chalky bones, which were ground up for fertilizer. By the turn of the century there were only 20 of the animals alive in the United States.

Since the pioneers wanted the lands held by the Indians, the Government encouraged the buffalo slaughter, because it meant the end of the civilization of the Plains Indian, which was based on the buffalo.

The more I thought about the Indians, the more disturbed I became. I had not realized that buffalo killing was indirect Indian killing. I was beginning to experience another, greater guilt, until my wife suggested sourly that we might bring home a couple of Indians along with the buffalo. I decided on one guilt at a time.

At last the great day came; we lined the back of our Volkswagen bus with hay and set off for Montana. My heart leaped when we finally reached the range. Buffaloes charging over the crests of the hills, hooting cowboys on horseback! As I was going to pick out my very own buffalo, I stopped to watch a cowboy trying to prod a huge old bull into an adjoining pen with a long pole. The buffalo suddenly whirled, butted the cowboy in the stomach, picked him up between his horns, tossed him into the air and slammed him down into the dirt. As the animal pawed the ground, the man crawled to the fence, where his friends pulled him to safety. Suddenly the buffalo began to take on a new image. Perhaps he would not accept my apology!

I peered through the fence, and one of the beasts turned his pig eyes on me in hatred. Then he was chased into a truck, where he crashed and butted against the sides, rocking the chassis and twanging the springs.

The buffalo light within me was dimming. I went over and asked the manager offhandedly if they attacked men very often. "Yes," he said. "If you're on foot, just stop. They can outrun a fast horse. Just wave your hands and shout, 'Where do you think you're going, Charlie?'"

I was about to say good-bye, Charlie, my disappointment about not acquiring a live buffalo somehow having worn off, when he suggested we might like to order a buffalo hide or skull. Having been assured there would be no buffalo inside the skin, we hurriedly ordered a hide and a skull, and escaped. By the time we got back to Rhode Island, the subject of buffaloes had dropped from our conversation.

Then, last winter, I got a call from the local freight agency. "We got a big bag down here that's stinking up the whole warehouse. Will you please come and get it?" My buffalo guilt returned.

The man let me drag the thing out to the platform myself—a huge burlap bulk with a damp, animal smell and a couple of curved, dirty horns poking through. Staggering under its weight, I managed to jam it into my car.

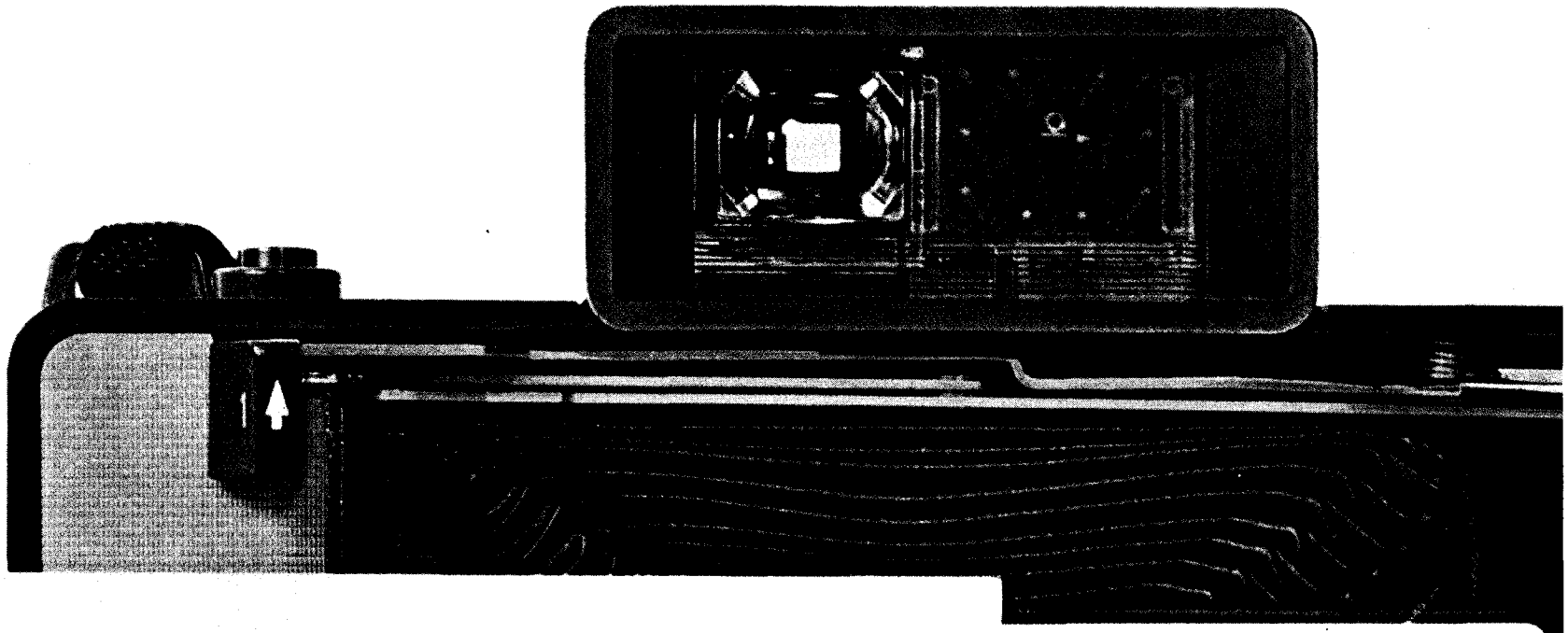
On my way home, fate took a hand—I passed a taxidermist's. I dragged my former buffalo inside and the taxidermist agreed to cure the hide and boil the skull clean. It might take several months, he said. I told him not to hurry.

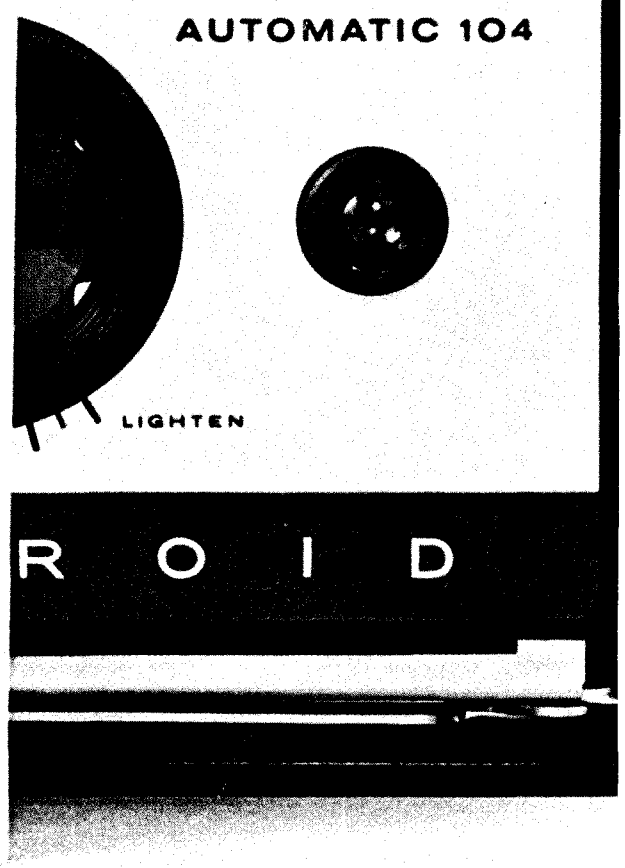
But soon I'll have to face up to it. I've decided to hang the hide on the living-room wall, and honor it that way. I'm going to set the skull out on the lawn. And I'll look at it. And it will look back at me. Finally poison ivy will grow up inside of it and little tendrils will poke out through the eyes.

Then, in order to keep the skull neat and clean, a worthy memento of a great little race of animals, I'll buy a goat to nibble away the noxious vines. A goat—now that I think of it—is exactly what we need around here. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"POLAROID"®





New economy model of the Polaroid Color Pack Camera. Same great film. Same fast loading. Same big color prints in 60 seconds (black and white in 10). Yet it's half the price of the original model!

60 seconds. Under $60.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9 different fabrics.

All dried in one load.

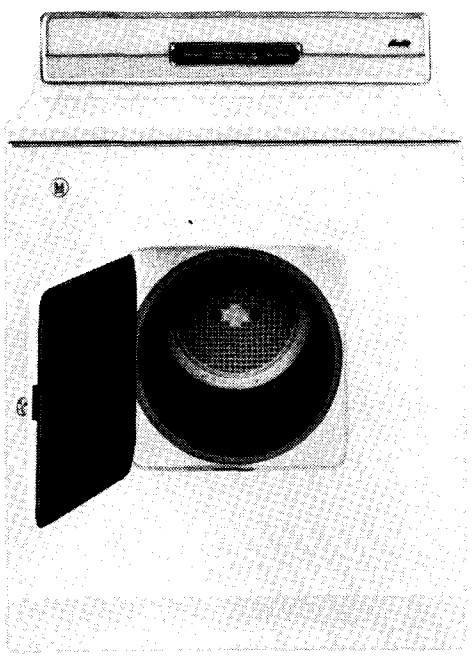
Not one overbaked in this new Maytag dryer.

Throw them all in the same load: Nylon,® Dacron,® Rayon,® Orlon® and so on. Not one will be overbaked.

The secret is Maytag's Electronic Control and low, gentle heat. The moisture in the clothes tells the Electronic Control when to turn the dryer off, which it does automatically. Never underdries. Never overbakes. Clothes-drying now becomes a simple push-button job. No guessing for time or temperature. No setting, no charts to figure. No mistakes.

Of course, Maytag gives you a setting for Regular Fabrics, too. Put all your corduroys, denims, khakis and lightweight cottons in the same load. And again, nothing will overbake.

There isn't another dryer like it. But that figures. Look who made laundry history with the famous Maytag Washer.



MAYTAG ELECTRONIC CONTROL DRYER *Gas or Electric models*

WALTZ THROUGH WASHDAY with a dependable Maytag Washer and Dryer

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA SOLD IN CANADA AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sentry's pride and joy is insuring 'small' businesses like Mike Albarelli's...

Mike Albarelli was losing $1,304.38 a year. And didn't know it. (Till Sentry saved the money for him).

Same thing might be happening to you.

Mike is president of the Amloid Corporation in Saddle Brook, N. J. He and his partner Joe Barberia manufacture a variety of plastic toys.

Amloid is a "small" business. Smaller than DuPont, that is.

The insurance problems Mike has, you have, all small businesses have. Problems that are duck soup for Sentry. How come?

Small business is in our blood. Sentry was started by small businessmen to insure their *own* businesses. So we know where the "bugs" are. And what to do about them.

True, Sentry sells all kinds of insurance: fire, life, auto, all kinds. But we think we have a real edge when it comes to knowing what's what with small business.

Example?

Take Amloid. Started in 1916 by Joe Barberia's father. Simple celluloid sheet business. In 1946 in came Mike. Instituted injection molding. Started to make toys. Now: 100,000 square feet of plant space. 170 employees. Distributes all over the U. S. and growing every day. One reason: no "scraggly" edges on the toys. Mike's a holy terror on getting things right. And things weren't right with his insurance! But he couldn't put his finger on what was wrong.

In came Sentry.

Our safety engineers made 38 recommendations. Nothing expensive. Things like painting guide lines for hand trucks in the aisles. Getting all volatile fluids stored in one vault. Easy.

Result: last year Mike saved $1,304.38 on his insurance.

Maybe any other insurance company could have done this for Mike. Point is: they didn't.

Sentry did. And can probably do it for you.

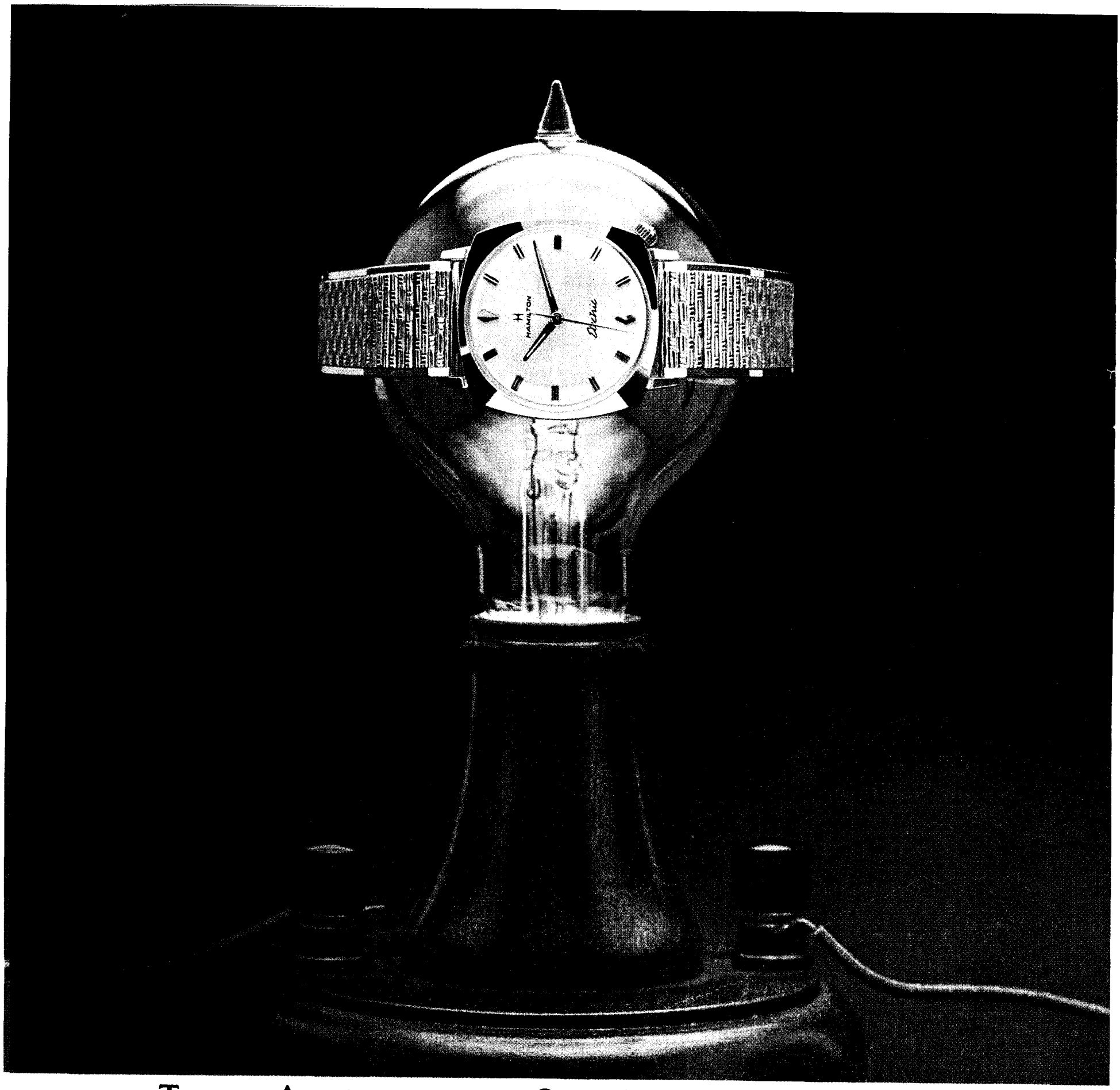
We'd like to do it for industrial giants like DuPont, too. But right now we'll have to beg off. DuPont's a wonderful company. But DuPont is a giant. Take a lot of good people to do everything that would need doing. And even though we handle $135,000,000 a year now we just wouldn't have enough good people to handle Mike Albarelli. And you. And DuPont. And handle 'em right! Like Mike, we also make a point of doing things right.

The Sentry man can tell you how we go about it. Why don't you call him? He's in the Yellow Pages. Let him look at your insurance problems. He's got a sharp eye. And a pencil to match.

SENTRY® INSURANCE
the "small" business that got big serving "small" business.

pity we have to skip DuPont.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



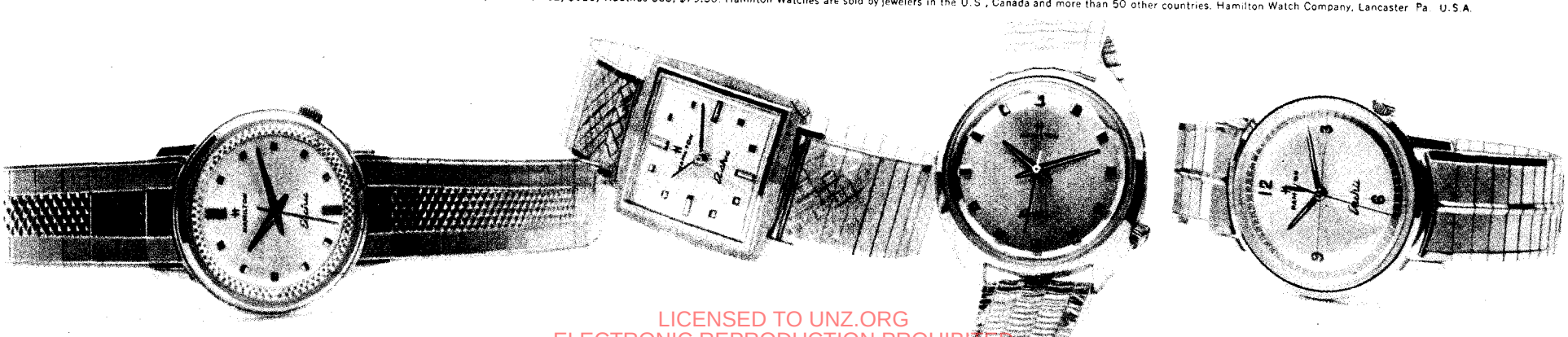
Two great American inventions. One is the Hamilton Electric watch.

Electricity. You think of Edison. And Franklin. Electricity is American. Is it any wonder that Hamilton—with its American pride and ingenuity, with its American fine watchmaking tradition—made the world's first electric watch? The place: Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Introduction date: January 3rd, 1957. No wonder Hamilton Electric watches are years ahead of the others. Remarkably accurate and dependable. With a new, improved battery built to last for two years. With only eight moving parts, less than any other electric. The Hamilton Electric. A great American achievement. A proud possession. A prized gift. Hamilton jewelers are now showing a complete selection from $69.50

If you want more than time, get a HAMILTON

Watch above: Gemini II, $125. Others: Nautilus 604, $115, Centaur, $125; Nautilus 402, $125, Nautilus 503, $79.50. Hamilton Watches are sold by jewelers in the U.S., Canada and more than 50 other countries. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster Pa. U.S.A.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening
POST

How popular is President Johnson?

How much support is there

for his policies in Vietnam?

A Saturday Evening Post poll tells

WHAT THE PEOPLE REALLY THINK

By Stewart Alsop

President Johnson, like President Kennedy before him, is passionately interested in public-opinion polls. He often carries his favorite polls—notably those taken by his professional poller, Oliver Quayle—in his pocket, like a talisman, and from time to time he likes to pull them out and pass them around among his visitors.

All the polls—the Quayle polls, the Gallup polls, the Harris polls—show about the same thing. Two voters out of three, give or take a couple of percentage points, approve of the President and the way he is handling his job. The President has held this remarkably high "favorable job rating," as the professional pollers call it, for a remarkably long time. But what does it really *mean?* Does it mean that President Johnson is a new kind of President, a sort of monarch, a latter-day Louis Quatorze, so powerful and so unchallengeable as to be politically invulnerable?

All the polls also show a surprising militancy among the American people about the war in Vietnam, with a clear majority seemingly determined to win the war—and to win it quickly. But what does *this* really mean? Does it mean that the Vietnamese war is a popular

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

In White Plains, N.Y., pollster Nancy Peake questions Mrs. Edwin Videki while young Christopher Videki holds door.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war, and that the American people, traditionally anti-war, have suddenly become militarists?

With the professional help of public-opinion expert Oliver Quayle and his organization, this reporter recently set out to try to find the answers to these two questions, which are closely related: What do the American people *really* think about Lyndon Johnson? And what do they *really* think about the war in Vietnam?

Quayle and his staff selected 25 "barometric" (*i.e.*, politically typical) voting precincts, in five widely separated areas (in and around Oklahoma City, Los Angeles, Birmingham, Chicago and New York). Quayle and his trained interviewers and this reporter then questioned in depth more than 100 people in each area. Taken together, the people we interviewed were a sort of mirror of the nation, in terms of sex, age, race, income, religion, geography and previous voting habits. We asked each of them a series of carefully chosen questions—a total of 15,486 questions—about Lyndon Johnson and the war in Vietnam.

The most significant statistical results of our attempt to peer into this small mirror accompany this article. Some of these results are not surprising. For example, 23 percent of the people we interviewed said the President was doing an "excellent" job, and 46 percent said he was doing a "pretty good" job. This adds up to a "favorable job rating" of 69 percent—very close to the "job ratings" shown in recent polls. Some of the results *are* surprising. It is surely surprising, for example, that 59 percent of the people who have opinions in the matter—almost three out of five—believe that "we should go even further in Vietnam, even if it means bombing Hanoi and Red China." And some of the results are deceptive—or could be deceptive if wrongly interpreted.

Polling, the professionals like Quayle agree, is as much an art as a science. And the secret of the art is correct interpretation of the statistics. There are some things that cannot be measured statistically—tone of voice, pauses, spontaneous dissertations, evasions, hesitations, casual remarks. Correct interpretation is thus in part a matter of instinct, of overall impression.

This reporter, for example, when he embarked on the question-asking expedition, was convinced on the basis of previously published polls that President Johnson was unbeatable, politically invulnerable. Now I am not quite so sure—despite the fact that the results published with this article are as favorable to the President as the results of most polls, or more so.

There is no doubt at all that, outside the South, the President's policies are widely approved, and that the President himself is widely admired. In the 23 percent of the people who say the President is doing an "excellent" job, moreover, the President has an absolutely solid base. These people are the unswitchables—voters whose minds could be changed only by some now unimaginable cataclysm, at home or abroad.

William Nalomski, a welder questioned in Chicago, is an unswitchable. His admiration for the President is deep and real. "He's a thinker," he says, "not quick with his judgments. He's got a big load on his shoulders—you can see it in his face. He may turn out to be another Lincoln."

"I admire President Johnson because he stands on his own feet, and he's firm in his beliefs."

COSBY HARRELL
Lake Purdy, Ala.

Guy Maloberti, a neighbor of Mr. Nalomski, has a trace of an Italian accent. He is unhappy about the Vietnamese war ("nobody wants to get killed"), but he is probably an unswitchable too, for a simple reason: "Johnson is for the poor people."

F. L. Pippen, of Birmingham, Ala., is not poor—he is the owner of a prospering dry-cleaning establishment, and he lives in a handsome air-conditioned house, surrounded by a carefully tended lawn planted to zoysia grass. But Mr. Pippen is a Negro and, like almost nine Negroes out of 10, he is all for President Johnson. He thinks the President's "personality is wonderful," and he admires him because he "has helped everybody, but especially the underprivileged people."

As these examples suggest, the hard core of President Johnson's support, like the hard core of every Democratic President's support since Franklin Roosevelt, lies with the union workers, the urban poor, and the Negroes. But Lyndon Johnson's popularity spreads far beyond this Democratic hard core.

For a Democrat, the President is remarkably popular among professional, white-collar and small-business people—a very heavy proportion of these relatively prosperous voters gave the President a "favorable" rating. This widespread approval would certainly, as of today, be translated into votes. When we matched him against Barry Goldwater, Richard Nixon, and George Romney, he beat all three hands down. He even came out ahead of the much-admired elder statesman, former President Dwight Eisenhower (52 to 38 percent)—and a slim majority also thought President Johnson was doing a better job than Eisenhower did, which is perhaps the most impressive evidence of Johnson's incursion into normally Republican ranks. Oliver Quayle believes that if the President ran today against any conceivable Republican candidate, he would win by an even larger margin than in 1964.

By and large, the "profile" of the President—as professional pollers call it—is a handsome one. He is widely regarded as a "good family man" (obviously Lady Bird and the girls are an asset). He is also regarded as a "man who gets things done" and as a "good politician." A lot of people agree with the Chicago taxi driver who told us he admires the President because "he is a real politician, a professional, and as President you have to be a good politician."

And yet to this reporter the President's popularity did not seem as impressive as his 69 percent favorable rating would suggest. Among the majority who admire the President those who, like Mr. Nalomski, have a real emotional feeling for the man are hard to find. Most of the President's admirers admire him rather pallidly, in an oddly impersonal fashion, as a professional, a great technician—rather as they might admire a first-rate lawyer, or even a really expert plumber. And some people who are for the President have ambivalent feelings about him.

This ambivalence derives in part from honest doubts about serious issues—Vietnam, farm policy, spending—among people who otherwise approve of the President's policies. According to our sample, for instance, about half of all white Americans, including many who greatly admire the President, think he has "gone too far on civil rights." Even those who support him in general on the issue have their inner doubts. "My mouth says yes," said an Italian-American lady in upper Manhattan, "but inside says no."

But a lot of the reservations people have about the President are petty or personal. For example, Mrs. Leonard Neugebauer of Oklahoma City would vote for the President, but one thing worries her: "He serves drinks at those barbecues, and it just isn't right for the President of the United States." Quite a lot of people have an odd feeling of

APPRAISAL OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND HIS POLICIES

	Agree %	Disagree* %
"President Johnson is doing a good job on keeping the economy healthy"	77	23
"President Johnson has gone too far on civil rights"	42	58
"Mr. Johnson worries too much about having everyone love him"	49.5	50.5
"Johnson is doing a better job than Franklin Roosevelt did as President"	22	78
"Johnson is doing a better job than Harry Truman did as President"	59	41
"Johnson is doing a better job than Eisenhower did as President"	51	49
"Johnson is doing a better job as President than Kennedy"	26	74
"I expect the U. S. to win the war in Vietnam quickly"	30	70
"We must stay in Vietnam even if it goes on for four or five years"	65	35
"We must stay in Vietnam, but stop U. S. bombing"	14	86
"The U. S. should get out of Vietnam now"	17	83
"We should go even further in Vietnam, even if it means bombing Hanoi and Red China"	59	41

* "Not sure" responses excluded

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resentment about "those barbecues," which are on so Roman a scale in comparison with the average family's cookout. One midwestern lady who admired the President otherwise had for mysterious reasons been enraged by a picture of him in a white dinner jacket, and a few dog lovers still remember the beagle's ears. The goldfish-bowl life of a President is not an easy one.

The President also suffers from the inevitable comparison to the murdered President Kennedy, who is already a mythical hero figure. A Puerto Rican lady in upper Manhattan said, "Johnson talks smooth, but I don't like him at all. That Kennedy, I loved him like a brother—when he was killed, I was crying and crying and crying." At this point she began to weep copiously.

Miss Linda Jenkins, a lady bartender, and Miss Hazel Riley, a restaurant hostess, both of Birmingham, agree that President Johnson seems "like some little farm boy" in comparison with President Kennedy, who was "so suave and debonair." There is some advantage to the President, of course, in succeeding Kennedy—a good many people admired him for "carrying on from Kennedy." But only 26 percent of the sample thought Johnson was doing a better job than Kennedy—a very sharp drop in the President's otherwise remarkable standing. On balance, it is no advantage to be compared to a martyred folk hero.

This reporter's basic conclusion is that although the President is unquestionably popular—outside the South—he has paid a price for his famous "consensus." A lot of voters love a President for the enemies he has made—the love of the masses for Franklin Roosevelt was the mirror image of the hate of the classes.

Outside the South the President has made few bitter enemies, which is one reason, surely, why really passionate admirers like Mr. Nalomski are so rare. Two thirds of those who gave the President a "favorable job rating" were people who said he was doing a "pretty good" job. A lot of these people added a tentative "I guess." The minds of a lot of them, unlike the minds of Messrs. Nalomski, Maloberti, and Pippen, are subject to change.

Some minds are already made up against the President, of course—Mr. Johnson, as he says so often, is "President of all the people," but no President can please all the people. Except in the South, the people who are so displeased as to be unswitchably anti-Johnson constitute a small minority. The outspoken critics of the President are, for the most part, hard-core Republicans. Many of them are acidly articulate. The quality that seems to annoy people most is suggested by the fact that about half those with opinions agreed with the statement: "Mr. Johnson worries too much about having everyone love him."

"He ought to take those contact lenses out of his eyes and put his glasses back on. Who does he think he's fooling?" said Mrs. Emelie Tobey, in a Chicago suburb. Mrs. Eleanor Derylo rocked amiably on her porch, and said, "I was *very* provoked when he went on television wearing a little halo and said, 'I'm against poverty.' So I suppose he's against hitting his mother, and all the rest of us are in favor of poverty."

Such northern critics of the President as Mrs. Derylo and Mrs. Tobey tend to be good-humored, and even humorous, in their criticism. In the North the President is disliked by a minority and hated by almost no one. In the South, among whites, the President is hated by a majority, and liked by almost no one. Anyone who thinks the word "hate" is too strong need only spend a day or so interviewing whites in a city like Birmingham.

You knock on a door, or come up to a man sitting on a porch. You ask the easy warm-up questions. Then you come to the first key question: "What kind of a job would you say the President is doing—excellent, pretty good, only fair, or poor?" A pause, a belligerent look. Then: "I'd say lousy. JUST PLAIN LOUSY." You ask, very impersonally, "What are the main reasons why you feel this way?" Another pause, another belligerent look, and then: "Because he's a goddamn nigger-lover, is why."

If you spend enough time in the poorer white sections of a city like Birmingham, you get the impression that all white southerners talk this way, or at least feel this way, about Lyndon Johnson. The impression is incorrect, of course, but not by a very wide margin. In many hours of interviewing in and around this industrial city, I discovered not a single white who had a good word to say for the President. Here is a typical selection of bad words for the President:

Mrs. Mary Hallmark, an antique dealer at Moody's Crossroads: "When he comes on TV, I turn it off—I just can't stand to look at him."

Mrs. George Alley, of Birmingham: "I hate the way he pushes things—pushes and pushes and pushes some more."

Her sister, Mrs. J. P. Rule: "I wouldn't be surprised if Johnson made us rent apartments to colored people." This in a tone of genuine horror.

A housewife: "I don't think much about him either way—except he's run this race question plumb into the ground, and he's killing our boys."

An elderly man: "I hate a turncoat, and he's too far from what he once was."

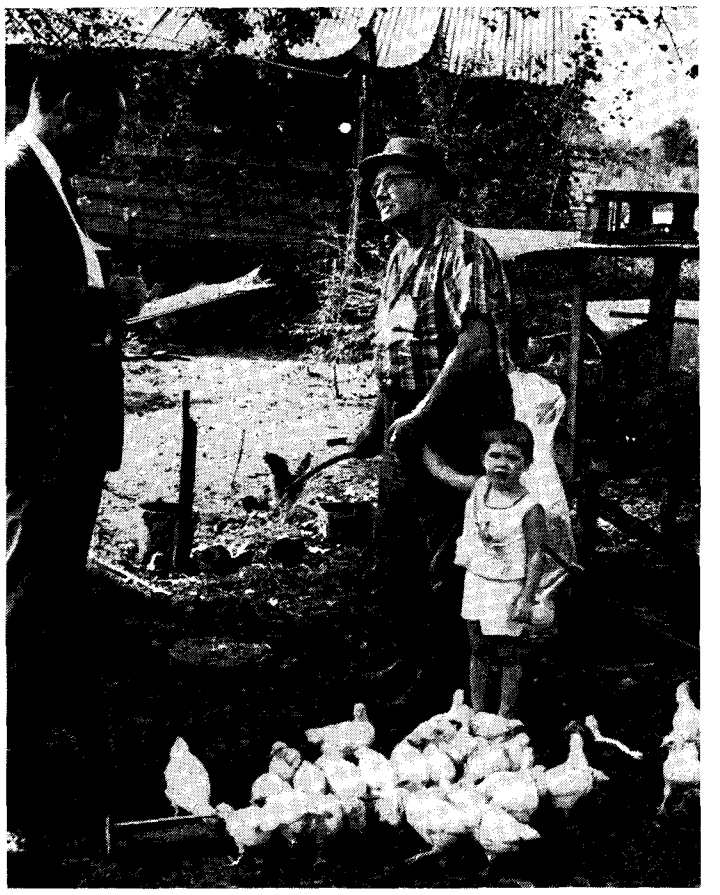
Another elderly man: "He's getting our boys killed fighting the colored abroad, and he don't do nothing about them here in the United States. How rich is he getting on all this poverty?"

And, very often: "Martin Luther King has the say-so over Johnson, and everybody knows it."

The South, or a lot of the South, hated Kennedy too. But one senses that Lyndon Johnson is hated with a special virulence because he is himself a southerner. Just as Franklin Roosevelt was detested as a "traitor to his class," so Lyndon Johnson is hated as a "traitor to the South." One retired public-utilities worker said it "made no difference" to him that the President came from the South, then added, "A man raised in the South ought to be a proud man, and stick to his principles, and Johnson has railroaded bills through Congress everybody knows he don't believe in."

In the South a phenomenon well known to public-opinion experts—a sort of emotional transference—is markedly present. A voter who very much dislikes a politician for one reason finds all sorts of other reasons for disliking him, from his foreign policies to the way he treats his dogs. President Johnson is universally disliked by whites in the South because of the civil-rights issue. But owing to emotional transference, he is disliked for all sorts of other reasons as well.

Emotional transference also operates in the North, of course. But because the President is popular in the North, it works to his advantage there—as it does among Negroes in the South. Take, for example, Cosby Harrell, an articulate Negro whom we found fishing in Lake Purdy, not far from Birmingham. Harrell thinks the President is doing an "excellent" job, and the main reason he thinks so, he says, is that in Vietnam he is "keeping Communism from spreading all over the world." But when Mr. Harrell began to talk about the President's strong stand on the racial issue, it became clear that civil rights had at least as much

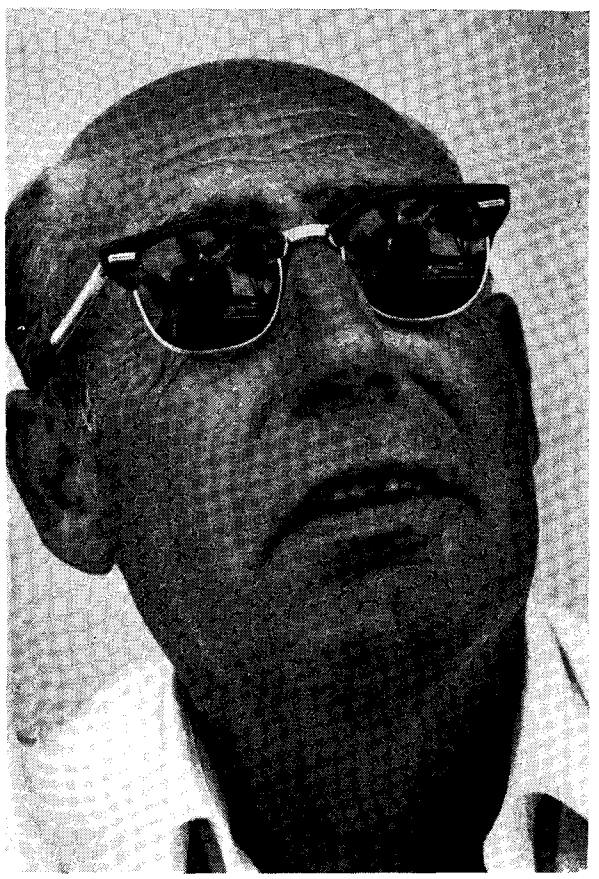


"I don't like Johnson—there's this nigger business, and he's getting our boys killed for nothing."

C. S. SULLIVAN
White's Chapel, Ala.

"I think our policy in Vietnam stinks. If you're gonna fight, you gotta fight hard. I'd give 'em a shot of Nagasaki."

FRANK ANDERSON
Gardena, Calif.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to do with his admiration for the President as the distant war in Vietnam.

It also seems reasonable to suppose that emotional transference has something to do with the views of Glen Locher, a prosperous corn-and-hog farmer near Plainfield, Ill. Though he refuses to tell how he voted in 1964 and 1960, his other opinions—that Washington politicians should "keep their noses out" of agriculture, for example—make Mr. Locher sound like one of nature's Republicans. Yet he greatly admires the Democratic President—and for essentially the same reason as that given by Mr. Harrell. "I like him," he says, "because he doesn't believe in letting those Communists push him around in Vietnam."

When asked how things are going on the farm, he says "fine," and his eyes light up with satisfaction. He gets $63 for a prime hog on the hoof, and his farm carries about 500 hogs, which adds up to a tidy gross income. But Mr. Locher can remember when the price of hogs fell to $23, and it is not a pleasant memory. Suppose the price dropped sharply. Would Mr. Locher's admiration for the President be quite so fervent?

This question raises another. If about half of the 46 percent who now think Lyndon Johnson is doing a "pretty good" job decided the job he was doing was "only fair," the President's "favorable job rating" would be reduced below 50 percent. Because the polls are now a vitally important factor in American politics, an "unfavorable job rating" for Lyndon Johnson would in itself have decisive political effects, reviving Republican hopes and damaging the President's authority in Congress, in the country, and even abroad. What could happen to change the minds of half the people who now think Johnson is doing a "pretty good" job?

One thing that could happen is a serious economic recession. A lot of people would feel the way Mr. Locher would probably feel if hog prices fell to, say, $30. Then emotional transference would work in the North, as it does in the South, to make large numbers of people dislike the President for reasons which have nothing to do with the price of hogs. But for the moment most people are better off in this country than they have ever been before, which is one reason, perhaps the main reason, why the President is so popular.

Another thing that could happen is a sudden intensification of the white resistance in the North to the Negro pressure for equality. Because of Barry Goldwater's miserable showing, it is generally supposed that the "white backlash" turned out to be a myth in the 1964 election. It was not a myth at all—it lost the South to the first southern President in a century, and it certainly cost Lyndon Johnson votes elsewhere.

If the feelings among whites in the North on the racial issue began to approach in intensity the feelings in the South, the President would be badly hurt. He would be hurt not only on this issue, but, because of emotional transference, he would be hurt on *every* issue.

A few more episodes like the Los Angeles riots, and a lot of voters could turn against the President who adopted the Negro battle cry—"We shall overcome"—as his own. That the President himself is well aware of this danger, and might even turn it to his own advantage, was suggested by his eloquent statement on the Los Angeles riots, in which he compared the Negroes who had thrown Molotov cocktails there to members of the Ku Klux Klan.

A third thing that could happen, to make a widely popular President unpopular, is a general revulsion against his conduct of the Vietnam war. And this involves a curious and little-understood phenomenon of public opinion in this country.

The American people, without any question at all, very much dislike the war in Vietnam—as much, probably, as the French disliked their war in Vietnam before France threw in the sponge in 1954. But at the same time, in seeming contradiction, the American people are remarkably belligerent about the war. A clear majority are warhawks of one sort or another. And they are warhawks just *because* they dislike the present war so much that they are willing to take big chances to "get it over with" as quickly as possible.

There are different kinds of hawk, of course—we came to recognize three distinct species. There are also two kinds of dove. And there is a strange sort of bewildered bird which cannot be identified either as a hawk or a dove.

THE SUPERHAWKS. About seven percent of the citizens are superhawks. They disagree with the President's policy in Vietnam, because they consider it indecisive and "wishy-washy." They want to go a lot further and get the war over, and damn the consequences. A few superhawks—perhaps one in five—would even go all the way and use the nuclear weapon to win the war.

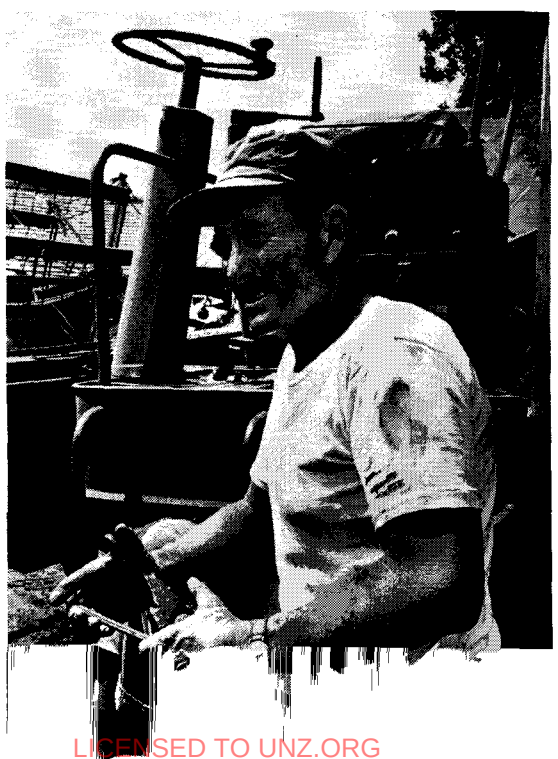
"I think our policy in Vietnam stinks," said Mr. Frank Anderson, a contractor who lives in Gardena, Calif. "If you're gonna fight, you gotta fight hard. Get in or get out, I say. And I say, Get in, but good. . . . I'd give them forty-eight hours to get the women and children out and then give 'em a shot of Nagasaki."

On the other side of the country, in Manhattan, Edward Cochrane, an I.B.M. analyst and marine veteran of the Korean War, feels much the same way, although he expresses himself more elegantly. He gives the President a "poor" rating because of "an insufficient commitment in Vietnam." He was "hurt and scared" in Korea, he says, but if the Communists had not been stopped there, "they'd be in Hawaii now." Yes, he says thoughtfully, if necessary to win the war, we must use nuclear weapons. "We can't live in fear forever."

More typical of the superhawks was a tough-looking laborer we talked to in the Chicago area.

"I like him, because he doesn't believe in letting those Communists push him around in Vietnam."

GLEN LOCHER
Plainfield, Ill.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S JOB RATING
"Not Sure" excluded

	%		%
Excellent	23	Only fair	21
Pretty good	46	Poor	10

MATCHED AGAINST G.O.P. CANDIDATES

	%		%
Eisenhower	38	Romney	27
Johnson	52	Johnson	46
Not sure	10	Not sure	27
Nixon	34	Goldwater	32
Johnson	56	Johnson	60
Not sure	10	Not sure	8

"We've got to speed it up and get that war over with," he said. "There's only one thing those people understand, that's power. A few more bombings will bring 'em to their senses." But when asked if he would use nuclear weapons, he was shocked. "My God, no," he said. He had recently seen a television show about Hiroshima, and it had horrified him. "Those people are human beings too."

THE HAWKS. The difference between the hawks and the superhawks is that the hawks say they agree in general with the President's policy in Vietnam. Like the superhawks, however, they want to expand the war. Seven out of 10 of them expressed varying degrees of unhappiness about the war—which is, again, the reason why they want to "get it over with." In order to get it over with they are willing, even eager, to attack Hanoi and if necessary Communist China.

William Bodam, a sheet-metal worker in Chicago, is such a hawk. He approves of what the President is doing in Vietnam. "I've got a wife and two kids, but I'll go if they whistle for me," he said. "My only question is why we aren't doing more. We should step it up; we should bomb Hanoi and any other place where the enemy is. What the hell's taking them so long?"

A remarkable 37 percent of our sample felt the same way. Of the people who have made up their minds about Vietnam (19 percent have not), hawks and superhawks together come to 59 percent of the total—almost three people out of five who are willing to enlarge the war in order to end it. This is a proportion worth pondering in the White House—and in Hanoi and Peking.

THE L.B.J. HAWKS. These people, 18 percent of the total, are as hawkish as Lyndon Johnson, but no hawkier. They agree with his policy in Vietnam, support the bombing in North Vietnam, but want to go no further. "I agree with the President on Vietnam," says H. R. Long, the principal of an elementary school in Oklahoma City. "It's the best we can do. If we back down, the Communists will run all over Asia. But if we go further into North Vietnam, or China, we could get involved in a World War."

THE WOULD-BE DOVES. These people hate the war in Vietnam, wonder why we got involved in the first place, want to stop the bombing of North Vietnam, but agree that "we can't back out now." They would accept almost any face-saving way out, and think we should become less, not more involved. "I suppose negotiation isn't possible right now," says a student in Queens College, Flushing, N.Y. "But the present buildup isn't necessary. It shows an attitude we are at war."

Only about eight percent of the people we interviewed are would-be doves. Even among college students—who are understandably less belligerent than those exempt from the draft—Fred Whitte of Oklahoma City University is more typical than the Queens boy. He supports the President's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I wouldn't be surprised if Johnson made us rent apartments to colored people."

MRS. J. P. RULE
Birmingham, Ala.

policies in Vietnam, and says that most students do. Opposition, he says, comes from "only about 100 weirdos at O.C.U.—they're pretty much against everything."

THE DOVES. These are the people who would get right out of Vietnam, whatever the consequences. Most of them are people like Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Sullivan, of White's Chapel, Ala. Both of them strongly dislike President Johnson for his racial policies—what Mr. Sullivan calls "this nigger business." Mrs. Sullivan adds that, whenever the President "mentions Alabama or the South, he gets a sarcastic grin on his face. I'd like to ask him down to stay with us—I believe he'd change his opinion."

But they also dislike the President because of the Vietnamese war. Mr. Sullivan says that "he's getting our boys killed for nothing." "War's such a sorrowful business," Mrs. Sullivan says. She has reason for so believing. "All my folks have been in the service," she says. She had a "baby brother" killed in the First World War, and two more brothers and a nephew killed in the Second. Mrs. Sullivan is that rare phenomenon in this country, a woman who has suffered from war as most French women suffered from the First World War, or most Russian women suffered from the Second.

Pacifist-isolationists like the Sullivans, rather than intellectuals and academic types like Dr. Hans Morgenthau, form the hard core of the unqualified opposition to the Vietnamese war. The all-out doves constituted 11 percent of our sample, but it is important to understand that even among these people there is very little feeling—indeed, no detectable feeling at all—of guilt or wrongdoing in Vietnam. "I heard very few people worry whether we were wanted there," Oliver Quayle reported, "and I probed for that. I heard very few people worry about the stability of the South Vietnamese government, and I probed for that too. I found *no feeling* that we were *wrong*. It seems inconceivable to most Americans that there could be any element of wrong in our actions."

The basic thesis of the academic-intellectuals, of course, is precisely that what the United States is doing in Vietnam is wrong, immoral, as well as impractical. This thesis has had no measurable impact at all. Our last day of interviewing was spent in upper Manhattan and The Bronx, in heavily Jewish, very liberal, and comparatively sophisticated territory. Here, if anywhere, there should have been some reflection of the "intellectual revolt" against the war in Vietnam. Not at all. The Grand Concourse in the Bronx is as hawkish as Birmingham or Oklahoma City, and perhaps a mite more so.

THE BEWILDERED (19 percent). These are the people who can't decide whether they agree or disagree with U. S. policy in Vietnam, who find themselves arguing first on one side, then on the other. For example, Rory McLaughlin, a handsome young man we found working on a car outside Birmingham, was in favor of bombing Red China—and also of getting out of Vietnam now.

In most polls and on most subjects, a majority of the "undecideds" are uninformed, uninterested, or merely stupid people. Among these Bewildered, there are those who simply haven't bothered their heads about a small war half a world away. But there are also many who are honestly and deeply puzzled and concerned. Oliver Quayle reported: "I was genuinely impressed with the knowledge people had of Vietnam."

As all this suggests, Americans care a lot about the Vietnamese war, but they are not simply "for" or "against" it—their feelings are much more complex than that. But our basic finding, after all our question-asking, was this: Just *because* almost all Americans are unhappy about the Vietnamese war, most of them are in favor of fighting a bigger war, in order to "get it over with." If President Johnson were to order air strikes agaist Hanoi and Peking tomorrow, he would have the support of a majority of the population. And it seems wholly safe to predict that the longer the frustrating little war in Vietnam lasts, the more the pressure to "get it over with" will increase.

This pressure to "get it over with" involves real political dangers for President Johnson. Mrs. Pat Lopresto, of Melrose Park, Ill., a vivacious lady with a towering blond hairdo, may serve as a symbol of the danger. Mrs. Lopresto admired Kennedy but has little use for Johnson. "He has no backbone, no convictions," she said, when she was asked about the President's policy in Vietnam. Johnson was "musha-musha," she said (or that was the way it sounded). Her boy, Richard, was helping her with a laundry basket. "If my son was of draft age," said Mrs. Lopresto, "I'd just die, thinking of him shedding blood on foreign soil." So President Johnson ought to get the war over with in a hurry, if necessary by bombing Peking as well as Hanoi.

"Get it over with"—that was a phrase we heard again and again. And how? By "dropping some bombs and teaching those Commies a lesson." That was another phrase we heard often, in one form or another. These two phrases pose a grave dilemma for the President. "We seek no wider war," he says, and with deep sincerity, for he is quite aware that there is no magic, painless way to "get it over with."

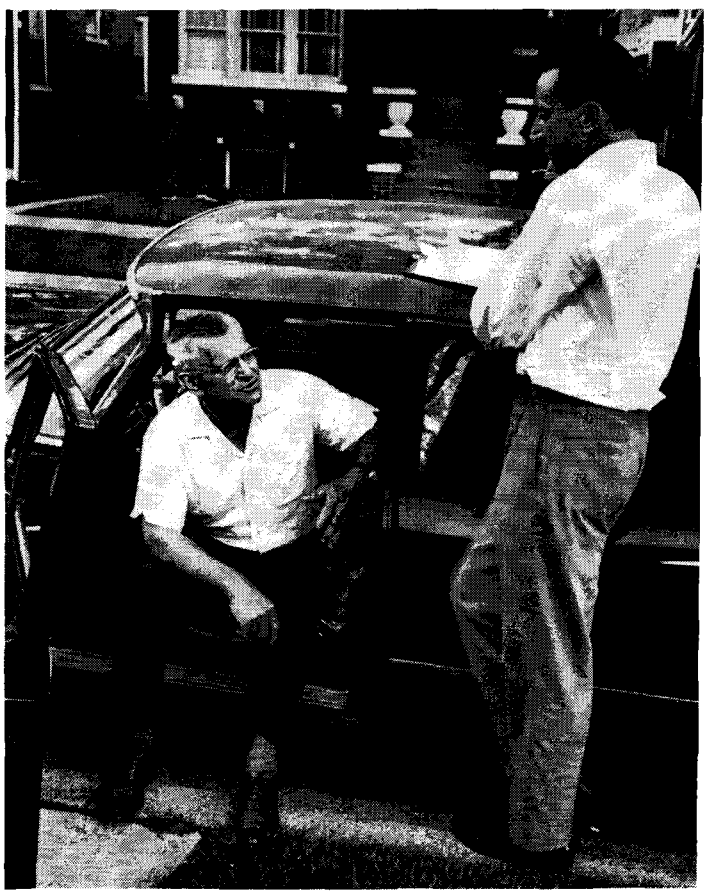
True, of those who had made up their minds, 65 percent said that "we must stay in Vietnam even if it goes on for four or five years." But a lot would then add something like: "But I don't see why we don't get it over with." If the war continues for a long time on the present limited basis, which most Americans find incomprehensible, a great many people are going to be very unhappy not only with the Vietnamese war but with Lyndon Johnson too. As Oliver Quayle observes:

"The great question is whether the American people are willing to hang on in Vietnam indefinitely, feeling, as most of them already feel, that we're not doing our best to get it over with. . . . If the Administration fails to convince the people that, in terms of the realities, we are indeed doing our best, then the President could be in trouble among the hawks or the doves—or even among *both* the hawks and the doves."

There is far more involved, of course, than a possible threat to the President's standing in the polls. For a time could come when a combination of Communist instransigence and the popular urge at home to "get it over with" might place very heavy pressure on the President to embark on that "wider war" which he so sincerely wishes to avoid. Meanwhile, the President's high standing in the polls gives him an authority and flexibility in dealing with the ugly war in Vietnam which an unpopular President would wholly lack. In this sense the President's popularity is a national asset—but an expendable asset. □

"He's a thinker—not quick with his judgments. He's got a big load on his shoulders. You can see it in his face. He may turn out to be another Lincoln."

WILLIAM NALOMSKI
Chicago, Ill.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Six years ago Bill Moyers was an unknown preacher in a little Texas town. Today he is

THE MAN WHO SPEAKS FOR L.B.J.

By Don Oberdorfer

One of President Johnson's favorite stories is about the time he asked his young assistant, Bill D. Moyers, to say grace before the meal in the private quarters of the White House. As Moyers began to pray softly, the Chief Executive interrupted to urge him to "Speak up, Bill! Speak up!" The former Baptist minister from east Texas halted in mid-sentence, raised his bowed head and responded firmly, "I wasn't addressing you, Mr. President."

The President would repeat such a story about no one else in his official entourage—and about no one else would the story be believable. Moyers is something special. He has a boldness that sets him apart from any Johnson assistant, past or present. For that reason he is a major figure in the Government of the United States.

At age 31 he has risen farther and faster in official Washington than any young outsider since the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt's original whiz kids. Six years ago he was a threadbare seminarian and part-time pastor of a country church at Brandon, Tex. (population: 121). Today, Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* calls him "the Ted Sorensen, the Sherman Adams . . . of the Johnson Administration," and Mary McGrory of the Washington *Star* describes him as "the youngest and ablest man around the President." A member of L.B.J.'s Texas inner circle says, "If you really got the President's back against the wall and stuck a gun in his belly, he'd tell you that Bill is his number one boy. They are almost like father and son."

Billy Don Moyers (his full name) was a teen-age summer intern in then-Senator Johnson's outer office in 1954 when L.B.J. "discovered" him, and Moyers freely acknowledges that "anything I am can be traced to Lyndon Johnson." Yet in recent years Moyers has struggled constantly with Johnson for the independence he cherishes. Repeatedly he has tried to quit his chief for a career of his own, but he is now reconciled to serving at least two or three more years on the White House staff. Since July, when George Reedy left to undergo surgery, Moyers has been "acting" press secretary, and thus in the full glare of national publicity as the official spokesman for the President.

Regularly, the nation's most exalted reporters shuffle into his office. They find a slender young man with black horn-rimmed glasses, a mischievous smile and a long, thin, 25-cent cigar, which he alternately puffs and waves in amiable greeting. The summit of his previous journalistic eminence was as a cub reporter for his hometown paper and part-time assistant news editor for KTBC, the Johnson family television station in Austin. Nonetheless, not even the most intensive grilling from the White House press corps has shattered his supreme composure.

In addition to the news job—itself one of the toughest in government—Moyers is engaged in a vast array of demanding pursuits. He begins each day with top-secret briefing papers from the CIA and attends nearly every major White House meeting. Moyers oversees the advisers who are formulating the Administration's all-important legislative program and in times of national or international crisis is often the President's principal "crisis manager." Johnson has described him as "my vice president in charge of anything."

Withal, it is entirely possible to exaggerate the power of this busy young man. He is not a Sherman Adams or a Robert Kennedy, for the only substantial power center in the White House today is the oval office itself, and the man who sits there is both conscious of his prerogatives and exceedingly loath to share them. Johnson is the boss. Moyers is a creature of delegated authority, an attendant lord.

"I am here as the President's catalyst," Moyers is fond of telling the groups of idea men that assemble in his office. But insiders have often credited him with a considerably more active function. According to many, Moyers is one of the few people who can persuade Lyndon Johnson to change his mind.

In preparing this article, I consulted six close associates of L.B.J. about this impressive assertion, and each of them said it was true. One informant said that "more people than you think can do that when their arguments are cogent. Bill can do it more often, though, than anybody else." Another insider recalled a time when the President rejected an important paper he had sent to the oval office for approval. "I sought out Moyers and explained the issue and its importance," he said. "Bill took it back to the President twice. He got the OK on the second try."

Moyers himself insists that "I can't get the President to do a dad-burned thing he doesn't want to do," an observation that is both self-evident and essentially meaningless. He goes on to say that Johnson's working relationships are misunderstood. "I don't know where people get the idea he is surrounded by sycophants. He can't tolerate yes-men. The times when he really burns us are when we tell him something we think he wants to hear."

Moyers at work displays both nerve

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"They are almost like father and son," says one insider. But Moyers dares to poke fun at the President and does not always take L.B.J.'s "no" for an answer.

and self-confidence. When a Post Office official complained to him recently about the embarrassing failure of the White House to use zip codes on outgoing mail, Moyers responded with characteristic directness. He immediately telephoned the White House mail room and, as his visitor gaped in awe, ordered zip codes to be used.

Another facet of Moyers' boldness is his zeal as a practical joker. One of the earliest instances was in 1960 when, as a member of Johnson's senatorial staff, he was urged by an all-too-serious colleague to save papers and artifacts for the newly established L.B.J. "archives." Moyers responded with a large Manila envelope and elaborate instructions for the preservation of its contents—chicken bones purported to be the remains of the great man's lunch. Moyers' co-workers see his penchant for pranks as "Bill's way of growing up."

For all this self-assurance, however, Moyers is never pretentious or curt, traits easily developed in the junior assistants of the great. No matter how busy he is, he makes each visitor feel as if his mission is the most interesting and significant business of the day.

This unusual young man is all the more remarkable for his background. His father is a time clerk in a Texas defense plant and his mother is a clerk in a funeral home. As a student young Moyers had little money, but Johnson took a shine to his 1954 summer intern and made it possible for him to finish college by supplying part-time jobs at the L.B.J. station in Austin. Later the senator offered him an executive post at the station, but by then Moyers had married Judith Davidson, the daughter of a Dallas postal clerk, and dedicated his life to the ministry.

In the fall of 1959, when L.B.J. was getting ready for his forthcoming run for the presidential nomination, Moyers was serving as the $35-a-week pastor of the country church at Brandon, with twin outhouses in back and a congregation of a dozen families. The farm folk doted on the young preacher, who arrived every Sunday with his wife in a battered car. Almost every week he would pull a nickel out of some kid's ear at Sunday school, and after dinner he would organize a ball game or rehearse the choir. Then one day he announced in church that he had reached a great decision—to leave the ministry and join Lyndon Johnson in Washington. He explained that he had stood upon a ridge and seen his life spread out before him, and found that the path of politics, and action, was the one ordained for him. "After his regular sermon he said good-bye to us, one by one," recalls one of his parishioners, Mrs. Alec Wallace. "When only a few were left, it was too much for him, and he broke down and cried."

Johnson installed Moyers at his right hand in his private office; later, when the political pace picked up, Moyers sent his wife and child back to Texas and moved into a bedroom of the Johnson home. At the 1960 Democratic national convention he slept in a large closet in the boss's hotel suite.

During the campaign, Moyers was like Johnson's second skin—scheduling appearances, drafting speeches, keeping touch with the Kennedys. After the election, Johnson confidently prepared a place for his protégé on the vice-presidential staff, but Moyers had other ideas. Driven by ambition and by idealism, he yearned for a chance to *be somebody*, on his own, in the new Peace Corps. Both Johnson and John F. Kennedy were opposed to his plan, but the tenderfoot from rural Texas wore them down.

In this endeavor Moyers recruited the aid of James H. Rowe Jr., a Washington attorney-strategist who was well respected by both Johnson and Kennedy. Sargent Shriver was picking the Peace Corps high command, and in late February, 1961, Rowe wrote Shriver a perceptive memorandum: ". . . If I were a young man, I think I would be content at the age of 26 to be the top assistant of the Vice President. . . . But this boy Moyers is willing to give this up, without a backward look, so he can 'do good.' . . . The world is full, and the Peace Corps will be, of people who want to 'do good' and have not the slightest idea how. This young man knows how. He is that curious and very rare blend of the idealist-operator."

A few weeks later Moyers was named associate director of the Peace Corps, and in January, 1963, President Kennedy promoted him to deputy director, thus making him the youngest presidential appointee. He was so young that when querulous senators demanded to know his age at the confirmation hearing on Capitol Hill, Moyers replied hopefully, "Twenty eight and a half."

There matters stood until, in mid-November of 1963, Kennedy borrowed him from the Peace Corps for temporary duty as a political scout for the forthcoming Texas trip. Moyers was having lunch in Austin when he heard the news of the assassination, and within 15 minutes he was airborne to Dallas to join Lyndon Johnson.

In the days that followed, Moyers rarely left Johnson's side. At night, he again slept in the Johnson home. When the President transferred operations to the White House, he placed Moyers at the desk just outside his office.

To reporters who came to call, the young aide insisted, "I'm just here helping a friend, and when that ends, I'll drift away and never be heard of again." Each day he was more enmeshed in the work of the White House; even so, he refused to join the presidential payroll, keeping his old position at the Peace Corps and even his old office intact.

In mid-1964 Johnson and Moyers reached a meeting of minds about the future. Moyers agreed to help run the fall campaign, and Johnson promised that after the election he would appoint his cherished young aide director of the Peace Corps, replacing the beleaguered Shriver, who was already doing double duty as director of the War on Poverty. The elated young Texan passed the word to his old associates and began casting about for a deputy director.

On October 14, word spread through the incredulous White House that Walter Jenkins, for years L.B.J.'s administrative assistant, had been arrested on a morals charge. That night the innermost circle of the Johnson high command gathered in Moyers' office at the White House, and presidential confidant Clark Clifford placed a call to the distraught Chief Executive, who was campaigning in New York City. "We have Walter's resignation," Clifford reported wanly. "How do you want to announce it?" Clifford listened, then hung up and turned to Moyers. "He says it is being announced in New York that you are succeeding Jenkins as top White House assistant."

"Oh, no—oh, no," groaned Moyers, "I've got to talk to him." He rose as if to pick up the telephone for a last-minute appeal, then realized it was hopeless and sank back in despair and resignation. A month later, after the election was won, he gave up his Peace Corps office and joined the White House payroll as a special assistant to the President. "The Peace Corps was the one thing I wanted," he said to a friend. "Now I'll never get it."

Today the idealist-operator of the White House staff has come to terms with the present and learned to take a longer view of the future. He will never return to the ministry, which seems to him now "a world of words" for which he is temperamentally unsuited. "My long-term interest is international affairs," he says. "If I stay in the executive branch of Government, I would like to work someday in the Defense-State complex." Another possibility is elective office—perhaps as a congressman, a governor or senator. Still another is the business world. One problem is health. He has a peptic ulcer, and every few months his co-workers see him grimace and whiten, as pains come upon him. Sometimes a walk on the South Lawn will bring relief, but other times a day or two in bed is necessary.

When his long day is done, Moyers prefers to devote whatever spare time he has to his wife, their three small children, a few friends from seminary days and some Peace Corps cronies, most of them younger than he. The Moyerses' idea of fun is a quiet dinner with friends or churning homemade ice cream in the backyard of a neighbor. They recently bought a house in the suburbs and traded in their car. Privacy being precious to them, Judith Moyers put her foot down and prevented the installation of a White House telephone in the new station wagon.

It is a most difficult job to reserve a life of one's own against the demands of a strong leader and particularly so in a city where power is idolized. "It is hard to be a White House aide as a very young man," reports one who previously looked down from that high pinnacle. "Sometimes it can spoil you for the rest of life."

So far there is no sign that success has spoiled Bill Moyers, but critics have wondered whether any man so young can carry such an enormous responsibility without risk to himself and to the country. Several years ago, on the occasion of his Senate confirmation as deputy director of the Peace Corps, such doubts were raised publicly, and Hubert Humphrey, who had been mayor of a great city before he was 35, rose to defend the boy preacher from Texas.

"We are supposed to be a young nation," Humphrey solemnly told those elders of the Senate who were worried about Billy Don Moyers. "I see no reason why occasionally we should not place trust and responsibility in some young man." □

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. B: 'GOD CREATES, I ASSEMBLE'

By Suzanne Massie

George Balanchine, the genius who proved that ballet didn't have to be sissy stuff, is presiding over the biggest boom in dance history.

With his customary string tie, snap-button checked shirt and frontier pants, he looks more like a riverboat gambler than the undisputed czar of America's skyrocketing ballet boom. But George Balanchine's taste for Western costume is more than a mere affectation. One of his five wives, Maria Tallchief, was half Osage Indian, and the present Mrs. Balanchine, ex-ballerina Tanaquil LeClercq, goes along with her Russian-born husband's passion for America and the Old West. "We love American television," she admits, "crime shows, *Perry Mason*, even the advertising. But George really loves Westerns, *Gunsmoke* and *Bonanza*. He likes a lot of action."

This year Balanchine is getting more action than ever. Cofounder, choreographer and creative genius of the New York City Ballet, "Mr. B", as he is often called, controls an unprecedented 1963 Ford Foundation grant of $7,756,000 "to expand ballet in the United States over the next ten years." His School of American Ballet now has 300 students in training. Last spring he presented his 113th ballet, the grandiose *Don Quixote*, and took his company on a tour of 100 performances in nine European cities. British critics, if not audiences, have always been cool to Balanchine; last month both welcomed him to Covent Garden with an ovation and curtain calls. Balanchine also sets the pace for the more than 200 regional ballet companies that have sprung up in the last decade. Countless youngsters are enrolled in ballet schools across the country, helping to boost the sale of ballet slippers to two million pairs a year.

The man at the top of this expanding pyramid has been compared to such varied

Photographs by Martha Swope

For the first time in 15 years Balanchine appeared onstage in a single benefit performance last spring of his new ballet, DON QUIXOTE. Standing beside him (above) is Suzanne Farrell; the Don (below) braves laughter of skeptics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

personalities as Picasso, Stravinsky and his fellow Georgian, Joseph Stalin. He remains an enigma even to his four ex-wives, all famous ballerinas, all discovered and lifted by him to stardom. They have all remained within his professional orbit, and they are a little nostalgic, perhaps a little in love, and very respectful of his talent.

"George is extraordinarily aloof," says wife No. 1, Tamara Geva.

"He is oriental, like Stalin," says wife No. 2, Alexandra Danilova. "Orientals take care never to show their emotions."

"If I had to choose one quality," says wife No. 3, Vera Zorina, "I would say he was immensely kind."

"You can know George all your life," says wife No. 4, Maria Tallchief, "and not know him at all."

Today Balanchine's black hair is graying. His hawklike features have become more ascetic, but his dark eyes still flash. He has the lean and agile physique of a man half his 61 years. He normally works a 12-hour stretch, all on his feet. When creating a dance, the studio rings with "Pow, Bam, Ta ta ta TA ta," as he counts, turns, leaps and twists his dancers over and over again until they are perfect. He is assailed on every side by costumers, set designers and musicians. Daily he watches the rehearsal of that evening's performance, teaches a company class at the theater, choreographs new work, drops in at his school.

Balanchine takes almost no time for anything except his work. "I don't believe anything else exists for him," says Miss Tallchief. Yet when his fifth wife, Tanaquil LeClercq, was struck down by polio in 1957, he left ballet completely. "I thought he was completely swept," says Miss Danilova. "We thought he would never return." Young Mlle. LeClercq had been one of Balanchine's students at the school and at 23 was the most brilliant ballerina of the City Center Company. After her illness, she never walked again. For an entire year after the attack, Balanchine gave his unlimited energies to her care. He took her to Warm Springs, Ga., for treatment. He carried her from one place to another. He supervised her exercises. Even today he rarely leaves her in New York for any period of time. "Since his wife's illness, George has become more withdrawn," says a close friend. "His art is more concentrated."

Their acrobatic cat, Mourka, was the subject of Tanaquil Balanchine's first book. Her next will be about cooking.

In America, Balanchine's first artistic success was not in ballet, but on the musical-comedy stages of Broadway and Hollywood. In 1936 he introduced a new word, "choreographer," to playbills for the Rodgers and Hart musical, *On Your Toes*. This show was the first attempt in musical comedy to incorporate dance into the story. It made Ray Bolger a star, and included the famous number, *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*. Balanchine went on to do 19 Broadway shows, including *Babes in Arms, The Boys From Syracuse, Cabin in the Sky* (which he also directed), *The Merry Widow* and *The Chocolate Soldier*. Sam Goldwyn hired him for Hollywood's first big movie ballet. In 1942 John Ringling North, seeking tone for his circus, persuaded him to create a ballet for 50 elephants in tutus.

During his 10 years on Broadway, the money rolled in, but Balanchine spent it all. He bought expensive cars. He gave Vera Zorina an ermine wrap bundled up in a plastic raincoat. He played poker with Lorenz Hart and George and Ira Gershwin. When he had nightmares, he called Salvador Dali to find out what they meant. When he wanted a piano composition, he commissioned Hindemith. If money is there, Balanchine spends it; if it isn't, he gets along without it. He is a soft touch for friends and always reaches for the check. His tastes run to pressed caviar and to Château Mouton-Rothschild wine and vintage champagne; rather than settle for less, he drinks water.

During his gilded musical-comedy period, Balanchine once said, "I'm like a potato. A potato is pretty tough, it can grow anywhere, but even a potato has a soil in which it grows best." Since his childhood, this soil has always been classical ballet.

Georgi Melitonivitch Balanchivadze was born in St. Petersburg on January 22, 1904, the son of a well-known musician. Destined to become a naval cadet, he stopped off with his mother to watch his sister Tamara audition for the Imperial Ballet School. Tamara failed, but one of the school officials liked George's straight back and enrolled him on the spot. The school was part of the czar's household, and George wore a dark-blue uniform with silver lyres pinned to his velvet collar.

But in 1917, when revolution swept the country, the students disbanded, and George wound up stealing fish from barges on the Neva and catching and strangling cats to sell for food. He worked as a clown, as a saddler's assistant, and as pianist for a silent-movie house. After the revolution, the Imperial School was reopened as the Soviet State School of Ballet. There George learned choreography. He also spent three years studying music at the Leningrad Conservatory. In 1924 Soviet cultural commissars sent him and a small group of dancers, including Tamara Geva and Alexandra Danilova, on a tour of Europe.

It was 38 years before Balanchine went back. From the rigors of Soviet life he escaped to Paris and the employ of impresario Serge Diaghilev. In Paris and Monaco, Balanchine took up a rollicking existence with Danilova. "He was a young man, and a young man looks for life and for women," Danilova recalled. "If I wanted a dress, George would always say, 'Buy three dresses.' He always

Pressed caviar, vintage champagne, furs for Vera Zorina, poker games with the Gershwins, nightmares with Salvador Dali and ballet for elephants

In Mr. B's firmament, star ballerinas wax and wane. Now the luminary is Suzanne Farrell, here in MEDITATION.

gave money to his friends, I put my money in socks. I worried about the rent. George would say, 'Pay tomorrow.' I thought I would never have anything, so I left him. If I had met him later I would have understood him better."

After a 1933 performance in London, Balanchine was sought out by a hulking American with a modest fortune named Lincoln Kirstein. Kirstein was then 26, a few years out of Harvard, smitten with grand dreams about creating an American ballet school and company. He asked Balanchine if he would come to the United States. Balanchine agreed: "I really wanted to go to America. So many beautiful girls, healthy girls—good food, probably. A country that had beautiful girls would be good for ballet."

Kirstein and Balanchine opened the School of American Ballet in New York in January, 1934, with 25 students. The enterprise struggled along in various forms, and was on the verge of collapse in 1948, when a lawyer named Morton Baum, business agent of the New York City Center Theater, attended a performance. Afterward he rushed to Kirstein and offered him the City Center as a permanent home.

The ballet's new location on 55th Street was a makeshift theater in what had once been a Ma-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonic Temple. It nevertheless provided Balanchine with a permanent stage and a regular season. The Center's low prices brought enthusiastic audiences, most of them without preconceived notions about what ballet should be. Yet there was little money. "What can you do without scenery, without costumes?" Balanchine asks. "You learn." As his dancers were all young and untried, he relied on the ensemble instead of on the virtuosity of a few.

From this sprang Balanchine's most controversial practice—his ruthless subordination of individual dancers to the company as a whole. He interchanges roles constantly and refuses to announce the names of performers until a few days before they dance. This policy upsets dancers, critics and public alike. "He does not like stars. Indeed, he goes out of his way to deflate them," says Tallchief. Yet most of Balanchine's energy has always been devoted to creating superb female dancers. "I watch for them, I wait for them for years," he says.

Each of his five wives has coincided with a stage in his artistic development. "He marries his materials," says Danilova. "Like Picasso, he is always interested in his models. And it is more interesting to take a young maiden and create a woman." Once one of his girl dancers passes 20, she begins to be cautious about her age. "I'm twenty-two, but don't tell Mr. B.," whispered one. Ungallantly, he characterizes any dancer over 25 as "an old bag." He resents it when his dancers leave him for marriage and children. "Ballerinas," he explains, "when they get ballerina-minded, begin to think of themselves as something special. I like students who still want to learn different things."

The special students at the moment are a bouquet of youngsters barely in their 20's—Mimi Paul, Patricia McBride, Gloria Govrin, Suki Schorer and Balanchine's current favorite, Suzanne Farrell. A 20-year-old with waist-length brown hair, Miss Farrell now is the center of extraordinary artistic attention, while established stars Melissa Hayden, Patricia Wilde and Maria Tallchief languish in the wings. Balanchine shrugs. "The public always wants something new," he says.

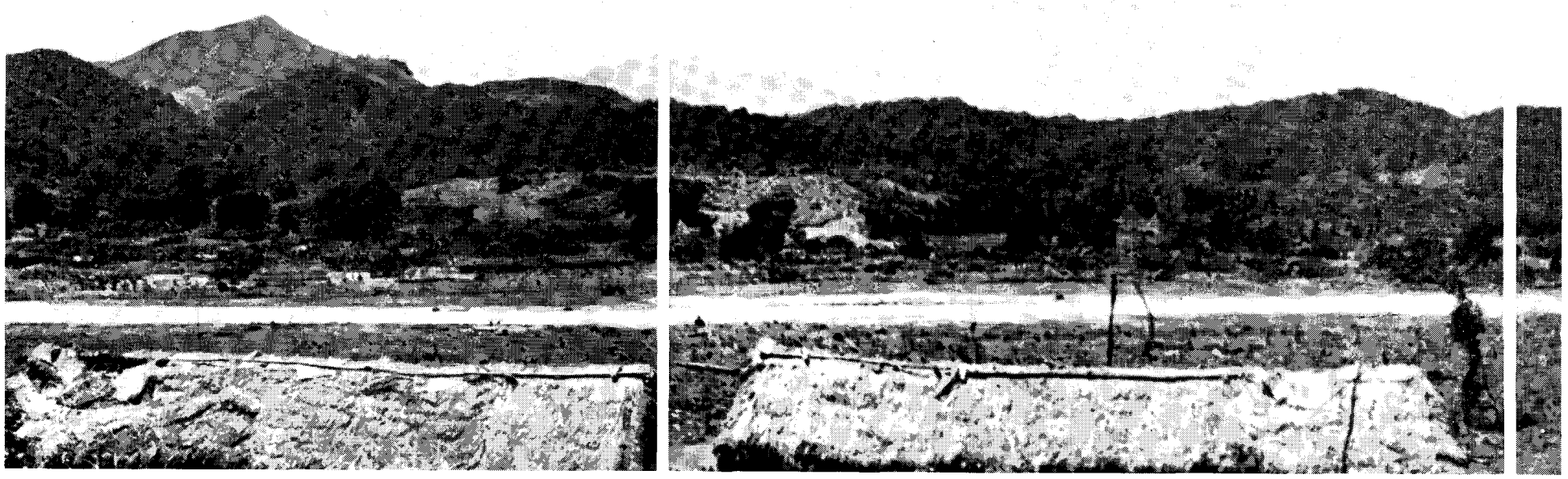
The concentration of Ford Foundation millions on a single choreographer and a single school has aroused other dancers, schools and companies to howls of rage. But Balanchine insists he is not trying to impose his style on anyone. "I don't ask others to do what I like. We had to present a plan to the Foundation. Others had the same chance."

Away from critics, work and publicity, Balanchine lives quietly with his wife and their ginger cat, Mourka, who also has been trained to do leaps and turns. Their apartment on New York's West Side is dominated by two Steinway grand pianos, although he now plays little except when developing a new ballet. Balanchine can quote Pushkin at length, but he reads himself to sleep with science fiction. On television he never misses his favorite dancer, Fred Astaire—"That head! That carriage!" He can't spell, loves puns, never writes letters and rarely phones. When he is working, he regularly skips lunch and doesn't care what he eats, but at home, he closes himself off and cooks meals for his friends. Every year at Russian Easter, the Balanchines give a lavish party, for which he does all of the cooking.

"You know," he said once, "I could have been a very good chef. Or perhaps I might have been a physician, or a priest. I could have been a pianist or a composer. Maybe an astronomer; I love physics. But I am a choreographer. A choreographer is a poet. I do not create. God creates. I assemble—and I steal from everywhere to do it." □

Strength and virility are prime factors in Balanchine's men. He rehearses this group for DON QUIXOTE.

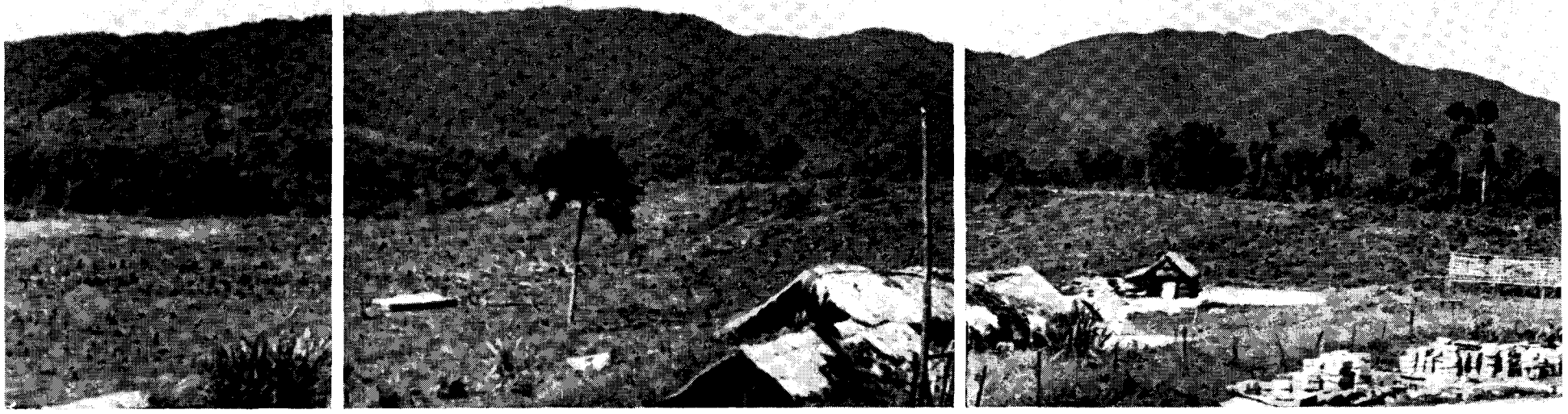
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photographs taken from camp on morning after the battle give a panoramic view of terrain to the east, including airstrip and (left) village of Nam Dong.

The only man to win a Congressional Medal of Honor since Korea tells the gripping story of how twelve heroic Americans defended one tiny outpost of freedom against a major Viet Cong attack.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE BATTLE FOR NAM DONG

By Capt. Roger H. C. Donlon, U.S. Army, as told to Warren Rogers

Everything was quiet in Camp Nam Dong as I finished my round of the inner perimeter that night. I went up to the mess hall to check the guard roster. My watch said 2:26 A.M. when I opened the screen door. At that moment the roof erupted in a blinding brilliance. The roaring concussion knocked me back through the door.

I scrambled around the L-shaped protective wall and into the command post next door. Master Sgt. Gabriel Ralph Alamo, my team sergeant, was already on the phone to Staff Sgt. Keith Daniels in the communications room, calling for a flare plane.

Now more mortar rounds rocked the camp. Grenades burst in volleys, their sound lighter than the mortars' thunderclaps. Small arms and automatic weapons rattled from all sides. The mess hall was blazing. Fire crackled on the thatched roof of the C.P. I routed out the Vietnamese interpreters, mechanics and truck drivers in the room next door. "The mess hall!" I shouted. "Put out the fire in the mess hall."

Pop Alamo and I turned to at the C.P., fighting flames and dragging weapons and ammunition out of the burning building. I knew that my men would take their battle stations without waiting for orders from me.

When the blast of the first mortar round jolted Daniels out of bed, he reached out and flicked on the radio. While it was warming up, he slipped into his shoes, scooped up the ammunition he had laid out on the shelf next to his bunk and stuffed it into the big pockets of his jungle-suit trousers. The explosions boomed louder as the shells fell closer. Bare to the waist, Dan strapped on his holster but kept the gun in his hand, cocked, and watched the door, waiting to get a tone on the radio transmitter.

December 5, 1964: Captain Donlon stands at attention as President Lyndon Johnson snaps the ribbon of the nation's highest decoration around his neck. The citation for the medal ends with the following words: "Captain Donlon's conspicuous gallantry, extraordinary heroism, and intrepidity at the risk of his own life above and beyond the call of duty are in the highest traditions of the United States Army and reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of his country."

The minute he did, he sent his message—in the clear, not in code: "Hello, Da Nang . . . Nam Dong calling . . . I have an operation-immediate message . . . operation-immediate . . ."

"Roger. Roger. Go ahead, Nam Dong."

"Request flare ship and an air strike . . . We are under heavy mortar fire. Repeat . . . under heavy mortar fire. Request flare ship and air strike."

"Roger. Stand by for reply."

Step by step the crashing, rending blasts of the mortar shells walked closer. A direct hit exploded on the supply room next door. Dan reckoned the communications room was next. Holstering his .45 he picked up his rifle—one of the new AR-15's which are issued to the Special Forces—grabbed a belt of ammunition and raced for the door.

Like a diver going off the low board, he took three quick steps and belly-flopped as far as he could stretch. The rocks and earth of the hard ground bit into his shoulders and chest. Behind him the communications room blew up. The concussion of the blast slapped against the soles of his jump boots. Already the whole long house was burning, flames crackling in the dry thatch of the roof and along the rattan walls.

We had known that the Viet Cong might attack at almost any time. The land of the Katu tribesmen, where we were—close to the borders of both Laos and North Vietnam—was regarded as "V.C. territory." High plateau country, much of it heavily wooded and most of it sparsely populated, it was ideal terrain for guerrilla operations.

Camp Nam Dong had been set up to give some protection from the Communists to the 5,000 inhabitants of the nine villages in our valley. To provide this protection, the camp commander, *Dai-uy* (Captain) Lich, had a force of 311 Vietnamese, organized into three so-called strike companies.

The Special Forces detachment I commanded had been assigned as advisers to the camp commander—to give some protection and, even more important, to aid the villagers in such ways as digging wells, tending the sick and building schools. Recently, for example, our medics, easy-going Sgt. Thomas L. Gregg and husky young Sgt. Terrance D. Terrin, had successfully handled an epidemic of encephalitis—"sleeping sickness." Besides the 12 of us in Team A-726, there were only two other westerners in the camp: Kevin Conway, an Australian warrant officer who represented his country the way we did the United States, and Dr. Gerald C. Hickey, an American anthropologist and expert on the Vietnamese mountain tribes.

In the five weeks since we had relieved another Special Forces team at Camp Nam Dong, our only contact with the enemy had come a couple of weeks earlier, when they had probed the camp with five rounds of sniper fire. The main effect had been to make us appreciate the value of our "anti-sniper walls"—18 inches of earth sandwiched between two rows of logs—which protected the outer side of the main buildings. But during this Fourth of July weekend, the threat of attack suddenly seemed to have become much greater.

On Saturday night Sgt. Michael Disser, patrolling the villages farthest up the valley with a squad of night fighters, had radioed: "The villagers are scared, but they won't tell me or my interpreters why." Terry Terrin, returning on Sunday from a three-day patrol, reported that his men had found the bodies of two murdered village chiefs. And that same afternoon tempers in the camp had flared in a quarrel—fomented by Communist agents, I felt sure—between the South Vietnamese strike forces and our contingent of 60 Nungs, the tough little mercenaries, ethnically Chinese, who fight proudly as the "bodyguards" of American Special Forces soldiers in South Vietnam.

I think that all of us in the team had a sense of foreboding that night—Staff Sgt. Merwin Woods, I later discovered, wrote his wife: "All hell is going to break loose here before the night is over." I was worried too, when I relieved Conway on guard duty shortly before two o'clock in the early morning of Monday, July 6, 1964.

It was a lonely, eerie business prowling the inner perimeter of Camp Nam Dong in the dark. It took about 25 minutes to make a complete round of the area, which was slightly bigger than a football field, checking the gun positions and guard posts manned by the Nungs, and moving slowly, to coordinate with the South Vietnamese soldier simultaneously checking the outer barbed-wire fence.

To the left of the main gate was Woody's fighting station. The tube of his big 81-mm. mortar aimed skyward from the center of the four-foot-deep pit which would give him some protection from enemy small-arms fire. Like the four other mortar pits spaced around the inner perimeter, it was the size of an average room, but round, and was sandbagged around the rim. At the rear of

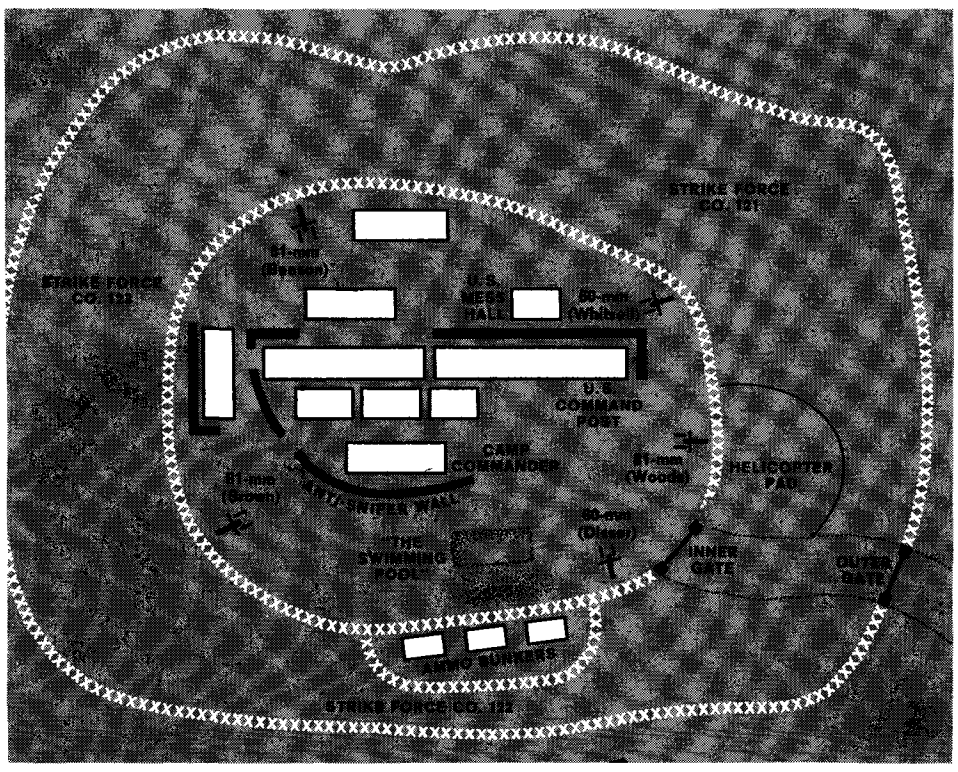
©1965 BY ROGER DONLON AND WARREN ROGERS. FROM THE BOOK "OUTPOST OF FREEDOM," TO BE PUBLISHED IN NOVEMBER BY McGRAW-HILL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pit there was a concrete bunker with some 300 rounds of ready ammunition.

Moving along the four-foot-high fence, I inspected the other pits—two more 81-mm.'s and two 60-mm.'s—the Nung machine-gun posts interspersed among them, and then the huge hole that the team assigned here before us had dug with the idea of constructing an underground operations center and dispensary. It was about 15 feet by 30 feet and eight feet deep, with a high mound of earth on the outer side and three piles of crude cinder blocks stacked nearby. We had promptly dubbed this hole "the swimming pool."

We had 15 Nungs on guard along the inner perimeter, and the camp seemed peaceful. When I returned to the gate, the soldier who had checked the outer perimeter reported all clear. Maybe it's going to be a quiet night after all, I thought, and headed for the mess hall.



Drawing of camp shows approximate locations of the main features. Top faces toward west.

At the blast of the first enemy mortar shell, Gregg rolled out of his bed in the dispensary, picked up his shotgun—a pump gun with a five-round magazine—and stepped outside.

The shells were falling faster. Small-arms fire was a steady stutter. The burning mess hall cast an eerie, dancing light over the camp, spectacular now with swirling smoke and the flashes of exploding shells. The V.C. mortars were zeroed in on us.

Gregg eased over to an old shower room, now used to store medical supplies, that backed up against the inner-perimeter wire. Outside the fence, in the glare of the fire, he saw crouched figures moving forward, not more than 20 yards away. Silhouetted against flashes of gunfire from farther away, six shapes seemed to be floating toward him, headed for the fence.

Gregg raised his shotgun and fired. He pumped and fired again, and then again. The blasts caught the six V.C. almost point-blank hurling them backward like leaves in a sudden gust of wind. Gregg took a quick look around, then rushed back to the burning dispensary to save as much of his equipment as he could.

Racing to man his 81-mm. mortar position near the dispensary, Sgt. 1/C. Thurman R. Brown pulled up short when he suddenly saw grenades arcing toward him from the direction of his own mortar pit. There, at the top of the concrete bunker at the rear of the pit, were at least two V.C. grenadiers. He took cover against the anti-sniper wall. As he did so, a 57-mm. shell slammed into the wall a few feet away, blowing the wall apart and hurling Brown through the air. He jumped up, still clinging to his rifle, and ran to the C.P. to get some hand grenades.

By then the C.P. was burning as if somebody had poured gasoline over it and touched it with a torch. Alamo and I were trying to save what we could of the ammunition, arms, radios and other equipment we had stored there. Brown pitched in with the other team members, then left us, carrying a supply of grenades, and headed back toward his position. A few yards ahead of him one of the Vietnamese interpreters, George Tuan, was running toward the same wall Brown had used for cover a few minutes earlier. A second 57-mm. round went off in front of him, hitting the exact spot where the first one had sent Brown sprawling.

Brown ran to Tuan, who had fallen and was now struggling to sit up, and looked him over. Both legs were off just below the knees. There was nothing Brown could do. He laid the Vietnamese gently down, and in 30 seconds Tuan was dead.

Brown doubled back behind the protective wall and ran through the burning buildings toward his position. As he reached the far end of the wall, a mortar shell landed right behind him, and he went flying through the air again. Stunned, he shook his head clear and glanced toward his mortar pit. Nobody in sight. He dashed over and jumped in. But when he looked up, he found himself staring down the barrel of a submachine gun held by one of two V.C. lying on top of his ammunition bunker. He raised his rifle, but the men rolled out of sight. Brown leaped to the edge of the pit and shot them both.

Back in the pit, he peered inside the bunker. Two Nungs were there, preparing ammunition for his mortar. They had been in quite a fix. They couldn't get out, and the V.C. couldn't get in. The men Brown had killed were apparently about to blow up the bunker, because they had explosive charges with them.

"Illumination rounds!" Brown ordered. The Nungs nodded and started breaking open boxes of the shells whose flares, floating overhead, would light up the area until the flare ship flew over.

As Brown started across the few feet between the bunker and his mortar, an automatic weapon opened up, somewhere nearby. The slugs thudded against the bunker in a tight pattern about six inches over his head. Brown leaped sideways and backward into his bunker, but before he could reach its protection, another burst hit just below the first. Pieces of the bullets and concrete bit into the left side of his neck and across his bare shoulders. He tumbled through the bunker door.

When he tried to get up, he found he couldn't move. His right leg felt dead. Numb and bewildered, he couldn't even see it. "Oh, Lord," he mumbled. "I've lost a leg."

Then he discovered he was sitting on it. In 30 seconds he was up and firing the mortar. As fast as he could move, he fired for illumination, bathing the scene in light so we could see the attackers.

Brown had awakened, seen a man die, helped fight a fire, survived four brushes with death, killed two men, and given us a fighting chance with his illuminating shells. All in five minutes.

Pop Alamo and I were still hauling stuff out of the burning C.P. when I saw Sgt. 1/C. Vernon Beeson running toward us from his quarters. Mortar shells and grenades exploded within 25 feet of him but nothing touched him. He joined us as we tore around inside the C.P., grabbing equipment and passing it to the others outside. Fire was licking all around the room, and the heat was intense.

After a few minutes, Beeson took off through the burning buildings to his 81-mm. mortar position. It was on the southwest part of the perimeter, and somewhat isolated from the rest of the camp. His Nungs were already there, breaking out ammunition. A veteran of Korea, like Pop and Brownie, Bee knew that what we wanted was light.

"Gimme illumination!" he cried, and started firing as fast as he could drop the shells into the big tube.

Only 10 minutes had passed since the first V.C. shell landed.

From his quarters Woody had seen that first shell explode—a ball of burning white phosphorus with "fourteen thousand different colored flames shooting out of it."

Rolling off his bunk, he thumped to the floor, grabbing the .38 Smith & Wesson Special that he always kept beside his pillow.

"Woods is hit," Conway shouted in the dark. "Woods, are you hit?"

"Naw, I ain't hit," Woody said.

"Well, what the hell are you doing down there on the floor?"

"I'm laying down here strapping on my damn pistol!"

More rounds were coming in now, and bullets were buzzing through the room. Woods reached up to his gun peg and took down his AR-15. Wearing only his GI drawers and pistol belt, he started crawling out the door to his mortar pit. The rocks outside were too rough on his knees, so he stood up and ran barefoot through the enemy fire to his position overlooking the helicopter pad just west of the gate.

The mortar on the other side of the gate was Mike Disser's. Mike and Staff Sgt. Raymond Whitsell, the team's engineers, had elected not to waste time unlocking the door of the supply room, where they slept. They left by the window, only moments before the room took a direct hit.

Whit scurried down the concrete steps into his 60-mm. mortar pit. In easy reach, where he had laid them out as a precaution, were 18 rounds of illuminating shells. He plunked them in as fast as he could move.

The situation in Mike Disser's pit was quite different. When he reached it, he found that six Nungs had preceded him, and that they were firing their carbines in the direction of the camp's main ammunition bunkers, across the fence from "the swimming pool." Mike fired off an illuminating volley. Then he peered over the rim of his pit. By the light of his flare, he saw what he has since called the most frightening sight of his life.

Hundreds of men were moving in on the camp, some of them already rustling through the two-foot grass of the outer-perimeter area. They were the main assault force of the two reinforced

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"President Kennedy called the green beret 'a symbol of excellence, a badge of courage, a mark of distinction in the fight for freedom.' . . . Captain Donlon and his team . . . showed once again the sacrifices that brave men will make for their country." . . SEN. ROBERT F. KENNEDY

V.C. battalions—800 to 900 guerrillas—that had ringed Camp Nam Dong in the night. The first wave had overrun Strike Force Company 122 and was now less than 30 yards away, making for the fence right in front of his post.

Kneeling by his mortar and firing into the attackers as fast as he could, Mike suddenly became aware that someone was coming into his pit. He glanced over his shoulder and saw Australian Warrant Officer Kevin Conway walking—not running, but walking—down the concrete steps, with a calm half-smile undoubtedly intended to cheer up young Disser.

Suddenly Conway pitched headlong down the steps. He rolled over and Mike saw the wound. It was neat and round, smaller than a dime, almost exactly between the eyes. Conway was unconscious but alive. He moaned with each shallow breath.

By this time, however, Disser had already received help. Team Sergeant Alamo, painfully burned and smudged with soot from the collapsing C.P., had dashed to Mike's mortar pit through a hail of grenade and small-arms fire. Pop had no set fighting post; he just went wherever he was needed most.

When Conway fell, Alamo was at the front of the pit, picking off V.C. a few yards away with his AR-15. A few minutes later a one-man army in the person of my executive officer, Lt. Jay Olejniczak (always called "Lieutenant O," naturally), joined them, complete with combat pack. He was carrying, among other things, a poncho, a mosquito net, smoke grenades, hand grenades, his AR-15, an M-79 grenade launcher and ammunition.

Conway was sprawled in the dirt near the steps on the right of the pit when Jay got there. Alamo was in front of him, firing at figures flitting among the three ammunition bunkers 30 yards away. Disser, with his AR-15 cradled in his arms, was uncasing illuminating rounds and launching them in a steady, unfrenzied rhythm.

Jay inspected Conway's wound and bandaged it, took off his jacket and pillowed it under Conway's head, and covered him with the poncho from his combat pack. A half hour after he was hit, Conway quietly died. Jay joined Alamo at the parapet. With his M-79 launcher pointed almost straight up, he arched grenades among the ammunition bunkers. Between them, they were cutting up whatever moved over there.

Doc Hickey had stayed with me at the C.P. as long as there was any possibility of salvaging equipment, but that possibility ended within about 15 minutes of the attack's beginning. Doc decided to make for the dispensary, at the rear of the camp. He was nearly there when a mortar burst tossed him high in the air. He calmly felt himself all over for blood or broken bones; finding none, he continued on his way.

In the brief time of battle so far, I had been fully occupied with the need to save equipment we would need to fight with. Now I had to locate my men and organize the camp's defenses against the present threat.

My normal alert position was in the camp commander's *hooch*. But it was a shambles from several direct mortar hits. I had no idea where *Dai-uy* Lich was, or even if he was alive. I pounded across the parade ground, acutely aware of the mortar and grenade bursts and of the whistling of bullets and shrapnel. Abreast of the flagpole, I suddenly found myself flung into the air and dropped again like a rag doll. Dizzy with concussion and minus one shoe, I scuttled like a crab into Woody's pit.

So much happens so fast in a battle like this that it took me a moment to realize that Woody had only just reached the mortar pit himself. Two Nungs were with him, preparing ammunition. Woody worked as if he were a part of his mortar. He would put up an illuminating round and follow it with one of heavy explosive, alternating one-and-one as he traversed his area.

Suddenly I heard someone shouting from over by "the swimming pool." It was Sgt. John Houston, my other communications expert besides Daniels. "They're over here!" he yelled. "In the ammo bunker!" Kneeling on the inside slope of the mound of excavated earth, he was delivering automatic fire from his AR-15 into the bunker enclosure. He was all alone up there, firing and yelling.

I started toward him. A mortar shell exploded a few feet away and knocked me down. I lost my pistol belt, the other shoe and all my equipment except my AR-15 and two clips. I crawled to the edge of Disser's mortar pit and asked for ammunition and a report on how they were doing. Mike threw out several magazines.

"Conway's hit and Alamo's hit," he said. "Conway's hit bad."

In the flickering light from the fire, I saw movement at the gate, 20 yards away. "Mike!" I yelled. "Illuminate the main gate."

He popped one over there and I saw three V.C. snaking along beside a log at the edge of the road, already within the inner perimeter. I fired, then cursed myself. The rifle was on full automatic, and I was too low on ammunition for that. I put it on semiautomatic and squeezed off a half-dozen rounds. Two of the V.C. slumped. The third started crawling into the grass. I threw a grenade, and he stopped crawling.

The three turned out to be a demolition team. Each carried satchel charges of dynamite, an entrenching tool and other demolition paraphernalia. Later I heard that one was a V.C. captain.

Somewhere along the line I had been hit. My left forearm was bleeding and there was a shrapnel wound about the size of a quarter in my stomach. It was belt-high, on the left side, and it was bleeding. My face was cut and powder-burned. But nothing hurt too much, and my legs were OK. I looked quickly toward "the swimming pool," to see how Houston was making out.

The last time I'd looked, Terry had been supporting John with a stream of fire, while John hopped back and forth along the mound, trying to make the V.C. believe there was more than one man holding them off. He moved so fast and fired so often that he kept most of them pinned down among the ammunition bunkers. None had breached the wire between him and the bunkers.

Now Terry was still firing, but Houston was slumped face down on the mound. He looked as if he were reloading or getting ready to spring up again. Terry yelled at him, and John said, "I'm hit." His cry ended in a choking sound, and then he was silent.

Two V.C. had breached the fence between "the swimming pool" and Brown's mortar pit by taking cover behind a pile of cinder blocks. They had a B.A.R. and they had shot Houston.

Seven of the 10 surviving members of Team A-726: Sergeants Woods, Gregg, Disser, Whitsell, Terrin and Beeson; Lt. Olejniczak. Absent: Donlon, Sgts. Brown and Daniels.

Terry started for Houston, holding his AR-15 in his left hand. Suddenly the weapon flew away, smashed by another burst from the same B.A.R. Terry's left hand was laid open at the heel, and his left forearm was pocked with hundreds of little pieces of metal and wood. A hand grenade had been shot off his belt—but did not explode. Bullet and shrapnel holes were in his fatigue jacket. His mouth and ears were bleeding from an earlier concussion.

I saw him, by the light of explosions around him, standing perfectly still, 20 yards away, looking with amazement at his bleeding hand and arm.

"Terry!" I shouted above the din. "Get down! Take cover!"

"I'm hit," he said.

"Don't speak English!" Smiley, my interpreter, yelled. He didn't have to say why. Bullets cracked the air all around Terry and me, as happened whenever English was spoken. But I couldn't stop that. My Vietnamese was not good enough, except for words like *bac si*, which means "medic."

The Nungs zeroed in on the two V.C. with the B.A.R. at the cinder blocks. They rattled off carbine fire and a couple of them heaved grenades. Terry, still out in the open with the Nungs, was fighting one-handed. His left arm hung at his side, dripping blood. He fired Houston's AR-15 from his right hip, pausing only to reload or to throw a grenade. He pulled the grenade pin with his teeth.

Terry and the Nungs were fighting on two fronts. With Houston they had stopped the main assault wave at the ammunition bunkers. But the two V.C. with the B.A.R. had a clear shot at their right flank from 30 or 40 yards away. They concentrated their fire on the two V.C. and the B.A.R. stopped. In the light of an illumination round, we could see the V.C. lying beside the cinder blocks.

In that brief flash of light, I could see that both of them were dead. It meant I could move past them to Brown's position and the dispensary in the rear of camp. I had to find Gregg and get him to work on the wounded. Bent over, I trotted up to Terry through the mortar blasts, grenades and small-arms fire coming from the ammunition bunkers. I was conscious only of the noise and confusion, and of the sharp pains in my stocking feet as they scuffed the rocky ground. "Get Houston down in the hole!" I told Terry, shouting to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be heard, although we were just three or four feet apart.

He nodded. With the help of a Nung he maneuvered Houston's prostrate form to the edge of "the swimming pool" and lowered Houston gently to the bottom of the hole.

"It's too late," Terry called up. "John's dead."

While Houston, Terry and I and the men in Disser's pit were fighting at the north end of camp, Doc Hickey and *Dai-uy* Lich jumped into a communications trench near Beeson's position at the south end, Gregg dropped into another trench and Dan joined the Nungs manning a machine gun between Brown's mortar and the dispensary. Dan's battle station, the communications room, was a bonfire. He didn't like the alternative he had chosen. The Nungs were pouring out a steady stream of lead, but they didn't seem to know what they were shooting at. All Dan could see from there was the inner-perimeter fence a few feet away and grass around it two feet high.

He left the machine-gun pit and ran toward the center of camp, looking for a high point where he could establish a good field of fire. A mortar shell landed in his path. The concussion picked him up and flung him to the earth. Dazed and bruised, but still intact, he saw Brown's mortar pit nearby and stumbled down the concrete steps and into it.

Brown and his two Nungs were operating with precision. As quick as they handed him the 81-mm. projectiles, he pulled off all the increment charges from the tail assembly—no need for boosters at that point-blank range—removed the safety clip, set the timing, and popped the shell into the muzzle of his mortar.

"Cover me," Brown said to Dan. "They're coming over the fence."

Dan went to the forward rim of the pit and looked out. A dead V.C. hung on the barbed wire of the inner-perimeter fence about 10 feet away. Brown had shot him only minutes before. Muzzle flashes and shouts indicated a cluster of V.C., perhaps 30 yards away. They seemed to be grouping for a charge.

An illuminating round lit up the scene. At least a hundred men were out there, keeping low in the grass and in the depressions of the rolling terrain. One group of 10 or 15 gave a shout, rose up, and made for the fence in a line of skirmishers. Dan fired fast with his AR-15. A couple of Nungs entered the pit and joined him at the rim. To his left, Dan heard the roar of a shotgun. He gave a quick look and saw, with relief, that Gregg had come into the pit too, and was booming away at anything that moved. Together they knocked down the first wave. But another came on, and another, and another. Some of the V.C. got as far as the fence. They were climbing over the barbed wire in their bare feet when they died.

The Nung alongside Dan let out a yell, wheeled and fired three quick carbine bursts at the top of the bunker in the rear of the pit. Dan turned in time to see a V.C. there, crumpling backward, a dynamite grenade in his hand.

Working my way to the rear of camp along the protective wall and the pile of cinder blocks, I yelled for a medic—*"Bac si! Bac si! Bac si!"*—and was rewarded above the noise of the battle, with a shout from Gregg in Brown's pit. I ducked and dodged my way over and jumped in. Smiley, carrying the hand radio, followed

"How're you doing?" I shouted. "Everything OK so far," they told me.

"There's a lot of wounded out there, Gregg," I said. "You better go see."

Gregg asked me how I was. I told him I was all right, and he left.

"Did you call Da Nang?" I asked Dan. He said he had. I couldn't understand where the reaction forces were. We had been fighting for almost an hour. It was only 32 miles to Da Nang. Where was the flare ship? Where was the air strike?

"Did they acknowledge your message?" I asked. "Did you get a 'Roger'?"

Dan repeated that he had sent the message and it was acknowledged.

"How's Beeson doing?" I asked. Nobody knew. They said they had heard him firing every now and then, but that he had been silent for some time.

I left Brown's pit and ran about 40 yards to the rear of the camp's center, to try to get over to Beeson. The ground was hot against the soles of my feet. All the buildings were burning. Explosions were coming from the supply room. Shells were still landing among the smoking, crumbling debris. Two or three times I tried to work my way over to Beeson's pit, but an automatic weapon pinned me down each time.

Pain stabbed my foot. I stopped and examined it. There was a strip of plywood nailed to it. I had stepped on it and clomped along like that for several steps before the pain had registered. I tore it off disgustedly and then limped back to Brown's pit.

The men there were fighting without letup. Brown would fire an illuminating round and follow it with two rounds of high explosive and two of white phosphorus, aiming wherever anybody spotted a target. For good measure he lobbed a few far to the right, just in case Beeson was out of action.

"Are you sure you called Da Nang?" I asked Dan again, and again he said he had. *Where was the flare ship? Where was the air strike?*

Dan gave me a cigarette. I was tired, but I was not in any great pain. I had lost only a little blood from my stomach and arm wounds. My feet were bothering me some. They were cut and burned and the nail holes hurt.

Gregg bounced into the pit. He was making the rounds with fresh bandages from the aid kits stashed in the trench nearby. "You're wounded, captain," Gregg said. "Let me fix you up."

"No," I said. "I'm all right. Go take care of the others."

Gregg left, and Smiley and I followed shortly afterward, heading back to Disser's position to see how things were going at the front gate. As we passed by the supply room the ammunition inside it caught fire and it blew apart with a tremendous explosion. For the third time I was knocked down hard, and for the first time I felt real pain. My left leg hurt where it was torn by shrapnel. I pulled myself up and made it to Disser's pit, the faithful Smiley right behind me.

It was a hellhole.

The V.C. had breached the outer perimeter and completely overrun Strike Force Company 122. They were at the inner-perimeter barbed wire in force. Our mortar and automatic-weapons fire made them keep their heads down and move with caution. But they were within easy grenade-throwing distance. They bombarded us with grenades in volleys—five, six, seven at a time.

Mike was firing two illumination rounds to each H.E. in his 60-mm. mortar. He had no time to aim and no clear idea where the H.E. was going—just that it was going out there where the V.C. were. Alamo was at the forward rim on the right, working his AR-15. Jay, covering the left front, fired his AR-15 and his M-79 grenade launcher. When the first grenades went off, the lieutenant looked to Alamo, bleeding from a shrapnel wound in the shoulder.

"You're all right," Jay told Pop after checking the wound.

Disser yelled, picked up his AR-15 and fired a burst over their heads. They looked up. A V.C. in jacket and bikini, and wearing a camouflaged helmet, was standing on the parapet. Mike fired and the V.C. toppled backward. A grenade fell from his hand into the pit, but it didn't go off.

Jay heard a thud behind him and looked back. A fragmentation grenade rolled around by his feet. He leaped aside just as it exploded. Inches away, it hit like a sledgehammer blow against the soles of his boots. One foot was numb except for a burning, aching feeling on the bottom. He knew that the bones were broken. Ignoring the noise and the grenade bursts, he carefully tightened his boot laces and tied them securely around his bare ankle, hoping to stop the bleeding and keep the bones together.

More grenades went off in the pit. Disser, crouched alongside his mortar, was wounded in the knees, the arms, and the legs. He kept on firing.

So many grenades were coming in, and exploding with such surprisingly little damage, that the only thing to do was to ignore them—stop firing and turn aside a little at sight of one, and then resume firing after it went off. One good American grenade would have killed everybody in the pit.

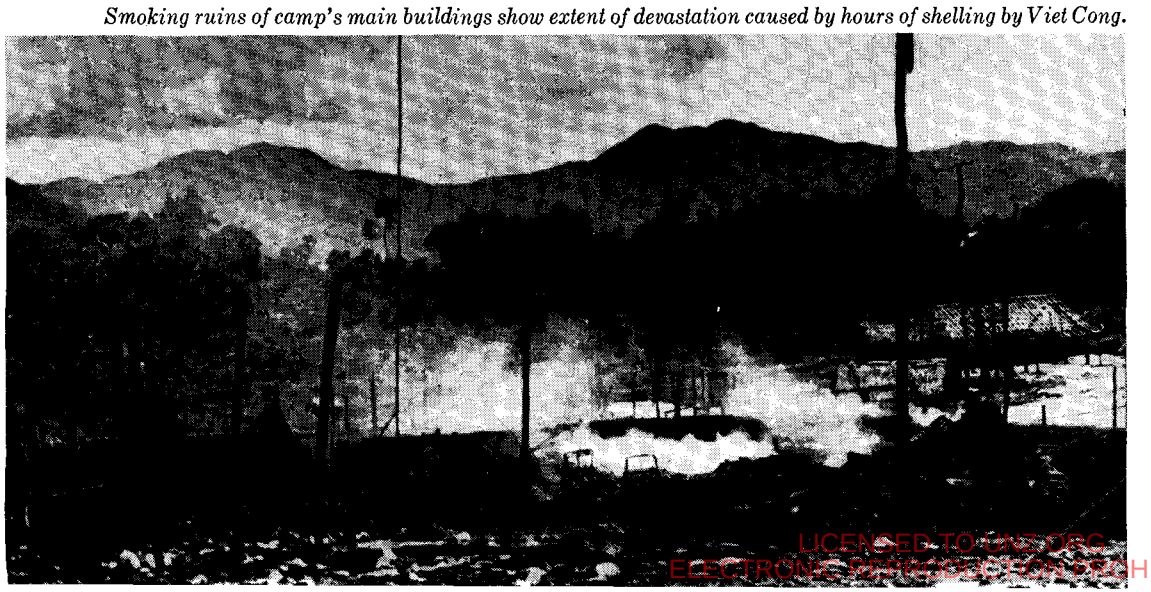
But even the V.C. semi-duds were taking their toll. Each explosion cut a little more. A grenade bounced into the bunker and landed in an ammunition box alongside Disser. Jay and Alamo dove to the right, Mike to the left. The blast tore into Mike's foot and lower leg. He crawled back to his mortar and started firing it again.

Alamo slumped on the steps, bleeding from the shoulder and from a fresh hole in his right cheek just below the eye. Jay, sitting in the bunker doorway and passing ammunition to Disser, was a mass of wounds. He was hit in both legs, the left hand and elbow, the shoulders and the back. The grenade barrages had jarred him loose from his weapons, and he looked about for something, anything. He figured it would be 10 or 15 seconds before the V.C. would exploit the havoc their grenade attacks had caused. He resolved to leap upon the first V.C. to enter the pit and fight him with his bare hands.

Knocked down by an exploding grenade, trying to shake off the bewilderment, I fired into the darkness, hoping to discourage an attack. Mike was trying to keep his mortar going, with two Nungs now helping him and Jay passing them ammunition.

"This is for Pop!" Jay yelled, passing Mike a (*Continued on page 46*)

Smoking ruins of camp's main buildings show extent of devastation caused by hours of shelling by Viet Cong.

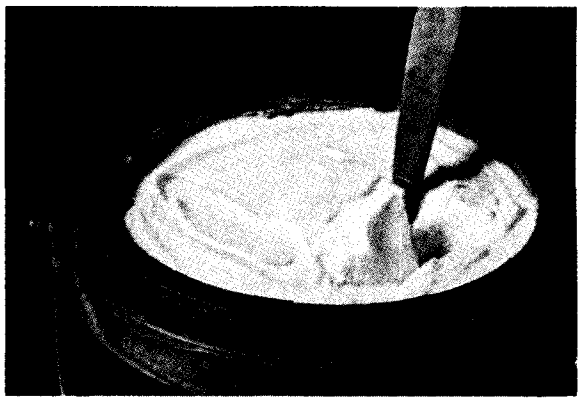


Five mortars, in shallow pits like this, were Americans' heaviest weapons.

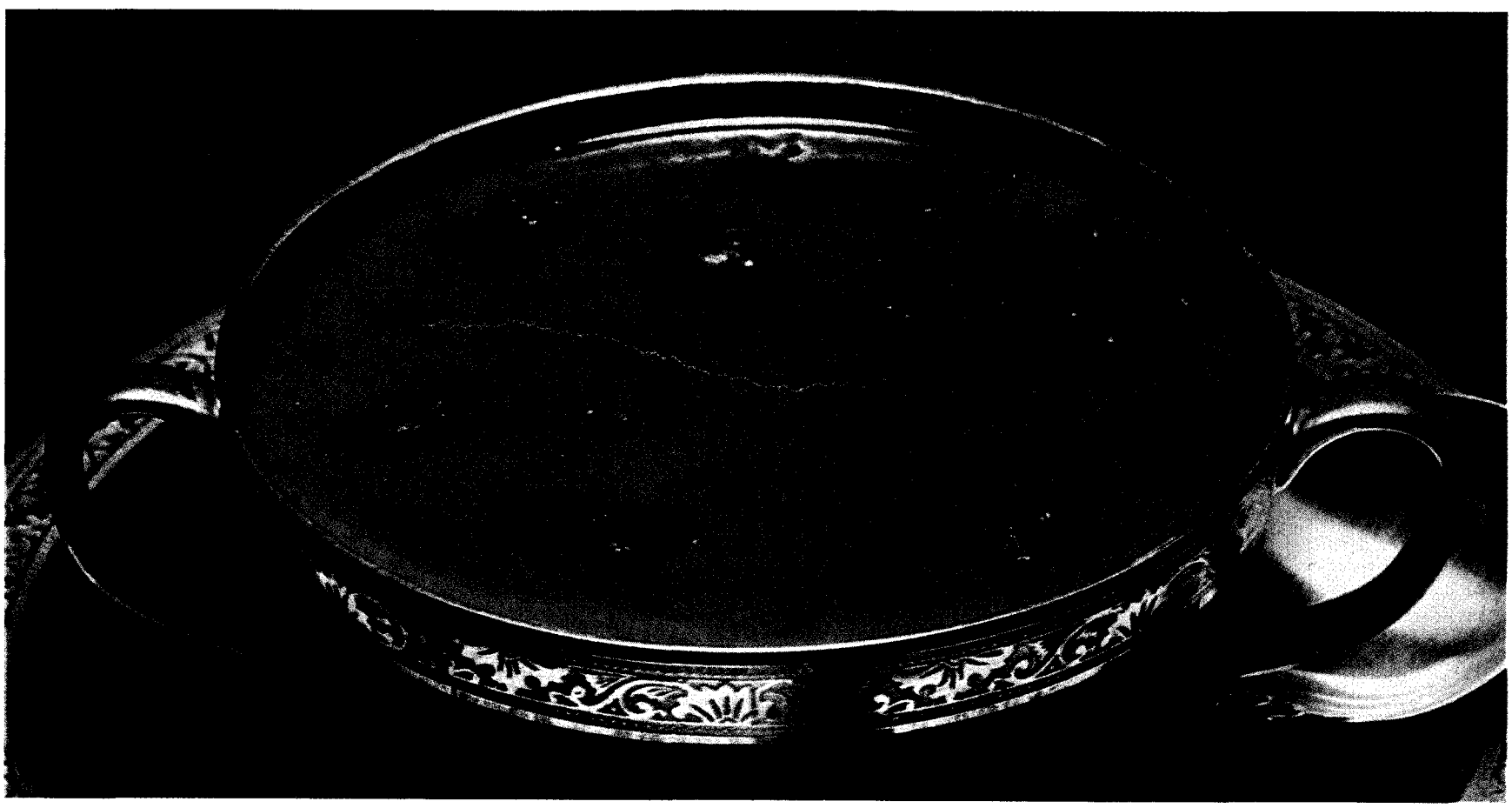
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW

DIFFERENT



DELICIOUS



BISQUE OF TOMATO SOUP

Here's a deliciously different new kind of tomato soup from Campbell! A wonderfully smooth tomato-cream soup, with juicy pieces of tomato in it. So rich, with sweet cream and pure butter, all you have to add is water. Try Campbell's new Bisque of Tomato Soup today! It's truly elegant!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How the scallop shell symbolizes a company philosophy

Since earliest time, the shell has stood for man's burning curiosity, his questing spirit. Today Shell scientists apply their curiosity to the problem of improving your life tomorrow. Wherever you see the Shell sign, it represents this constant search, this pursuit of excellence... of new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you better.

Shell...dedicated to the pursuit of excellence

SHELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Derby porcelain sweetmeat stand, English, c. 1760. The Smithsonian Institution, from the Hans Syz collection.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your employees can pay for insurance painlessly.

(Well, almost.)

For all kinds of insurance in a single plan, call YOUR TRAVELERS MAN

It's up to you.

5300 companies give their employees the benefits of Travelers' unique Employee Security Service.

It's this simple:

At no cost to you, a Travelers man comes to your plant or office. He explains to each employee exactly what your company's benefit program means to him in dollar-and-cent security.

Then he reviews the employee's personal insurance to make sure it complements rather than duplicates his company coverage. Should the employee need more insurance, the Travelers man offers special money-saving Life and Health policies, Car and Homeowners Insurance.

You help by withholding a monthly amount from the employee's salary that takes care of any insurance he wants.

To learn more about this morale-building service—or any kind of business or personal insurance—look in the Yellow Pages for

YOUR TRAVELERS MAN

RELIVE HISTORY. VISIT THE TRAVELERS PAVILION AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.

round. Mike grabbed it, shouted, and launched it.

"This one's for Conway!" Jay yelled, passing another round. Mike sent it on its way with another shout.

They worked that way, yelling and firing, talking it up in a frenzied rhythm, performing in their own private hell. But the bedlam of bursting grenades was too much. In desperation we were picking up grenades and throwing them out of the pit before they could go off. Mike, almost disdainful of the danger, batted them aside as if they were bothersome insects. In the bunker, Jay trapped one under an empty ammunition box.

But it was too much. We all seemed to realize it at once.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" Mike yelled.

"Right!" I yelled back.

As if for emphasis, a concussion grenade exploded at that moment, spraying the pit with rocks and knocking Mike and me down. Mike's whole side was numb and he moved like a drunken man.

"Get out!" I cried.

Mike and Smiley evacuated the pit first. Jay and the Nungs followed them. Jay, as chopped up as he was, went out the same way he came in, loaded with weapons. He carried two AR-15's and two M-79 grenade launchers. I fired cover for their withdrawal to an 18-inch-deep ditch we had dug for burying communications wire.

Pop Alamo was sitting on the steps. He was bleeding from the face, the shoulder, and the stomach. I yelled to Mike and Jay to cover me, got one of Pop's arms around my neck, and started to straighten up. I was in about a half-standing position when a tremendous blast went off in my face. It must have been a mortar hit at the top of the stairs. I could hear myself screaming as I flew through space. I had the sensation of falling backward off a cliff. *I am going to die*, I thought.

I came to with my head and shoulders inside the ammunition bunker, the rest of me outside. My left shoulder was all bloody, and intense pain shot from there down to my fingertips. My head, which had been aching since the first explosion, was bloody, too, and pulsed with pain. My stomach wound was bleeding. But I was alive.

Alamo was sprawled in the pit. He was splattered with blood. I checked and saw that he was dead.

I picked up the 60-mm. mortar and moved out. Thirty yards away I ducked behind the pile of cinder blocks near the flagpole. Four wounded Nungs were there. They looked badly hurt and demoralized. One of them had half his scalp torn away. I tried to talk to them, in English and pidgin Vietnamese, but they were too shocked to respond. I took off my jacket and my T-shirt and tore the T-shirt into bandages and patched up the men. I had a little piece left over, and I stuffed this into my stomach wound to try to stop the bleeding. I used one of my raggedy socks as a tourniquet on one of the men.

Bodies of two attackers with demolition charges lie near gate where Donlon shot them.

"Come on, you fellows are going to be all right," I said to the Nungs. "You can still fight. Here's your weapons. Cover me. Do you understand? Use your weapons. Cover me."

I propped them up along the cinder blocks, their carbines in their hands. I shoved the mortar behind them and started to run back. But it wouldn't work. I couldn't straighten up for the pain. I had to stay bent over, walking.

Back at Disser's pit I collected a box of ammunition for the mortar and scrambled with this load to the cinder blocks. There my Nungs were firing their carbines into the night. I don't know what they were shooting at, or whether they were just shooting to keep up their spirits. The important thing was, they were in action.

I made signs to the Nungs to set up the mortar and launch some rounds, and I scuttled back to the pit. I didn't want anything left in there that the V.C. could turn around and use on us if they took over Disser's position. On the third trip, I picked up Alamo's rifle and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hauled it to the cinder blocks. A grenade went off near me and I felt a sharp pain as shrapnel hit my left leg.

While Jay and Mike covered me, I went back to Woody's pit, yelled out who I was so the Nungs wouldn't shoot, and lay down on the rim, too exhausted to climb down inside. Woody was up to his knees in cast-off ammunition boxes and containers. He was launching illumination rounds, alternating with H.E. I told the Nungs to throw out some of the debris so Woody would have room to work. His feet were cut and bleeding.

"Fire H.E. to the east!" I yelled.

"Where the hell's the east?" Woody called back.

"Toward the air strip!" I said and wondered why I hadn't said so in the first place.

Woody adjusted, dropping shells into the area Disser had been covering. I asked him how he was.

"Hell, I'm all right," Woody said. "But I think my right eardrum's busted. I felt some liquid running out of it. How's everybody else?"

on Beeson and Brown, it was due, at least in part, to the pounding in those areas by big Woody's 81, walking all around the outer perimeter.

I got down in the pit and helped Woody shift his mortar around. I spotted a whole case of hand-held flares on the ground. *That is what we need—more illumination.* I bent over to pick up some of the flares. Suddenly I felt weak and tired. There was so much to do, and I couldn't think straight. *The noise! If it would only let up!* I had to see how the medics were doing with the wounded. I had to call Da Nang for help and a flare ship. *Did Dan call Da Nang? Didn't he tell me he had, or was I imagining that? Where was our air support?* My head hurt, my shoulder hurt, my stomach hurt. And my feet. If only I could get shoes, I could walk across the hot coals to see how Beeson was. *Shoes! Disser had shoes, my size!* I would go get them, as soon as I loaded up my pajama pockets with flares.

I stumbled out, groggy and tired, and headed for the cinder blocks near

U.S. Ambassador Maxwell Taylor and Maj. Gen. Richard Stilwell visit Donlon in hospital.

I hesitated. We used to argue in training about whether it was wiser to lie to your men when they were taking heavy casualties. There are two schools of thought. I decided that with these men the bitter truth would make them fight harder. I was right.

"Alamo's dead, Houston's dead, Conway's dead," I told him. "Lieutenant 'O' and Disser are wounded. Brown's wounded. Terry's wounded. I don't know about Beeson. I can't get to him."

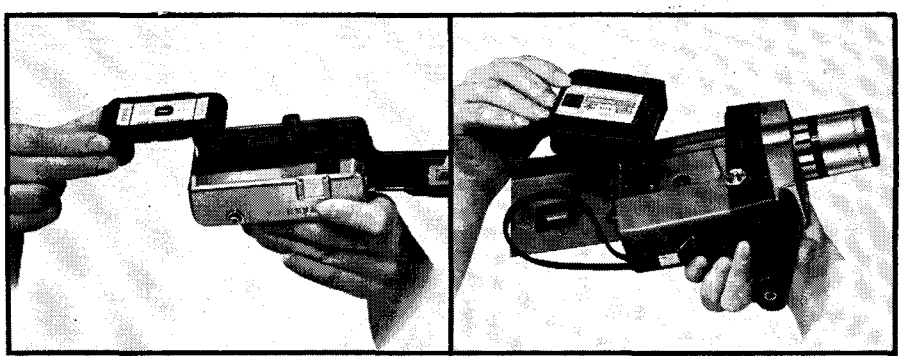
Woody took the news without a word of comment. But I know now that he thought it was the death sentence for all of us. Isolated as he was, all he knew of his certain knowledge was that three men of our 12-man team were yet alive; he and I and Whitsell, out of contact but obviously firing furiously.

He yelled at his Nungs to cover him and gave full attention to his mortar. He kept illumination up, but he started rotating his fire, dropping H.E. rounds on every front. He put on a show for the V.C. If the V.C. failed to charge Disser's pit, and if the pressure eased the flagpole. A mortar blast knocked me down. My leg hurt. I crawled to Jay and Disser in their trench behind Whitsell's position. A lot of people were there with them—Nungs and Vietnamese—and they all were bandaged and armed. Gregg and Terry had obviously been making their rounds.

The medics shuttled among the pits and trenches and cinder blocks on the north and east of the camp, oblivious to the barrage. Terry, his throbbing left hand in a sling, rounded up the wounded and Gregg treated them. When they ran out of supplies, they made their way back to the two aid kits cached in the trench near the dispensary. When they could, they fired at the V.C. They not only bandaged the wounded, but shouted encouragement at them, gave them weapons and ammunition, and kept them propped in fighting positions. Except in the worst cases, they gave the men no sedatives. They wanted them to be as alert as possible when the big push came.

"You're all (*Continued on page 52*)

Yashica Cameras Load Instantly



Just Drop in the Kodapak® Cartridge

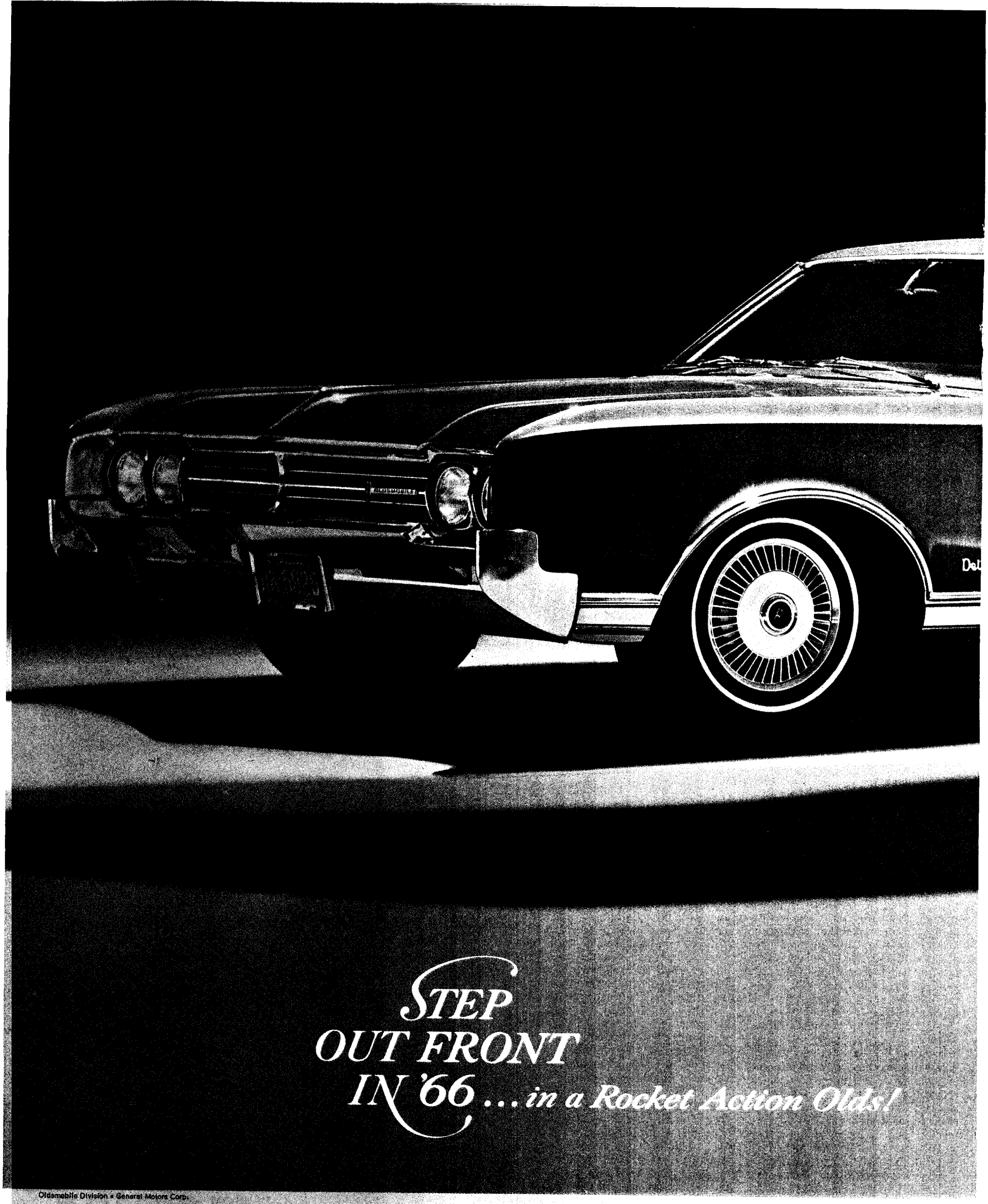
and Shoot!

It's amazing how easy picture taking can be with a new Yashica. Just drop in a Kodapak cartridge, aim and shoot. The cameras are so foolproof they set the film speed for you, adjust the exposure automatically, even warn you if light is not right. For slides and prints, the **EZ-matic** takes Kodapak color and black & white cartridges. It has a super-fast Yashinon f/2.7 focusing lens, 1/600th shutter and exclusive "Computer-Scope" viewfinder for full shooting information. For movies, there's the **Yashica Super-25,** with razor sharp 2½-1 ratio zoom lens, electric motor film drive and footage counter. It takes the new Kodapak super-8 cartridge, with pictures nearly 50% bigger and brighter than before, and 50 ft. of continuous run to end the bother of film turnover. Try either one, or both, for automatic picture taking at its very finest. EZ-matic under **$55,** case extra. Super-25 under **$110,** pistol grip extra.

YASHICA INC., 50-17 QUEENS BLVD., WOODSIDE, NEW YORK 11377 Dept. Z

YASHICA®

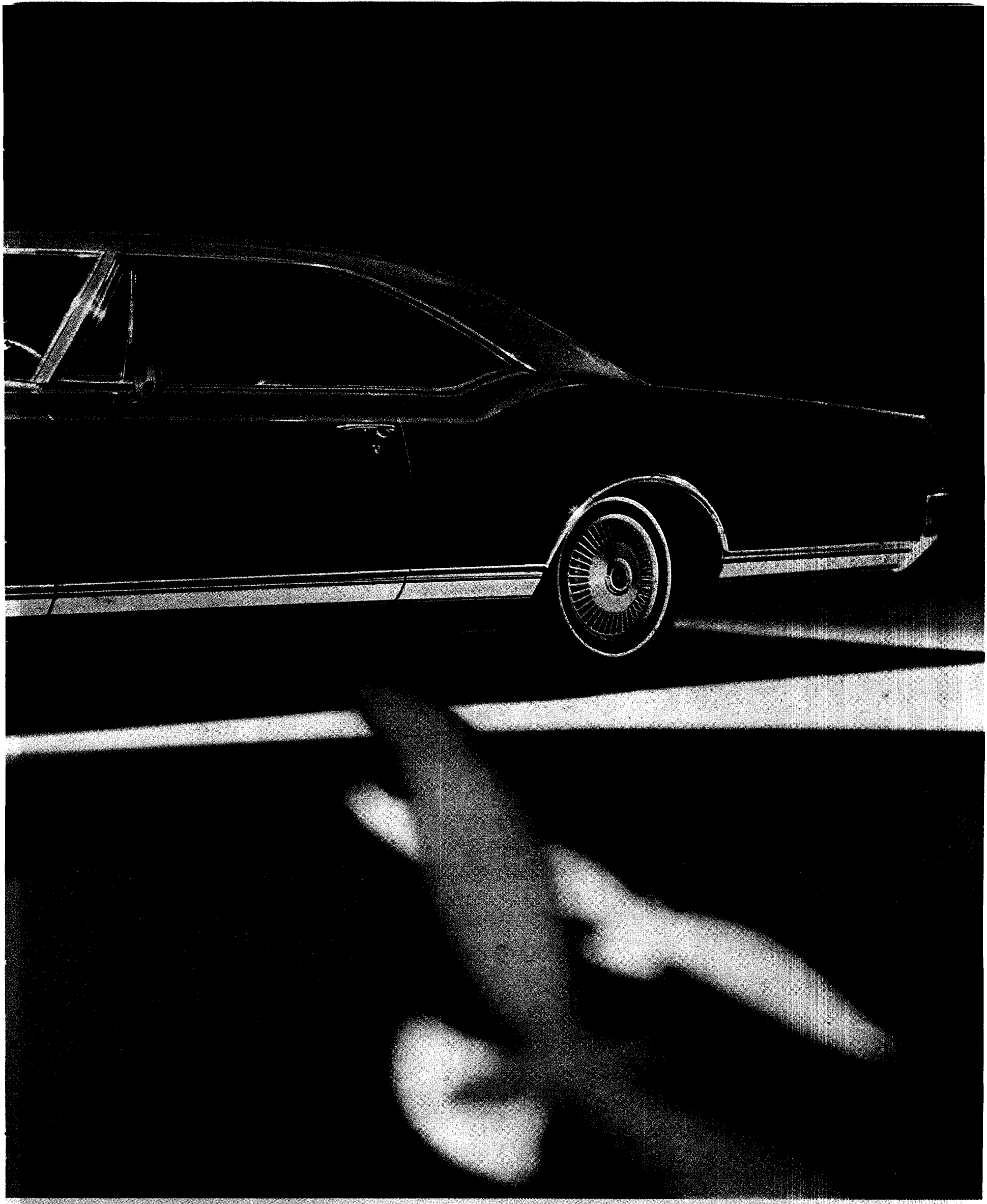
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corp.

It's here! New high-styled, high-spirited Oldsmobile 88

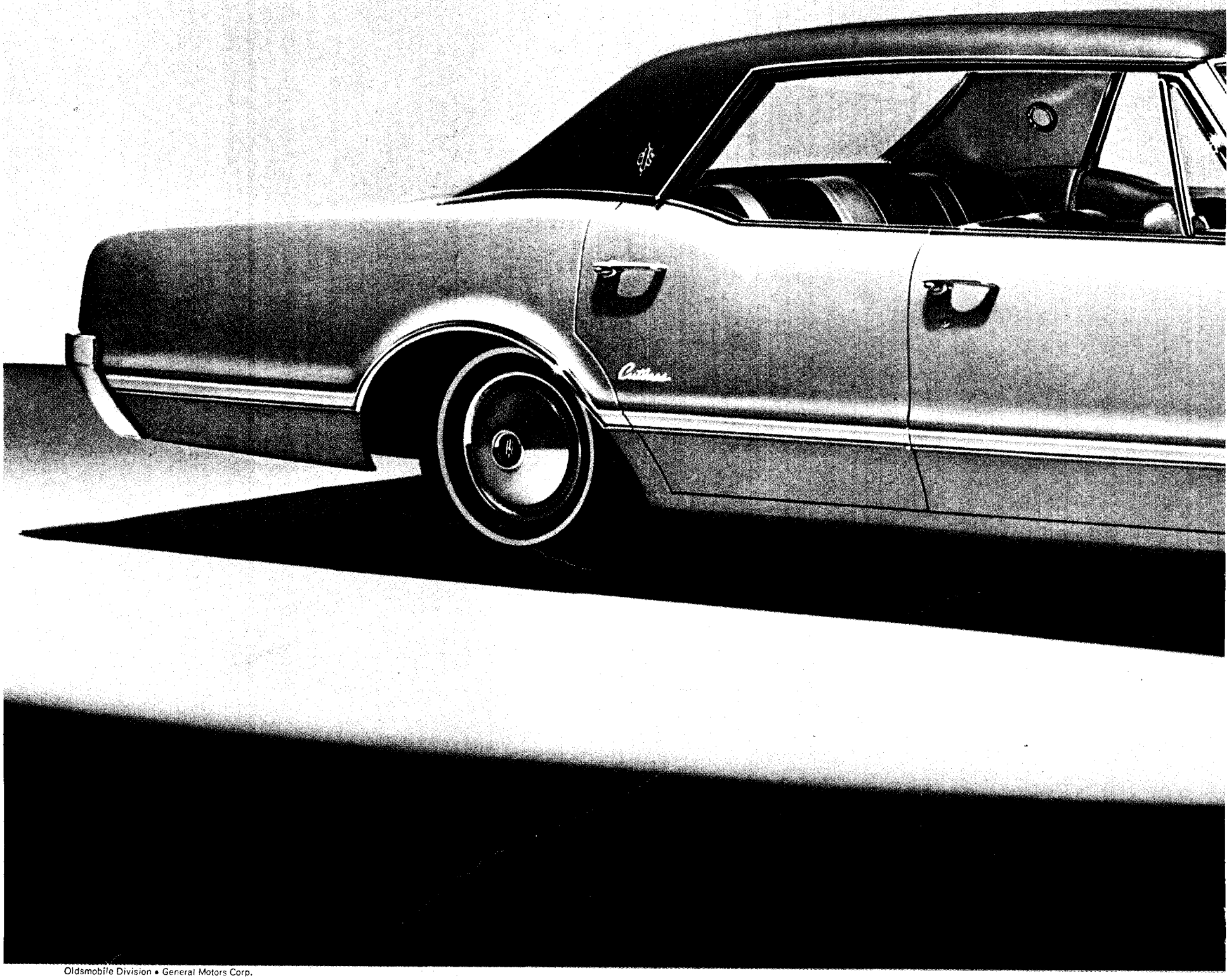
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Top-of-the-line Oldsmobile 88. Name: Delta. Big, solid, swinging car. Looks it . . . acts it. Styling: clean. Interiors: man-sized. Action: 425-cu.-in. Super Rocket V-8. End of story? Only the beginning. Oldsmobile's other Rocket 88s—Dynamic and Jetstar—all sport the same smart "look of tomorrow." Check one out . . . at your Olds Dealer's. All this newness couldn't happen to a nicer buy! LOOK TO OLDS FOR THE NEW!

COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

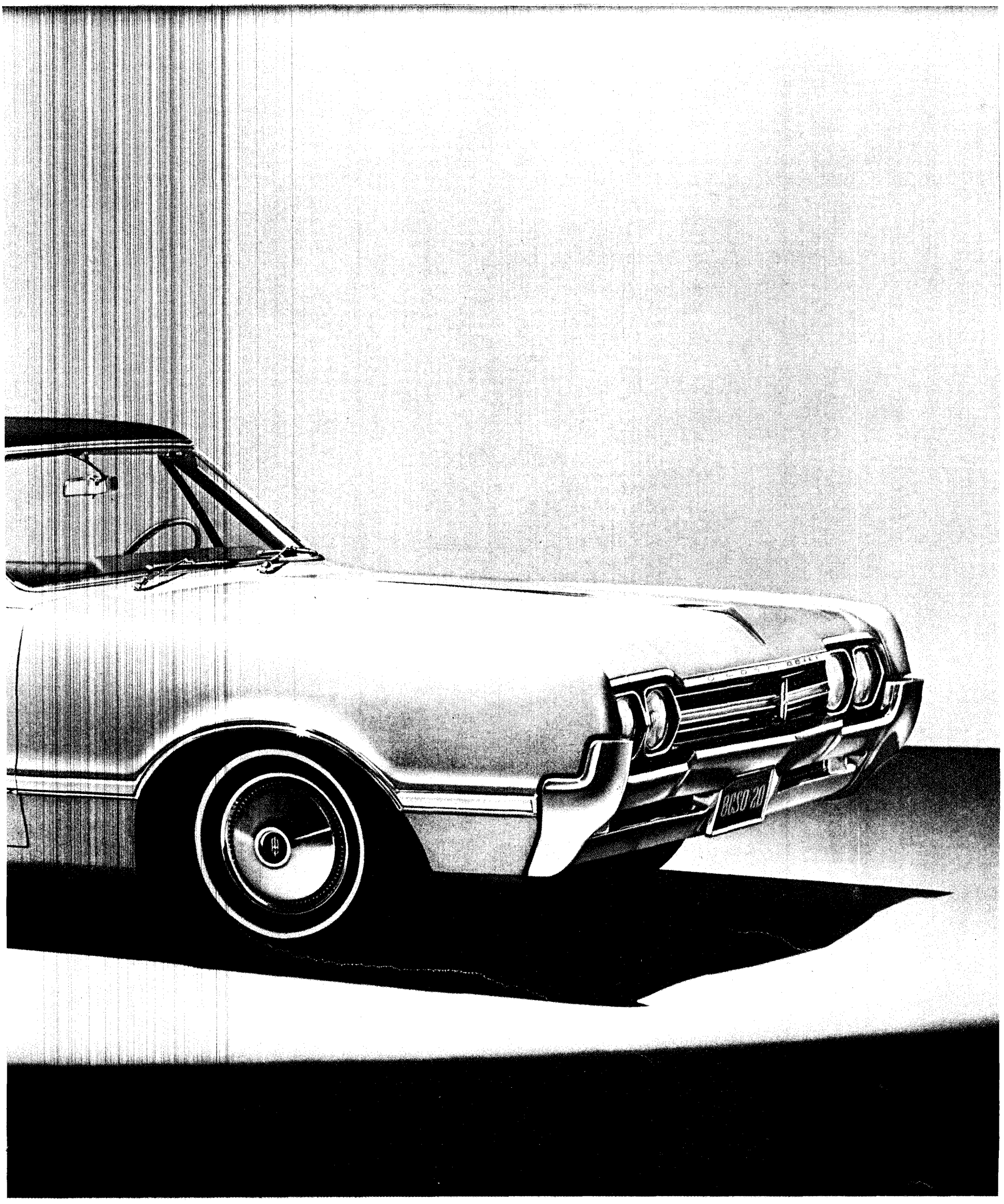
CUTLASS SUPREME



Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corp.

Just out! Totally new hardtop sedan from Oldsmobile!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



If you care to know what "new" means, you're looking in the right spot. "New" means Cutlass Supreme —the luxurious four-door hardtop that just joined the Oldsmobile lineup for 1966. Smarter. Smoother. More posh . . . more powerful than any Cutlass before it! Sound like the sassy new Supreme might change all your ideas about low-priced cars? You can bet on it!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We'll send you anywhere in the world if your entry in the Hermes 3000 contest sends us.

Bangkok, Beirut, Brisbane, Belfast —you name one place. And we'll send you there on a two-week vacation for two, all expenses paid! All you do is give us the best reason why you think the Hermes 3000 portable typewriter is the best. It's easy! Go to your nearest Hermes dealer. (His name is in the Yellow Pages.) And see the 3000. Make sure you take a good look at the features. Like exclusive "Flying Red Margins®" that tell you right where the margins are. The complete 44-key office keyboard. The special half-spacer. All the things other portables leave out. In short, prove to yourself that the Hermes 3000 is the fastest, easiest, sturdiest portable made. Then ask the dealer for an entry blank (which spells out the contest details), fill it out, and mail it to Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, New Jersey before December 31, 1965. If you give us the very best reason why you think the Hermes 3000 is the best, you may be the lucky person vacationing in Cairo, or Calcutta, or Canberra, or...

HERMES

MEANS SWISSMANSHIP,
THE STEP BEYOND CRAFTSMANSHIP

right," they would say. "Here's a weapon and ammo. It'll be daylight soon. Help is coming. Hang on."

In Disser's shoes I walked through the burning debris of what had been the heart of camp. I worked my way past the supply room, where ammunition was still blowing up, and to the Nungs' quarters. But I must have been silhouetted by the fire. Every time I started toward Beeson's position, a few yards away, a machine gun opened up on me. I couldn't tell whether Beeson was alive or dead. But I could see that somebody was firing his 60-mm. mortar. I doubled back to Brown's pit.

"Did you get Da Nang, Dan?" I asked.

"Yes," Dan said.

"Do they know we're under attack?"

"Damn it!" Dan exploded. "You keep on asking me that. I already told you. I got them!"

"Then why in hell aren't they here?"

Dan shrugged. He went back to firing over the parapet.

Gregg, in the pit making his rounds, insisted on checking me over.

"I'm all right," I said. "I'm tired, but I'm all right."

"You're all shot up," Gregg said. "Hold still and I'll fix you up."

"No," I said. "There are a lot of them worse off than me. Take care of them and catch me later."

I left for the main gate. I had an idea there would be a determined assault in that area. Perhaps I could get the Nungs to move the 60-mm. mortar back into Disser's pit. We would need it as a strong point. I was tired and aching all over. Even worse, I saw no end to the pressure. We had been fighting for more than an hour and a half, without even a five-minute breather. *Did anybody know?*

And then I heard it. A new sound. Above the noise of everything else, I heard the distant hum of an airplane engine. It grew louder and louder.

The skies lit up. The flare ship had arrived. It was 4:04 A.M.

The plane brought a lot more than light. It brought hope to us in the camp and it must have discouraged the V.C. for little by little their firing tapered off. A flare ship is usually followed by an air strike, and they knew it. Within minutes they began to withdraw. But they were far from through with us.

In the flare-lit gloom of the broken terrain in front of Brown's mortar pit, a loudspeaker suddenly cut on. A man's voice began speaking excited, high-pitched Vietnamese. It was an incredibly strange sound amid the boom of mortars and the crack of small-arms; it shocked both sides into silence.

Dan grabbed Tet, the interpreter, and demanded, "What's he saying?"

Tet was shaken. He licked his lips and worked his jaws before he spoke.

"He say lay down weapons. V.C. going take camp and we all be killed."

Dan, Gregg and Brown exchanged hard looks of anger.

"Over my dead body," Dan said.

"We'll lay down our weapons when we're too dead to pick 'em up," Gregg said. But the silence held. Nobody in that sector was firing at all. The silence was unnerving. And then it was broken by the voice from the loudspeaker again, this time in English.

"Lay down your weapons!" it said. "We are going to annihilate your camp; you will all be killed!"

"Can you pick it up by the sound?" Gregg asked Brown.

"I think so," Brown said. He was already adjusting the elevation on his mortar. "Where do you think it is?"

"Over here," Dan said, pointing.

Brown went into action. He fired about 10 rounds of high explosive and white phosphorus as fast as he could drop them in and crank changes in the tube's elevation. The bursts boomed in the eerie quiet as he walked the area. It broke the spell. The Nung machine gun on the right began chopping again. Small-arms fire resumed all around the pit. Incoming fire answered back.

The loudspeaker went dead. The firing that Brown had stirred up went on for a few minutes and then toned down in volume. There was another new sound, though. Sixty-mm. mortar shells were walking toward the pit from within the camp.

Everybody in the pit stopped firing and listened.

"That mortar's close," Brown said.

They listened. They could hear the thunk of the shell sliding down the tube, the small explosion of its launching, and the roaring impact of its landing in back of them.

Brown climbed to the rim of his pit. He lay there for an eternity—perhaps five minutes—before he spotted what he was looking for. No more than 30 yards away he could see a muzzle flash, followed by the tracerlike path of burning increments in the shell's tail assembly as it arched high overhead and crashed a few yards behind him. Brown got back in the pit and threw two hand grenades. As they went off he could see a body fly through the air, silhouetted against one last muzzle flash of the 60.

"I knocked it out," he said calmly, putting his mortar back into action.

Off to the left, by the airstrip, the loudspeaker came on again. Brown wheeled his mortar to the left and smothered the place where the sound was coming from with high explosive and white-phosphorus rounds. That was the last we heard of it.

I went back to the main gate and told Woody to cover me while I put the 60-mm. mortar back in action in Disser's pit. With the help of several Nungs, I set up the weapon. Within minutes they had it dropping shells between the inner-perimeter fence and the airstrip 600 yards away.

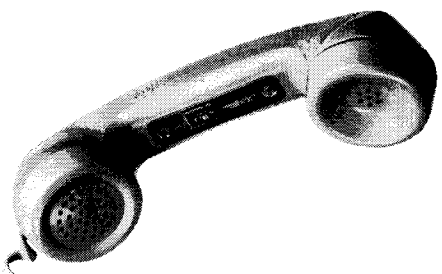
I was still worried about Beeson. With the flare ship overhead, the slackening of the V.C. fire, and the passage of time bringing us closer to daylight, things were looking up. But I had no idea whether Beeson was alive or dead. I had Woody turn his 81 around to face Beeson's sector. I helped him aim it by lying down outside the pit facing

Even as a boy growing up in the small town of Saugerties, N.Y., Roger Donlon, now 31, dreamed of a career in the armed forces. After a year and a half at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, he resigned for personal reasons. But he later enlisted and in 1959 won his commission at officer candidate school. He is now stationed at Ft. Benning, Ga.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TROUBLE HEARING?

Amplify phone voices with new Volume Control Handset

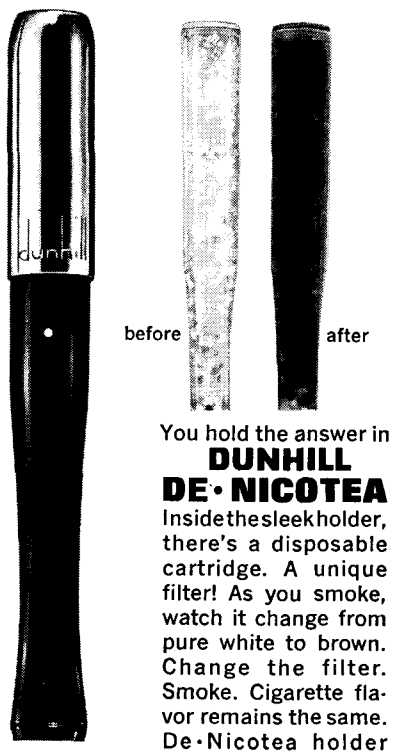


Just a flick of the thumb-operated wheel on the VOLUME CONTROL HANDSET brings voices through louder, easier to hear. You "tune up" phone voices just as you do on a radio. And you can get VOLUME CONTROL HANDSETS—in colors to match your phones—for only a small added cost. Today, call your Bell Telephone Business Office about them. Also, ask about the loud bell and other aids that help you hear the telephone ring.

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph and Associated Companies

Cut down on smoking

without giving up a single cigarette



You hold the answer in
DUNHILL DE·NICOTEA
Inside the sleek holder, there's a disposable cartridge. A unique filter! As you smoke, watch it change from pure white to brown. Change the filter. Smoke. Cigarette flavor remains the same. De·Nicotea holder with ten king-size filters. Boxed: $3.50.

Write for free pamphlet on De·Nicotea to: Dept. S
ALFRED DUNHILL OF LONDON, INC., 11 E. 26 ST., N.Y.C.

in the right direction and telling him, "Line up on my body." Great gunner that he is, Woody put his rounds exactly where he wanted them.

Beeson and his Nungs, I was to learn, had settled down for a hard, long fight. With 500 rounds to start, Bee fired his 81-mm. mortar only when he saw a target. The rest of the time he kept his front lighted with illuminating rounds. He had three Nungs with him at the start but more kept straggling in, and by daylight he had about 10.

Bee spent a lot of time at the rim of his pit, blasting away with his AR-15. He never let the V.C. get close enough to throw grenades at him. One did charge to within 15 feet, but Bee cut him down with an AR-15 burst that knocked him back 10 feet.

Seven times mortar explosions showered him with dirt, rocks, and shrapnel. Six were H.E. rounds, the other white phosphorous. They were all close, landing on the roof of the bunker or along the parapet. Bee and his Nungs were stunned but uncut.

Whitsell, comforted by the sound of Woody's mortar on his right, had two Nungs firing carbines over the forward rim and a third in the bunker breaking out ammunition. He started with 400 rounds and he fired about 250—first an illumination round, then two or three H.E.'s before the flare went out.

One of the Nungs at the parapet reeled back early in the fight, clutching his forehead. It was gushing blood, but it was only a flesh wound. "V.C.! V.C.! V.C.!" he screamed, pointing just a few feet to the front. Dirt and rocks flew about as grenades crashed on the rim of the pit. Miraculously, none fell in.

Whit ran forward and fired his AR-15 into the dark. He couldn't see anything, but he could hear the movement of men close at hand. He fired at the sound, not bothering to duck as grenades burst and bullets cracked around his head. A V.C. rose up in a ditch some 15 yards away to hurl a grenade. The Nung alongside Whit—recalled as "the bucktooth Nung"—fired quickly and the V.C. sprawled on his back, dead.

"They're coming," Whit remembers thinking. "They're going to try to overrun me."

Whit fired quickly and calmly into the dark—the utter dark as his flare went out. He broke off and returned to the mortar. Kneeling, he resumed his routine—one round of illumination to each two or three H.E.'s at close range.

Whit had been fighting for nearly three hours by the time I made it to him, crawling down the communications trench to his rear and shouting my name to keep from getting shot by his guardian Nungs. He never stopped firing while we talked. He pounded a wide area—to his front, left, and far left, where Beeson worked—but concentrated on the hills to his left where the V.C. seemed to have a base of fire in the northwest.

Daylight was coming on by the time I finally got to Beeson. He greeted me, astonishingly enough, with a calm politeness—as if I were out for a stroll and had dropped in for tea. Terry had already reached him on his rounds, and Gregg was in the pit, treating a wounded Nung, when I arrived. It was five, going on six, and the spaces between the V.C. mortar volleys seemed to be getting longer.

"Sit down, captain," Beeson said gently. He was looking at me rather strangely. In the light of the early dawn it was impossible to hide the fact that I was pretty beat up.

"Naw, I'm all right," I said automatically.

"Sit down, sir," Beeson said, still gently, "or I'm going to have to knock you down."

He sat me on an ammunition box and started looking at my wounds. One of the Nungs gave me a cigarette. Sitting there, relaxed, I felt the strength draining out of me.

Beeson put a bandage on my shoulder, but I wouldn't let him work on the stomach wound. I had to go make the rounds again, to see about ammunition resupply, to check on the aid stations that Terry and Gregg had set up, and to brace for a possible new attack.

I walked out of Beeson's pit without bothering to duck the small-arms fire. After all those hours of ducking, running, twisting, crouching, and crawling, I was sick of it all. To hell with it, I thought. A hand grenade went off and knocked me down. I got up and walked to the makeshift C.P. that had developed behind the cinder blocks near Whit's and Woody's positions at the main gate.

About 50 yards in front of Woody's, I saw four or five V.C. behind several tree stumps throwing hand grenades.

"Can you drop an 81 on them that close, Woody?" I called out.

"I never did it before, but I could damn well try," Woody said.

Without using the sights, he put the tube almost straight up and fed it a round. It landed right but it didn't go off. It was a dud. Woody cussed and tried again. This time he held onto the tube at launch, to keep it from falling over backward. The tree stumps blew sky high, and with them the last of the V.C. grenadiers. Except for sporadic small-arms fire, the battle for Nam Dong was over.

A lot has happened since then. The camp was rebuilt and transferred to the Vietnamese Civil Guard two months later. While I was in the hospital at Nha Trang, Team A-726 was reactivated and saw more action at Camp Ta Co on the Laos border—Brown, Beeson, Dan, Gregg and Whit forming the nucleus—until last November when those five and I completed our six months in Vietnam and flew home together.

Pop Alamo and John Houston—God rest their souls—were posthumously awarded the nation's second highest military decoration, the Distinguished Service Cross. They were the only members missing when we assembled at the White House last December 5 as one of the most decorated units in Army history—Silver Stars to Olejniczak, Brown, Disser and Terrin, and Bronze Stars with "V" for Valor to Beeson, Daniels, Gregg, Whitsell and Woods, as well as nine Purple Hearts among us (all but Bee, Dan and Gregg were wounded).

I grieved for Pop and John at the White House ceremony. For the Medal of Honor which President Johnson awarded me there belongs equally to all of us. I solemnly pledge that whatever good flows from it for me will be passed on, intact, to the valiant men of my team, Detachment A-726 of the 7th Special Forces Group (Airborne). □

ask?

it's worth asking for.

(good things usually are)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY WILLIAM PRICE FOX

JUST A FRIENDLY LITTLE GAME

It was an explosive threesome: a desperate salesman, the tough customer who had the power to make or break him, and a fine athlete with one last chance for a new future.

Doug Sturdivant was a salesman for the Double-A Folding Box Company. But Doug's heart was never in folding boxes, nor was it with his customers. Ever since his eighth birthday, when his father had given him a set of clubs, Doug's main ambition in life had been to play professional tournament golf. Each winter, when the northern courses began to freeze and the birds and the golf headed south, Doug would go over his scores for the season, count his money, reflect, and then decide that he needed just a little more practice before joining the professionals.

It was October, and Doug sat alone at the country-club bar, waiting for his two guests to arrive. He had promised Hilton Wren, the sales manager of Loomis Sock Company, that he would try to help him sell a new sock promotion idea to the Butner Brothers Chain Stores. If Hilton succeeded in selling Leo Maddox, the buyer from Butner, all of the boxes involved would go to Double-A. Doug gazed at the whiskey bottles before him on the back bar, wondering what kind of game Leo Maddox would have. He began to worry.

Doug had played with most of the purchasing agents who played golf in the New England territory. He had played with men so wild and strong they would hit a full foot behind the ball, plow up the turf, and finish the swing with the heavy earth dripping from the quivering wood. He had played with men so slow they would have to let foursomes of women go through and usually finish eighteen holes in six hours or more. One client, who bought toilet-tissue boxes, would, when the club hit the ball, stop the swing, drop the club, grab his hair and shriek "Oh, no, oh, no!" The caddies had called him "Oh No Burnside." Another guest of Double-A Folding Box Company had been a purchasing agent who had arrived at the first tee with the leather handles of his clubs sticking out of the top of his bag and announced that this was his first game of golf. He had hit his first tee shot off the neck of the driver. The ball came straight back and struck him on the ankle, fracturing it. Doug and the caddies had to carry him to his car and drive him to the hospital. Later Double-A lost the account. Doug was bitter after this, and every time he played with a new purchasing agent, he was afraid something would go wrong.

As the clock at the end of the bar chimed ten-fifteen, Hilton and Leo entered the room. Hilton was always on time. Leo shook Doug's hand limply and looked around the wood-paneled room. "So this is Twelve Oaks? Heard a lot about this place. Pretty fancy." Leo was a short, heavyset man with long black hair on the back of his hands and a thick pelt on his head combed straight back. He was perspiring. He looked from Hilton to Doug. "I could use an eye opener. Can we get a drink around here?" The bartender came over and Leo ordered a dry Gibson. Hilton joined him; Doug ordered a sherry on the rocks. Leo drank rapidly and ordered another. Hilton finished his and nodded for a refill.

On the second drink Hilton's eyes began to water. He was telling Leo about his promotional idea called "Sockorama-Unisphere." Socks from all of the nations of the world would be hung from a big plastic copy of the World's Fair Unisphere, with Loomis Socks blanketing the entire United States and part of Canada. If Leo bought the idea it would mean a floor model in each of his six hundred and sixty stores and an order for one hundred and forty thousand dozen pairs of socks. It would also mean an order for over seventeen million folding boxes for Double-A. Hilton said, "I already checked the Fair publicity boys and they said OK on the Unisphere." Hilton had a thin, nervous face. He sipped at his Gibson and kept watching Leo. "Wait till you see it, Leo. Just wait. I figure it will pay for itself in a week."

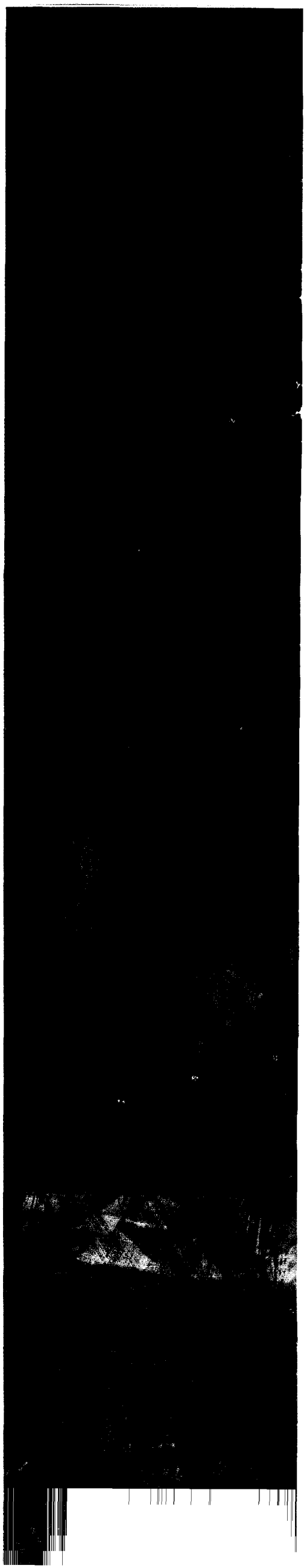
The two Gibsons hadn't fazed Leo. "Let me think about it, Hilt. You know how crowded my aisles get. Main problem is space."

"I already worked that out, Leo. You've got to see the model. I got the space problem all licked."

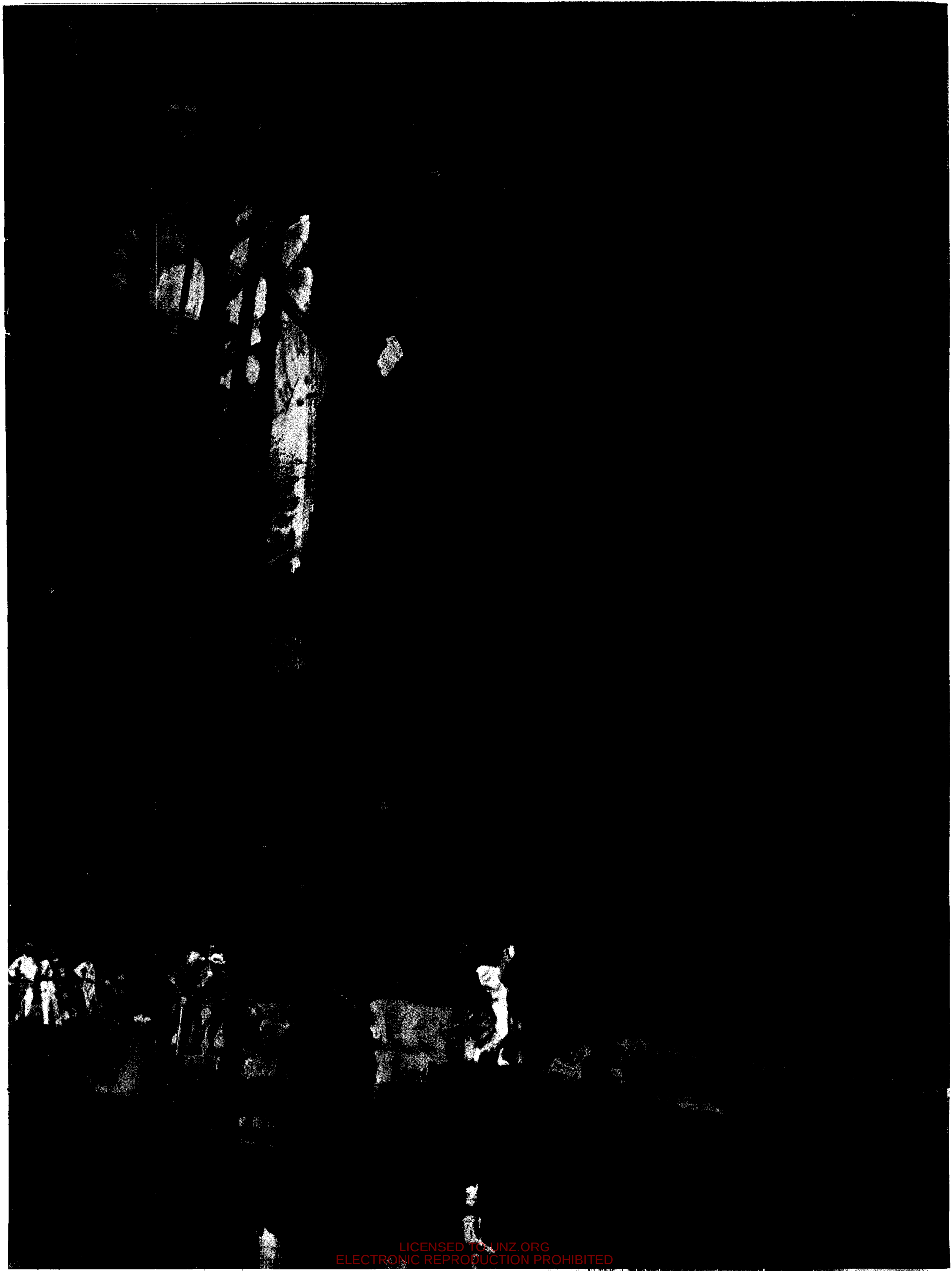
Leo finished his drink. He looked at the bottom of his glass and decided he didn't want another. "I'll give it some thought, Hilt." He turned to Doug. "Let's see your course."

Doug led the way to the locker room, where they changed clothes. He had always been a

Illustrated by Neil Boyle



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

careful dresser. If he appeared on the first tee wearing white slacks, he also had on white shoes. If black slacks, black shoes. His golf glove always matched his hat, and his Izod socks and shirts seemed to be cut from the same bolt of cloth. Today Doug wore all white.

Leo wore gray-and-red-checked, pleated Bermuda shorts. They were too long at the knee and too tight across the back. He had on a beige fish-net shirt, without an undershirt. Tufts of heavy black hair stuck through the big openings in the net. He wore short, elastic-topped black socks with a red clockwork pattern down the side and ripple-soled golf shoes. He stuffed three golf balls into each of his tight back pockets and said, "OK. I'm ready, let's go."

On the first tee Doug put on his white golf glove and looked down the fairway. The wind was riffling the leaves in the oaks at the side of the tee, and a bright sun dappled the high spots on the fairway. It was a perfect day. Leo pulled out all four woods and, seizing them all together, began swinging them vigorously back and forth, loosening up the deep muscles in his back. He grunted as he swung. Leo was a powerful man with big forearms and enormous legs. He began swinging the four clubs in a circle, as if he were preparing to throw them like a hammer. Doug moved over to Hilton near the ball washer. "What's he shoot?"

Hilton said, "You mean his handicap?"

Doug nodded. Hilton was stretching his golf glove on. He was wearing dark red slacks and a blue-green shirt. "Says thirty-five. I've never played with him before."

Doug tried not to flinch. Hilton smacked his right hand into his left and wiggled his gloved fingers. He lowered his voice. "And for every stroke of that thirty-five, he's got over twenty retail outlets. You just keep thinking about that. If we sell him 'Sockorama,' he buys over a hundred and forty thousand dozen pairs of socks."

Leo handed the four woods to the caddy and pulled out his putter. He placed the club across the small of his back, locked it on the inside of his elbows, and began swaying back and forth.

Hilton lit a cigarette and looked at Doug. "A hundred and forty thousand dozen pairs of socks. That's a lot of boxes, Doug."

Doug said, "We could use the business, Hilton. It's been a bad quarter."

They joined Leo by the tee markers. Hilton said, "OK, Doug, it's your club. Show us the way."

Doug stooped down and pulled a few blades of grass up and tossed them in the air. The wind was crossing from the right. He swung easily and finished the shot high. Out beyond the two-hundred-yard marker the ball rose and curled into a high rising fade and came to rest within ten yards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-yard marker. Hilton said, "Nice shot. OK, Leo."

Leo squatted down and pressed a tee in with his thumb. Hilton said, "Like this, Leo." He held up a ball and a tee together. "Make the ball do the work."

Leo said, "I forgot. I'm used to the automatics at the driving range." He gripped the driver and took four more vigorous practice swings; his neck, arms, and leg veins turned a deep blue and bulged out. Then he stopped and backed up. His hands were too wet from the practice swings. Hilton started to give him a towel, but, before he could get to him, Leo had dried his hands on the back of his pants and was addressing the ball again. He swung viciously, missing completely. The heavy swing carried him forward, and he had to take a full step to keep from falling down. Hilton said quickly, "Here, Leo, dry your hands."

He handed Leo the towel. "Take a mulligan. It's OK on the first hole." Leo tossed the towel back and lined himself up. He swung again. The club whipped back in a blinding backswing and whistled through. It grazed the top of the ball, trickling it out ten yards beyond the tee markers. Leo whirled around and slammed the driver into the ground. "Can't understand it. Can't. Hit 'em a damn mile at the driving range."

Hilton said, "Don't worry, Leo. You got it out of your system. You'll be OK now. Just wait."

Hilton drove a hundred and eighty yards down the right side of the fairway. Leo addressed his ball again, this time at the front of the long tee, for his third shot. Suddenly the public-address system from the pro shop crackled and a voice announced: "Will someone in the threesome on the first tee tell the party

Cold or no cold, I had to give the bride away. Contac® saved the day.

Dad did right by his little girl. He took Contac and got through the wedding without a sniffle.

Wedding or no wedding, Contac will gladly do the same for you. In fact, if you take one capsule every 12 hours, you could get through your entire cold with hardly a sneeze or a sniffle.

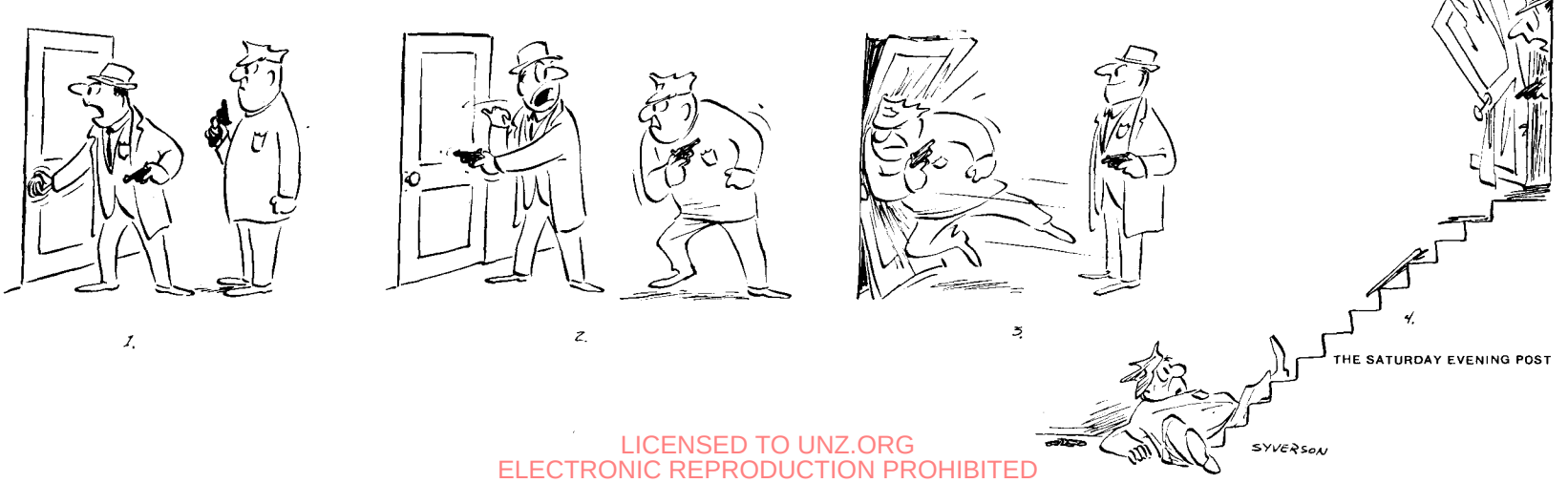
The more-than-600 tiny "time pills" in every Contac capsule are made to keep giving you gentle, constant relief from head cold congestion all through the day or night.

Of course it's always best to take Contac and take it easy. But when a major event that's hard to postpone (a wedding, for instance) and a cold (also unpostponable) hit you on the same day, Contac helps you rise to the occasion.

Get it at your pharmacy.

1 EVERY 12 HOURS
CONTAC

If product or performance defective, replacement or refund to consumer. Good Housekeeping ★ Guarantees



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the kind of silver Maryland Club Coffee deserves. That's why we're giving it away.

Maryland Club Coffee was created for an exquisite setting like Webster Wilcox silver in the American Rose pattern. So what could be more appropriate than a Maryland Club Silver Sweepstakes? First prizes: 50 six-piece sets (complete coffee and tea service with matching 18" footed tray). Second prizes: 150 three-piece sets (sugar and creamer with matching 11" round tray). All you have to do to enter is fill out the official entry blank at your grocer's Maryland Club Coffee display. Or send your name and address to Maryland Club Silver Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 66300, Houston, Texas 77006 before December 10th, 1965. You could be a winner.

MARYLAND CLUB—The coffee you'd drink if you owned all the coffee in the world.

Copyright © 1965 Duncan Foods Co., Houston, Texas. MARYLAND CLUB is a registered trademark for products of Duncan Foods Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about to drive that he must tee off from between the markers?"

Leo was furious. He glared toward the pro shop.

Hilton looked at Doug. "What's going on?"

Doug shook his head. "Must be some mistake."

Hilton said, "Don't let it bother you, Leo. Go ahead."

Leo spat on the ground and went back to the ball. The announcer spoke again. "Will someone in that threesome *please* tell the party about to drive that he must tee off from between the markers?"

Leo stepped back from the ball and, cupping his hands, shouted, "Will someone please tell that stupid s.o.b. that I'm shooting three?"

Hilton laughed quickly, trying to turn the incident into a joke, but when he saw that Leo was still mad, he covered his mouth with the corner of his towel and pretended he was coughing. The coughing rattled him, and he felt a headache rising and beginning to pound behind his eyes. Doug sent one of the caddies up to the pro shop to tell them what was happening.

Leo addressed the ball again and hit. The ball hooked sharply toward the hurricane fence beyond the narrow rough, hit the fence and bounded back onto the fairway.

Hilton said, "OK, Leo, it'll play." They started off.

On the first hole, Doug sank a six-foot putt for a three. Leo had an eleven and Hilton a six.

On the second hole Doug hit long down the middle. Leo's swing was even faster than on the first tee. The ball hooked quickly into the tall grass and pine trees. Hilton watched it disappear. His headache was getting worse, and he could taste the Gibson at the back of his throat. Pinching his nose and eyes with his thumb and forefinger, he decided he'd better stay with Leo as much as possible to discuss "Sockorama." Hilton's game had once been a sound ten handicap, but since he had been playing with customers so long and so regularly, it had gone to seventeen. It had changed from a long, bold game to a timid, chameleon-like affair that adapted itself to any purchasing agent. If the purchasing agent sliced, Hilton sliced. If the purchasing agent hooked, Hilton hooked. Hilton looked toward the woods where Leo's ball had gone. He groaned, without making any noise, turned his right hand back, swung, and followed Leo into the trees.

On the fourth hole Doug drove almost two hundred and eighty yards. No one spoke. Leo hit. The ball hugged the ground and bounced out a hundred and seventy yards into the middle of the fairway.

Hilton said, "OK, Leo, right where you want to be. I'll take those all day, any day. Right, Doug?"

Doug smiled. "That's the place to be."

As they left the tee, Hilton put his arm on Leo's shoulder, hoping to ask about "Sockorama." Leo pushed his hand off. "Cut it out, will you? I'm sweating too much already."

Hilton joined Doug in the middle of the fairway. I shouldn't have had those Gibsons, he thought. Crazy to try and drink with Leo. He's got a cast-iron stomach. God, I wish he'd stop horsing around on the Unisphere deal. We got a lot at stake there. One minute he says OK, the next minute he says no. I'm going crazy sweating him out.

Hilton watched Leo flog at the ball, sending it scuttling into the trees again. "Lord, if he would only hit a few good shots."

Doug shook his head. "He swings too fast."

Hilton said, "I know him, I know his type. If he gets off a few good shots he's a different man. I bet you a hundred dollars the minute he starts playing better, he'll feel better about buying."

On the sixth hole Leo hit a solid spoon shot almost two hundred yards to the back of the green. Hilton moved in quickly and shouted, "Beautiful, Leo. Really beautiful. Quail-high, all the way. That's what I call a golf shot. You see how she sat down?"

Leo smiled and nodded. He had lighted a cigar on the last tee. Hilton was afraid the spoon shot would be Leo's only good one of the day. "Leo, I wish you'd fill me in on the 'Sockorama' decision. I got the artists' sketches all together and the models practically built."

Leo's smile vanished. He kept his cigar in his mouth and spoke around it. "As of right now 'Sockorama' is dead. Now leave me alone and let me play my game. I'm just beginning to loosen up."

"But Leo, I got the sketches and the model is. . . ."

Leo walked off and joined Doug. "I can't concentrate. That bastard won't leave me alone. He never stops selling."

Doug didn't answer. He was four under par, and every shot he had hit had felt perfect. He watched a low wedge of Canadian geese sweep before them and settle behind the trees in the lake on the twelfth hole. His feet felt light on the springy fairway, and he inhaled the heavy smell of the fresh-cut grass.

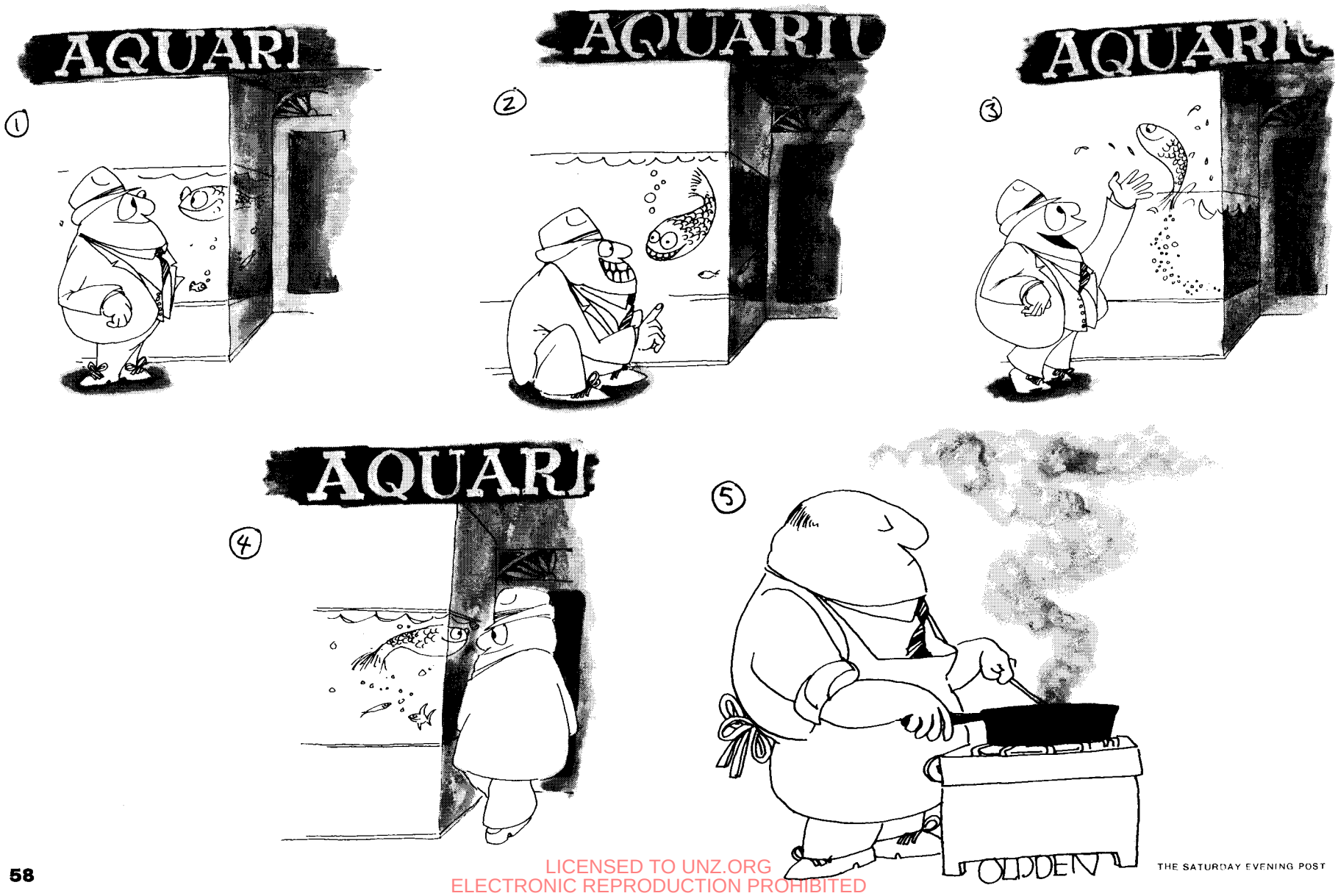
The geese rose from the hidden lake and headed out over the giant oaks along the eighth fairway. The wind was shifting. What had happened since he'd first thought seriously of trying the pro tour? His handicap had moved back and forth from one to two for the past six years. He had had a sixty-eight at Baltusrol and qualified for the Jersey Open, but what else? He wondered if he could still try it. He was only thirty-four. How old was Boros? Snead? How old was Hogan?

Leo touched Doug's elbow and spoke again. "You know something?"

"What?"

"I like you. You know why I like you? I like you because you ignore me. I like that. I come out for a little fun and a little relaxation and what do I get? Hell, I might as well be in the office. I tell you, I work harder out here fighting off Hilton than I do in town. At least there, I can tell the girl to get rid of him. Out here I'm trapped."

He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his face. "It's like when I go to the golf outings. Every time I look around or go to the toilet there's a salesman grinning at me, wanting to do me a favor, or buy me a drink, or ask about how my wife and kids are. God, they treat me like some kind of prince. Ha, that's a laugh. Leo Maddox, the prince *Continued on page 71*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHEVROLET FOR '66

Look here, if you're looking for a new car. On this and the next 11 pages, you find out all that's new about the 1966 Chevrolets—new styling, new models, new interiors, new things mechanical, comfortable and convenient. See what you'll see at your Chevrolet dealer's now that it's 1966 there.

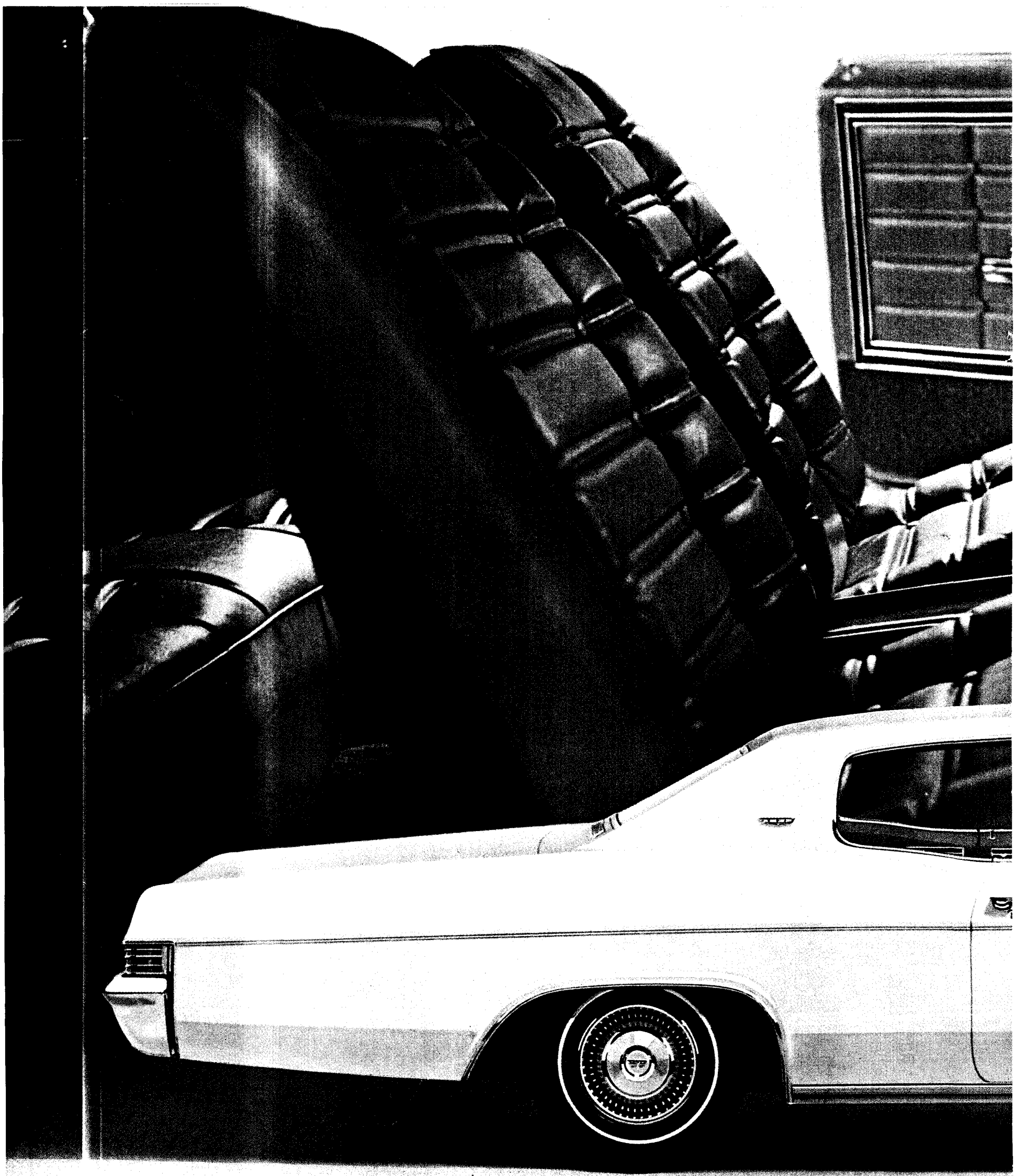
See what's new. Turn the page . . .

CHEVROLET

3-seat Caprice Custom Wagon with the look of wood outside.

Caprice Custom Sedan, one of four elegant new models.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



'66 CAPRICE

More than an elegant new car,
it's a luxurious new series:
four models in all.
The Caprice Customs, made by Chevrolet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Caprice Custom Coupe with Strato-bucket seats and center console you can add

Now luxury car lovers get a new choice: the 1966 Caprice Customs by Chevrolet—Coupe, Sedan and Wagons. Elegance is everywhere you turn. Rich fabrics. Supple vinyls. Deep-twist carpeting. The look of hand-rubbed walnut.

For the Coupe, there's a rakish new roof line you won't see on any other Chevrolet. Slender new Strato-bucket seats and a specially instrumented center console, on order. Both Caprice Custom Wagons—two-seat and three—have the look of handcrafted wood outside.

Caprice rides so hushed and steady, you'll think you're gliding *above* the road instead of on it. As for performance, we offer all you'd ask: Turbo-Jet 427, for one, a 390-hp V8 that's smooth and quiet in the city or on the highway.

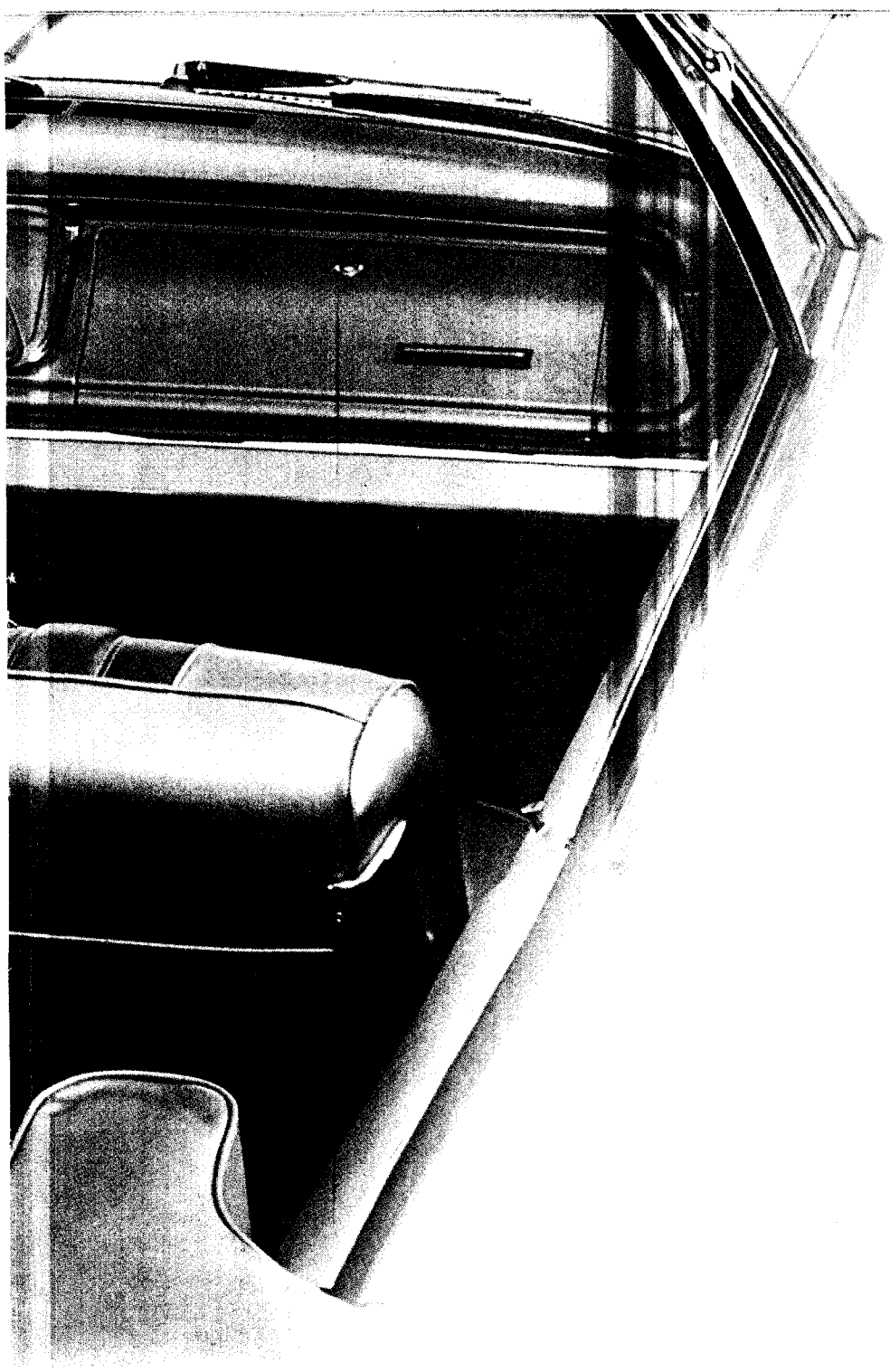
1966 Caprice Custom: not a car for everyone, but maybe the car for *you*. At your dealer's now.

CHEVROLET

What else is new? Turn the page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



'66 IMPALA

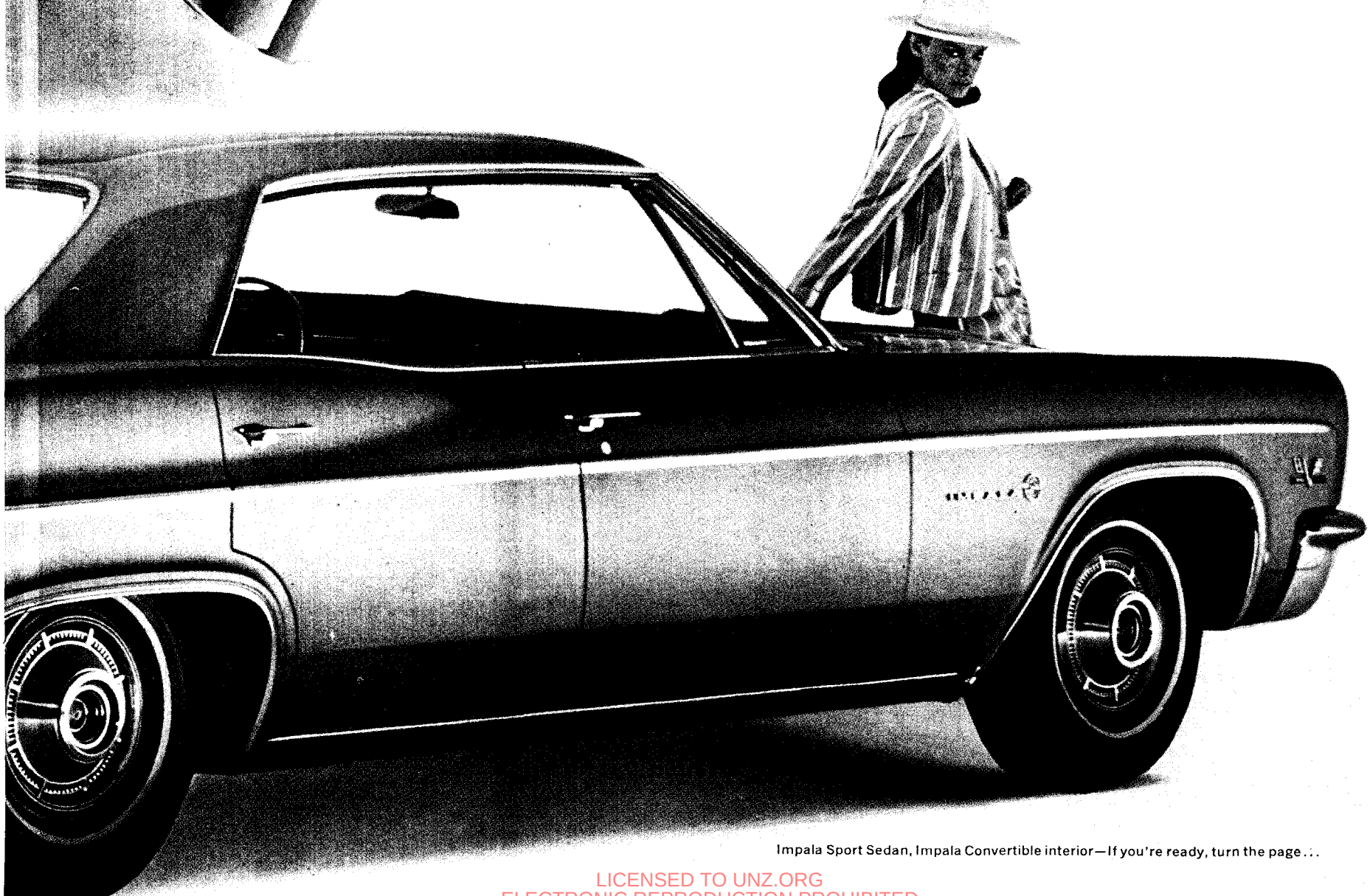
Chevrolet looks new all over again. The ride's Jet-smoother, too. As for V8 power, say "Turbo-Jet 396!"

Now you find out what all's new about Chevrolet Impala for 1966. It's longer looking. Lower looking. Crisply sculptured front and back. With posh new interiors. And an even Jet-*smoother* ride! What we've done with the suspension and body mounts makes a '66 Chevrolet seem like your own fluffy white cloud.

Then there's our Turbo-Jet 396, the 325-hp V8 you can get in any '66 Chevrolet. If you're an adventurer, ask for Turbo-Jet 427—up to 425 horsepower. Or you might order a Turbo-Fire V8 at 220 hp or 275.

We could tell you a lot more about the 1966 Chevrolets —Impala Super Sport, Impala, Bel Air, Biscayne. The 19 models with Body by Fisher. The special things available like 3-speed Turbo Hydra-Matic and AM/FM Stereo. But reading's not nearly so good as the driving. So please do.

CHEVROLET



Impala Sport Sedan, Impala Convertible interior—If you're ready, turn the page . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'66 CHEVELLE

It's different inside and out, as you can see.
And this Chevelle's the newest of all: Super Sport 396!

Now for 1966, Chevelle Super Sport is all this: new 325-hp Turbo-Jet V8, special suspension, fully synchronized 3-speed with floor-mounted shifter, special hood and emblems, red stripe tires—packaged as sport coupe or convertible. Or you can order 360 hp in an SS 396.

Of course, there's still a Turbo-Fire V8 or a thrifty Six for anyone who mostly likes the look and luxury and comfort Chevelle ladles out in 10 other models. New styling, headlights to taillamps. All-new interiors. A jaunty new roof line for the coupes. A handsome new 4-door hardtop: the Malibu Sport Sedan.

What we haven't changed is Chevelle's Full Coil-springed ride. Its stretchout roominess. Its middle-sized handling ease. You'll see, Chevelle for 1966 goes more beautifully than ever between Chevrolet and Chevy II.

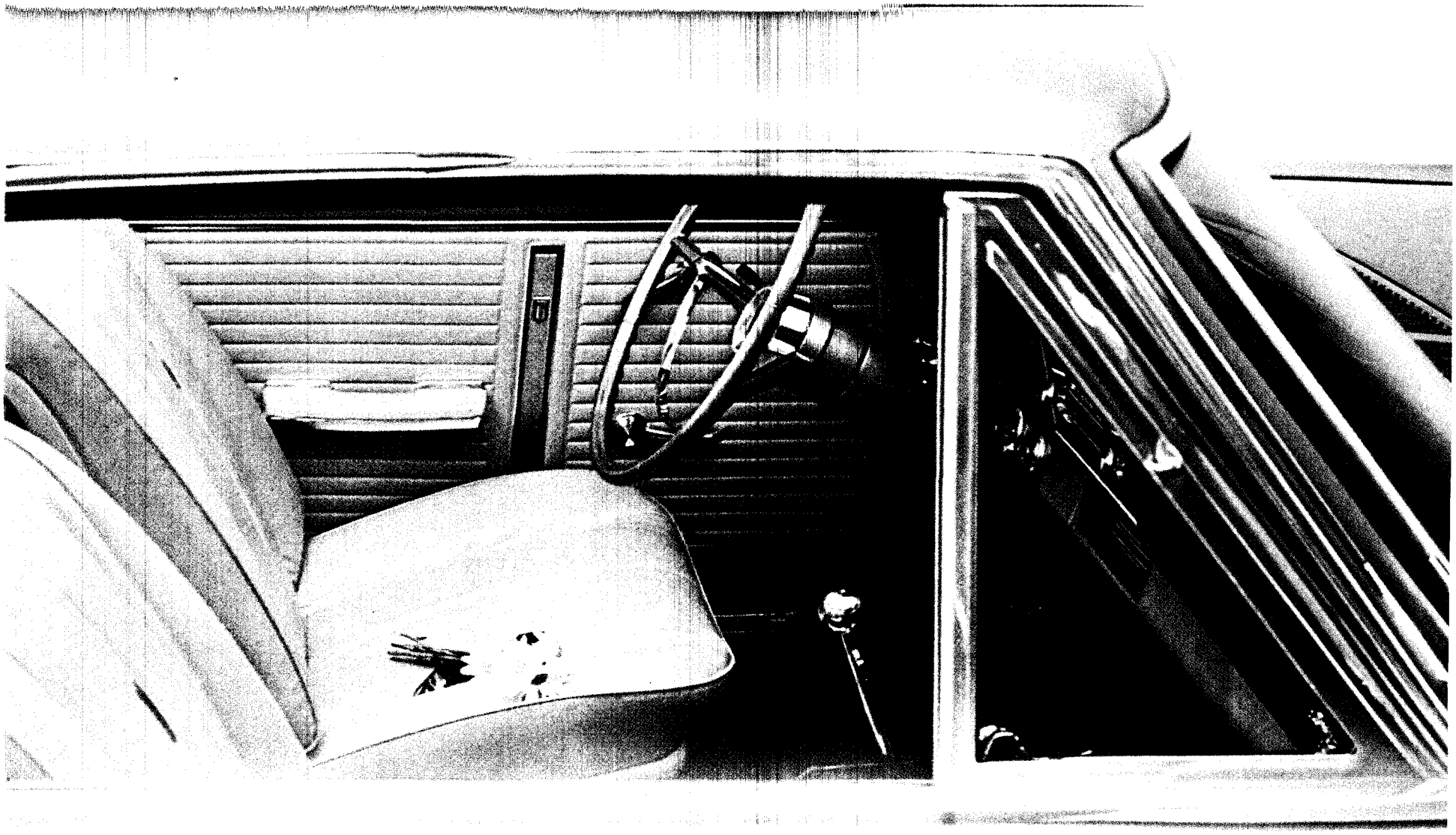
CHEVROLET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chevelle Super Sport 396 Coupe with Strato-bucket seats and console you can order—See lots more. Turn the page . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



'66 CHEVY II

Maybe you'd like an economical car if it were easy handling, sprightly acting, roomy inside. And looked like this.

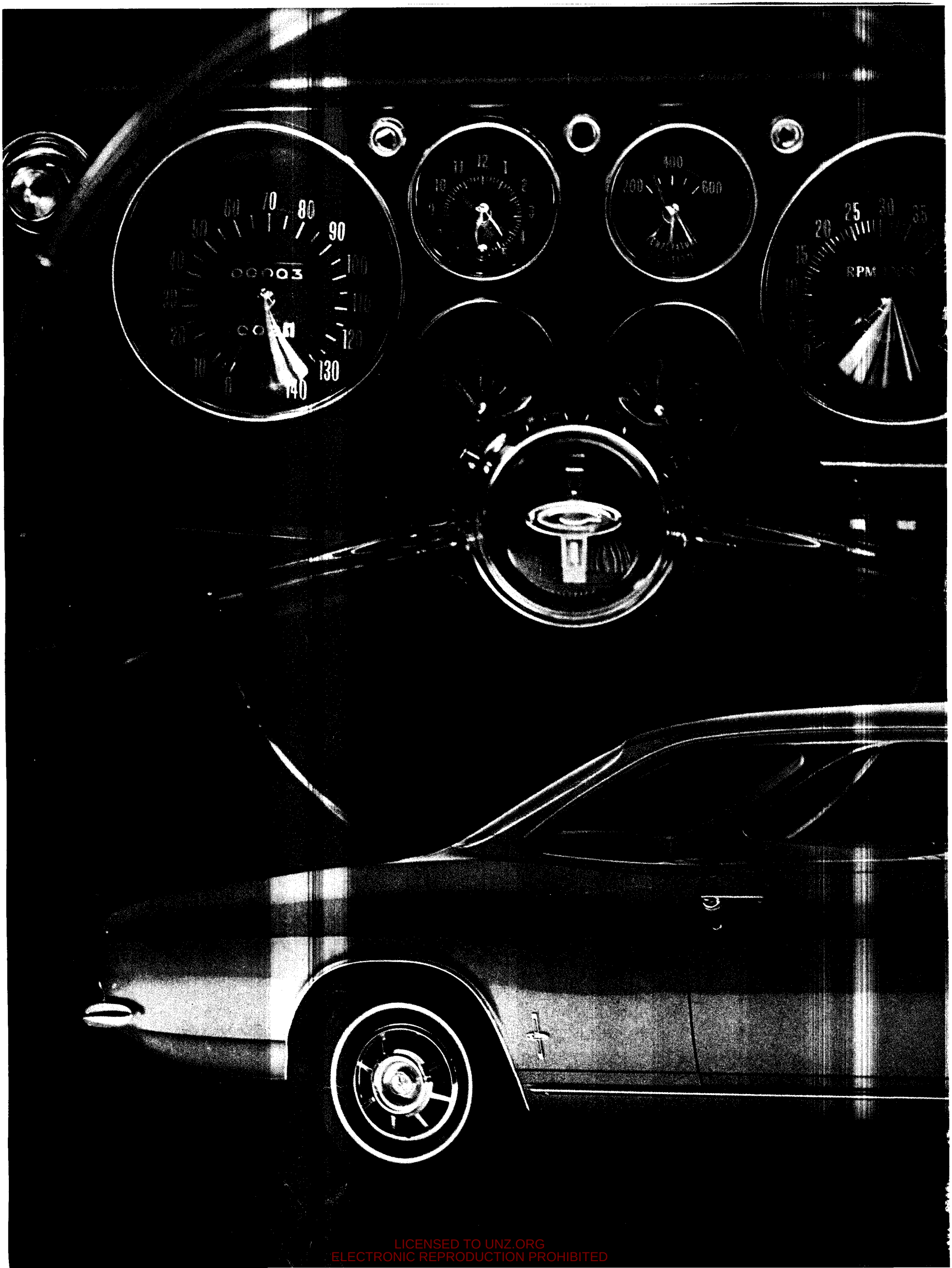
Now economy's back in high style: the 1966 Chevy II by Chevrolet. It looks wider and longer. Everywhere there's something as fresh and new as the swept-back roof line on Chevy II coupes for 1966. Inside, you see rich new fabrics. A handsome new instrument panel. Soft foam-and-vinyl Strato-bucket seats in the Nova Super Sport Coupe.

You like performance? Don't cross off Chevy II! You can order a 327-cu.-in. Turbo-Fire V8. Unless you prefer the sort of six- or four-cylinder saving that goes with this easy-to-own sort of car: unitized body, flush-and-dry rocker panels, self-adjusting brakes and more. Hah! Who says economy's a dull, drab word? Not you, not after you see Chevy II for 1966.

CHEVROLET

Chevy II Nova Super Sport Coupe—More's new, so turn the page . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You speak independent suspension, four-on-the-floor, bucket seats and like that? We hear you, yes, we do.

'66 CORVAIR

Now you can sample America's sportiest looking, sportiest acting low-priced car for 1966: Corvair by Chevrolet. A lot's new. Trim touches here and there. Adjustable headrests you can add if you like. A new fully synchronized 3-speed for creamy smooth shifting.

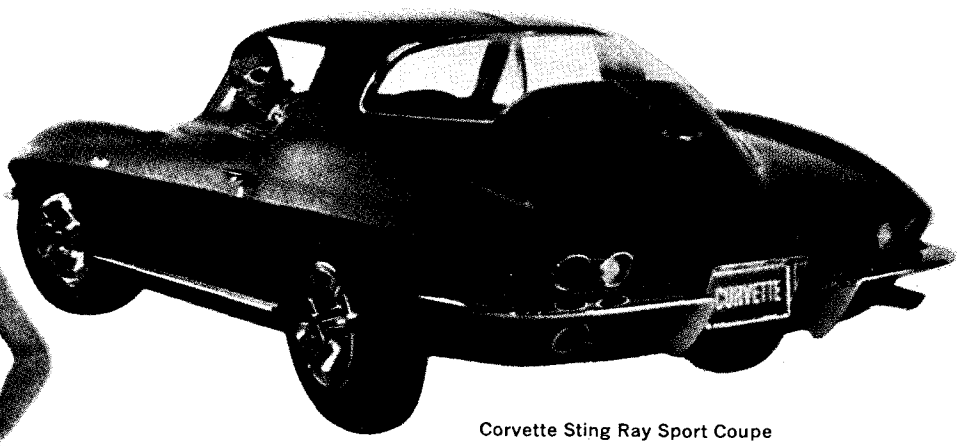
A lot's *not* new. You still get bucket seats in Corsas and Monzas. Corvair's engine still rides in back so you go when other cars won't. It's still air-cooled—away with water and hoses and anti-freeze! You still get a big choice in Sixes, from our 95-hp miser to the 180-hp Turbo-Charged version you can order in Corsas. The '66 Corvair: for people who *like* to drive.

'66 CORVETTE

Now you hear the big news about Corvette by Chevrolet. For 1966, it's horsepower! Standard V8 is 327 cu. in., 300 hp. There's a 350-hp edition you can order, too. You swashbucklers just ask, and we'll drop in our new Turbo-Jet 427 under its own high-domed hood. "Street" version's 390 hp with a 4-bbl and hydraulic lifters. The performance engine (special cam, solid lifters and more) cranks out 425 hp!

And Corvette knows how to handle all this: full independent suspension, sports-car steering, four-wheel disc brakes. If a package like this doesn't tempt you into the '66 Corvette, just look how it's wrapped.

CHEVROLET



Corvette Sting Ray Sport Coupe

Corvair Corsa Sport Coupe—All this and more Turn the page . .

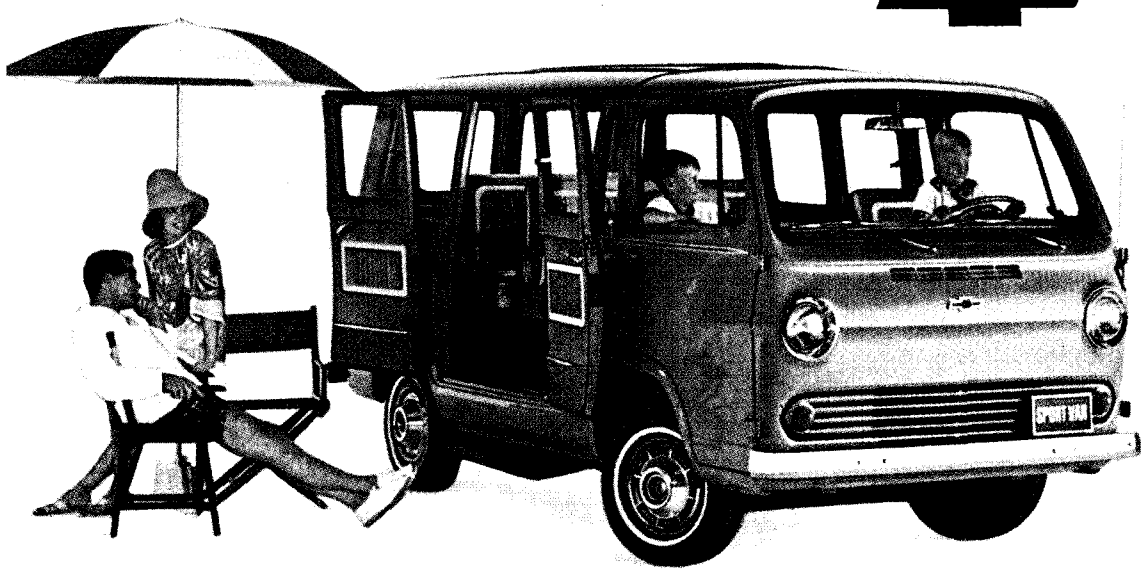
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Custom El Camino

Handsome as a car. As posh inside. As quick, with a Turbo-Jet 396. But it works like a truck.

'66 EL CAMINO This is what the '66 Chevelle would look like if it were a pickup: the 1966 Custom El Camino by Chevrolet. That's a six-foot cargo box with room for up to 1,200 lbs. of payload. Yet inside, a Custom El Camino's plush all the way: rich textured vinyl, bright trim and thick deep-twist carpeting. And you can order anything you can get in a Chevelle: bucket seats, four-speed stick, power steering and brakes, AM/FM radio, air conditioning, even a Turbo-Jet 396 V8 up to 360 hp! The 1966 El Camino by Chevrolet. Works along with you. Relaxes when you do.

CHEVROLET



Deluxe Sportvan

'66 CHEVY SPORTVAN

Take a bus-sized load space, a kidproof vinyl interior, six doors. Then add what you like for whatever you do.

That's what you get in the 1966 Deluxe Sportvan by Chevrolet: as much load space as *two* station wagons, walk-in double doors and a parsimonious 140-hp Six.

Abracadabra, you've got what you want. An 8-passenger bus? Add center and rear seats, complete with armrests and ashtrays. A home-away-from-home? Order the camper unit, complete with fold-down double bed, dressers, table, draperies. A light-duty truck? Load up and leave. Chevrolet Sportvan, 1966.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

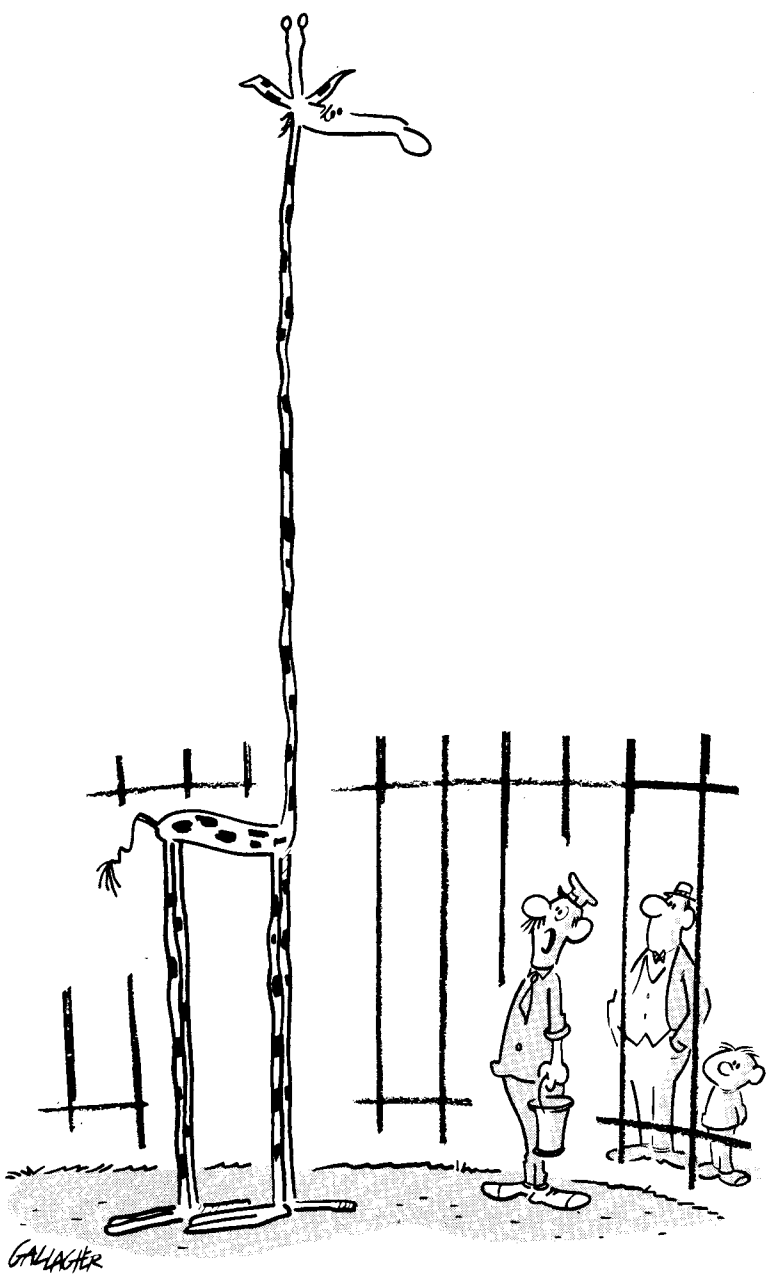
of Butner Brothers. I tell you, Doug, it's relaxing being around you. You're different."

Hilton came over. He put one hand on Doug's shoulder and one on Leo's. "How you two getting along?"

Leo said, "We're in love. That good enough?"

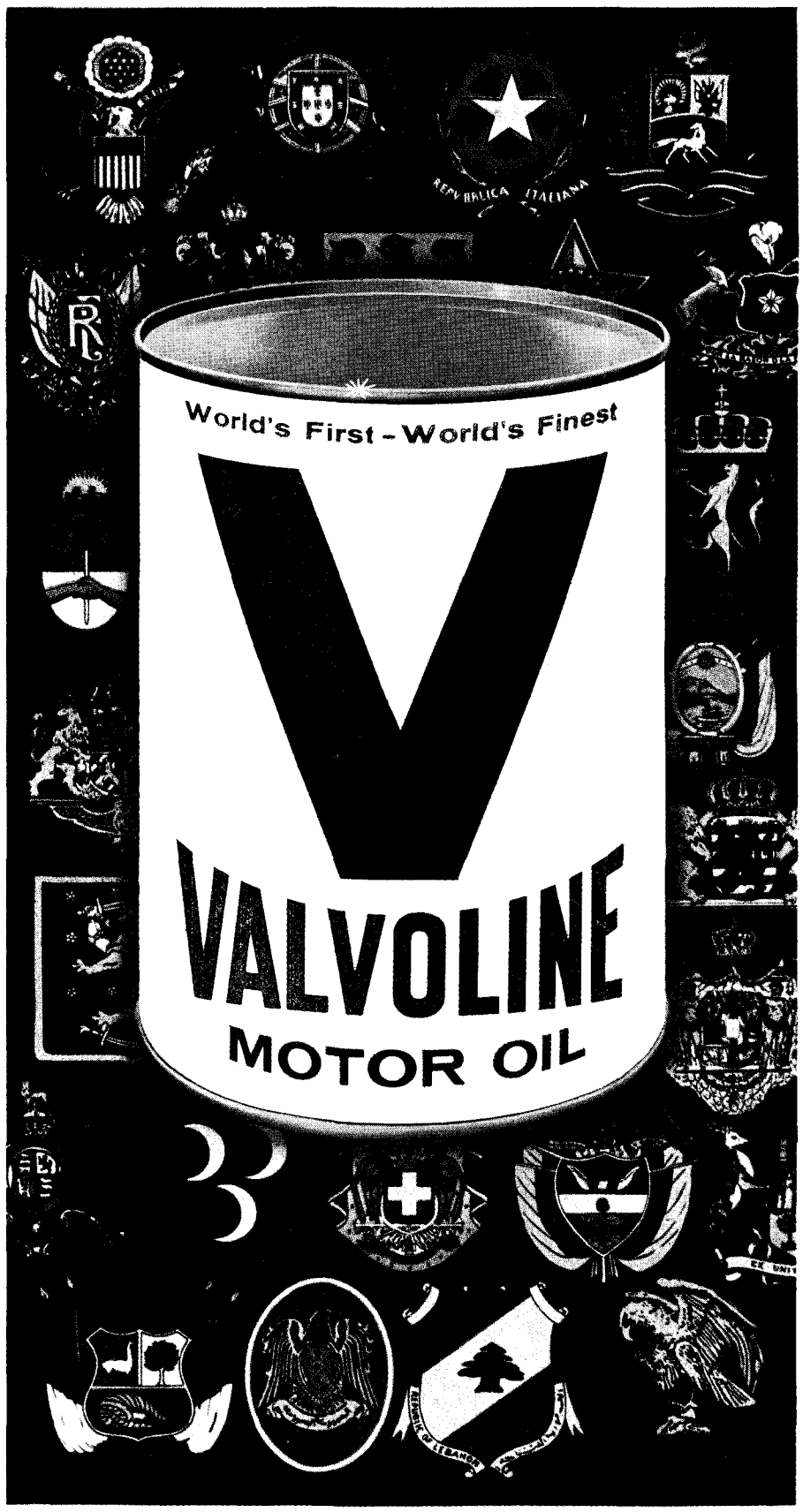
Hilton barked a short laugh and crossed over to his ball. He lit a cigarette with the butt of the one he was finishing. He was afraid Doug's smooth game might be upsetting Leo. Still, they were walking together and Leo was talking, even joking. Maybe Doug had given Leo a lesson. God, if Leo would only change his mind and buy the "Sockorama." One hundred and forty thousand dozen—that would convince old Loomis that he was needed on the inside of the company. Twenty-four years in sales; he'd been out in the field too long. His nerves were beginning to show through. A man can sell only so many years. Maybe someday he would be vice president in charge of sales; then he could use his experience with the younger men. Go out in the field with them, show them the tricks of the trade. How to look the buyer in the eye. How to amuse him and then switch over into straight business. He could tell the younger salesmen how not to smoke unless the buyer does, and then to be careful where the smoke drifts. How to watch for nervous mannerisms, toe tappers, finger snappers, facial tics. How to apply sales psychology. How to find out if the buyer is Catholic, Jewish, Mason. How to feel them out about jokes, religion, women, maybe kickbacks. Hilton looked out across the fairway. He would be firm to the younger men and keep their respect. Check everything on expense reports. Great idea—put phones in the salesmen's cars. Like a taxi fleet. That way he could always find them. It would keep them on their toes and out of the movies and the saloons. All he needed was the "Sockorama" job. With that he would be on top of the world. Maybe he could get the publicity boys at *Men's Hosiery Review* to have a page showing him and Leo and the "Sockorama" promotion. He would put the Unisphere in between them and have Leo and him shaking hands across it. Leo would love to have his picture in *Men's Hosiery*. He would need a slogan to go under the picture. "Hands across the world." No, he would have to do better than that. He would think about it later.

They were on the eighth tee in the shade of a big oak tree. The wind was stronger. Doug teed his ball low and hit his longest drive. Hilton said, "Nice shot, Doug. OK, Leo, you can let out here."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's a little off his feed."



Preferred by motorists in 67 countries

Motorists all over the world rely on Valvoline Motor Oil. It's the *rugged* motor oil! Meets the rough, tough demands of modern driving! Valvoline is the *only* motor oil with Chemaloy, an exclusive development of advanced research that makes sure your engine stays clean, resists wear, delivers top power. Result – you get longer engine life, savings on gas and repairs. So change now to Valvoline, world's first – world's finest motor oil. Ask for it at service stations, garages, new car dealers and speed shops.

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY, Freedom, Pa.
Division of Ashland Oil & Refining Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leo looked at the flag as if he were going to try to drive the green five hundred and twenty yards away. He shifted his hands to the very end of the club handle for a fuller swing and crouched over so he could generate more power. It was the fastest backswing Doug had ever seen. Leo missed the ball completely and turned the flying club loose. The club whistled up into the oak tree above them and wrapped itself around a big limb. When the club stopped vibrating, the leather handle hung down on one side and the driver head hung down the other. No one spoke. Leo's face was white with red splotches. Hilton was dead white. One of the caddies vanished into the bushes, cramming a towel into his mouth to keep from exploding, while Doug and Leo looked up at the club above them draped over the limb like a weary cobra. Doug stepped forward and pulled out a brand-new Titleist ball, teed it up, and handed Leo his own driver. "Forget it. Leo. This time I want you to lock your head down and take the club back nice and slow. Keep your head down, now; I'll watch the ball for you."

Leo hit the drive two hundred and ten yards down the middle. Doug walked along with him. Hilton was so nervous he shanked his ball into the third fairway.

Leo handed Doug his club. "It's that lousy Hilton. He got me all upset with that 'Sockorama' idea."

Doug didn't hear Leo. He was planning his second shot. He felt enormous power and leverage in his legs and wrists and a fine, sensitive control in his fingers. Every shot he had hit had been perfect. His game was finally right; it would never be better. He made up his mind. If he tied or beat the course record for eighteen holes he would quit Double-A and take his chances with the professionals. He could pick up the tour in Louisiana. Yes, it would work. If he could keep his game around seventy he could do it. Maybe not the big money at first, but he would be learning the ropes and the courses. And if he got hot? Couple of good tournaments and he would be all right. How long can Nicklaus and Player go on winning? A gloomy thought crossed his mind: He could always go back to selling boxes if his game went sour. He shook it away.

Leo hit again. Again it was straight and down the middle. Hilton called out from across the fairway, "Nice shot, Leo. Nice."

Leo looked at Doug. He laughed. "You hit a ball three hundred yards and Hilton doesn't say a word. I hit one a hundred and fifty and he says, 'Tremendous.' I ask you, what kind of salesman is that?"

Leo walked close to Doug. "You play a lot, don't you?"

"Quite a bit."

"You know, I can't see why this game's so tough. Chances are if I took it up seriously—you know, went out to the driving range a little more, maybe took a few lessons—I might get so I was pretty good. I like to bowl a lot. Now, there's a game you'd like, Doug. There's a man's game. I bet you'd be pretty good at it. I tell you something, it's got a lot of advantages when you stop to analyze it." He relit his cigar.

"First of all, there's never any trouble about the weather. And if you get in the right crowd you can have a few beers and a few laughs. If you get hungry or want a drink, that's there too. These things add up. Yeah, you might like bowling, Doug."

They were at Doug's ball. The green was over two hundred and fifty yards away.

Leo said, "Tell you what, Doug, you teach me golf, I'll teach you bowling."

Doug said, "This is an important shot, Leo."

"OK, so hit it. There's no one on the green."

Doug hit the ball full. He knew it was good. It traveled low all the way and settled on the right side of the green, about twenty-five feet from the pin.

Leo said, "OK, what do you think of my offer? Me teach you bowling, you teach me golfing?"

Doug didn't hear Leo. He was thinking about his score. If he could get a four on the hole and par the ninth he would have a thirty-one. No one had ever shot below thirty-two on the first nine. He began walking fast. He wanted to get away from Leo so he could think and plan the next shot carefully. He couldn't let anything upset him; there was too much at stake.

Hilton joined Doug. "Listen, Leo said no on 'Sockorama.' I'm worried. I can't tell if he means it or not. We got

New good looks

Landscaped substation adds beauty to residential area.

in electrical landscapes

Electric utilities across the land are helping to bring beauty to the landscapes of America, as well as supplying low-cost, reliable power. General Electric is a partner in this effort, contributing new, economical designs to help beautify our neighborhoods.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to have the business. We were shut down fourteen days last month."

Doug said, "We need it, all right."

Hilton said, "Maybe you can help out. I think he likes you. Maybe you can give him a few more pointers."

Hilton dubbed a nine iron. He looked at Doug. "You know my game, Doug. You know I play better than this. It's this pressure. It's having Leo playing along and that 'Sockorama' hanging over my head that makes me press like this."

"You're too tense, Hilton."

"I know. I know. Listen, Doug, if 'Sockorama' is dead, my forecast for the year is shot. Maybe me too. You might as well know it, things haven't been going too great for me this year. Those Japanese socks are murdering us on price, and I just don't know where the orders are going to come from. Besides that, my best purchasing agent over at Long and Vogel's up and dies on me and the new man they put in won't see me." He shook his head. "I shouldn't have had those Gibsons." He walked a few paces with his head down. "One hundred and forty thousand dozen pairs of socks. That's a month's production. You any idea what kind of profit that means?" He gritted his teeth and spoke through them. "No man should have that kind of power. They become dictators."

Doug lined up his twenty-five-foot putt, and, without giving himself a chance to think about it, he hit. The ball held a line for half the distance and slowly curved in. As they left the green, the caddies began whispering about the course record. Leo stood near the apron, taking a practice swing. He called to Doug, "What else am I doing wrong? I think I got the head and the backswing all set. Give me something else to work on."

Doug said, "That's all for now, Leo. Just stay with that for now. I'll show you some more later."

Leo grinned. "You're the boss."

On the ninth tee, Leo hit his finest shot. It carried over two hundred yards and rolled out another twenty-five yards. He hit his second shot to the middle of the green.

As Leo and Doug came up to the green, Leo said, "It's really great, Doug. I think I got it. I really think I got it. Just keep the head locked down and swing easy. Wonder why nobody ever told me that before."

Doug was thinking about the southern courses and how much money he would need to break even for the rest of the year. He decided he could do it with six thousand dollars.

Leo said, "If I give Hilton this 'Sockorama,' you get the box business, is that right?"

Doug barely heard him. "Yeh, Leo. If you give it to them, I get the boxes."

Leo slapped him on the back. "OK, I'll give it to them. I don't like it. The damn World's Fair is about over anyway. I don't like it at all. Matter of fact, it stinks, but maybe it will move socks. American public is crazy anyhow; they might buy anything."

Doug smiled. "Thanks, Leo."

Leo said, "Don't say anything about it to Hilton. I want him to sweat a little more."

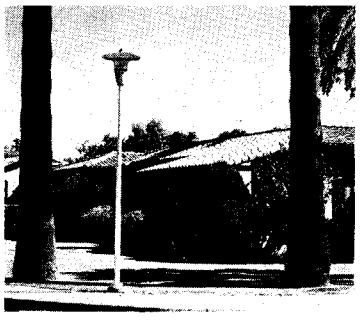
Leo lagged his putt up to within six inches of the hole and tapped it in for his first par of the day. Doug was thirty feet from the hole. He putted quickly. The ball was in all the way. He had a twenty-nine, three strokes under the record thirty-two for nine holes. He

Utility poles get a new slim silhouette

DETROIT: Homeowners are enjoying new good looks in this area. Detroit Edison Company is improving electrical distribution appearance using G.E.'s newest shape in transformers—a slim silhouette that hugs the pole, eliminates crossarms—gives you more chance to see more nature.

A better sight . . . day or night

PHOENIX: Even when turned off, Arizona Public Service Company's handsome new G-E street lights are a welcome sight. And they're only part of a new program to beautify Phoenix . . . electrically.

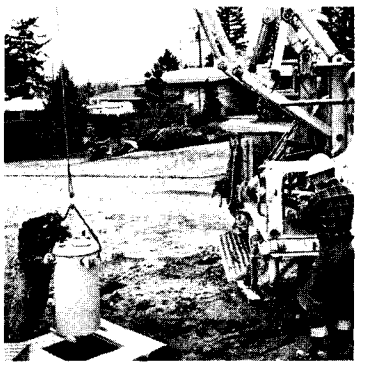


Backyard power blends with landscaping

RICHMOND: Poles and wires are removed from sight in the Sterling Park development served by Virginia Electric Power Company. Poles are gone, wires are underground. Just about all that's visible is the shrubbery, shielding compact General Electric surface-mounted transformers. It's one of the newest ways to meet America's demands for esthetics and good design—and to preserve natural backyard and street beauty at minimum extra cost.

Underground power preserves natural beauty

BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON: Some complete new communities are now served by electrical distribution systems installed completely below the ground. This is one of the reasons for the natural beauty of Twin Lakes and other residential areas on the Puget Sound Power and Light Company system. New



General Electric distribution transformers are designed for below-ground installation in vaults—there are no poles, no visible wires or transformers—nothing but nature.

General Electric is cooperating with electric utilities to design and build equipment that leaves a landscape to its natural beauty, so America will look better . . . electrically. 637-05

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You are fond of peanuts and have a long memory."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

S-o-o-thes CHAPPED LIPS

COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THERE IN

chap-et

FEVER-BLISTERS, DRY LIPS

IN THE GREEN TUBE

Trade your headache for a smile

Pain relief you get only with STANBACK'S combination formula. To relieve tense, nervous headaches, to temporarily relieve minor pains of arthritis or rheumatism . . . more than a single pain relieving ingredient is often needed. That's when you can depend on STANBACK'S full strength formula with extra ingredients for fast, gentle pain relief. STANBACK'S *full strength* speeds relief, *extra ingredients* ease headache tension, you relax, feel good again. Try STANBACK . . . you'll like it.

Snap Back with STANBACK

POWDERS OR TABLETS
10¢ 25¢ 69¢ 98¢

handed the caddy the putter and took the driver. All he needed now was a thirty-six on the back nine to break the course record. He started for the tenth tee. He was sure now. He would go on the tour.

Leo spoke. Doug didn't want to talk or listen to anyone. He wanted to be alone for a minute. He had to make plans. He had to play the back nine carefully, not take any chances. Maybe he would use his spoon from the tees and play it safe.

Leo called out again, but Doug kept walking.

Hilton shouted, "Come on, Doug."

Doug stopped. They were standing on the far side of the green. Hilton said, "Come on, Doug. We're having one for the road."

Doug wanted to pretend he hadn't heard. If he stopped now, he would never be able to keep the fine putting touch and the perfect game he had going. He couldn't stop now. Even a few minutes' interruption would break the spell.

Hilton had removed his golf glove, and Leo was peeling his off.

"Come on, Doug," Leo said. "Just one, that's all."

Doug handed the caddy his driver and slowly followed the two men toward the clubhouse and the bar. He couldn't believe what was happening.

Leo said, "You see how that five iron sat down?"

Doug nodded. He was afraid to speak.

Inside, Leo ordered three Gibsons. As the seconds passed, Doug felt the fine putting touch leaking out of the tips of his fingers. He shoved his fists deep into his pockets, hoping to stop the leak.

Leo proposed a toast. "To Doug Sturdivant, a great golfer, a great teacher." They drank.

Leo continued, "You know, I learned more about golf today than I have in all my life?" He smiled, and laid his hand on Doug's arm. "OK, Doug, you propose the next toast. Tell Hilton here what I told you."

Doug looked down at Leo's fingernails. They seemed to be as thick as oyster shells. Doug raised his glass. "To Leo and 'Sockorama.'" He looked at Hilton. "Leo's giving us the 'Sockorama' job."

Everyone shook hands. Doug finished his drink. Hilton signaled the waiter for another round.

The Gibson hit Doug like an axe. He stood up. "I've got to play the next nine. I can break the course record."

There was no conviction in his voice, and Leo pulled him back into his seat. He sat down easily. Leo spoke. "Come on, drink up. You can always break the course record. Come back and do it tomorrow."

Leo took a big drink, spread some cheese on a cracker, and laughed at Doug. "How many days in your life do you see a dog like 'Sockorama-Unisphere' sold? My God, what a lousy name."

Hilton said, "Maybe we could change the name."

"Naw, leave it. Probably sell socks like crazy."

Doug said slowly, "All I need is a thirty-six on the back nine and I got the record. No one's ever had a twenty-nine on the first nine."

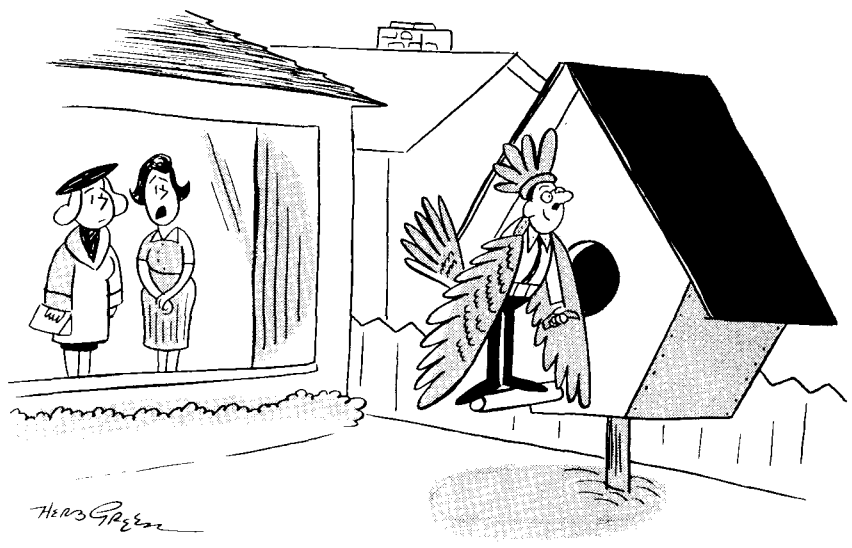
Leo slapped him on the back. "You still talking about records? Come on, drink up there, lad. We're lapping you."

Doug's hands were cold. The putting touch was gone. He gripped the stem of his Gibson glass and raised it to his lips.

Maybe next year was the right year for the tour. He looked at the Gibson. It seemed greasy on the surface. Seventeen million boxes—it would be the largest piece of new business of the year. He could stay with Double-A right through Christmas to pick up his holiday bonus and then join the tour in Florida. Maybe he could play until then. The courses might not freeze so early this year; the winters seemed to be getting milder. Doug finished his drink and swallowed the onion.

Hilton made him a double-decker cheese-and-cracker sandwich. "Here you go, Doug, boy. We've got to keep you in good shape." He slapped Doug on the back and smiled at Leo. "Didn't I tell you he was the greatest golf teacher in the world?"

Leo ordered another round and bit off the end of a fresh cigar. Doug finally removed his golf glove and watched Leo blow his first puff of smoke toward the ceiling. After the third round of Gibsons had been served, Hilton pushed the cheese-and-cracker tray to the far side of the table and, clicking his ballpoint pen down, began sketching the "Sockorama-Unisphere" model on the tablecloth. □



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I didn't worry at first, but now he's talking about flying south."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST-CLASS GASOLINES!

Phillips 66 gasolines have power to spare . . .
plus a special anti-icer for winter driving!

Phillips 66 gasolines have power to spare—more power than your car's engine actually requires. This reserve of power gives you top-notch performance, and protects your engine against damaging strain.

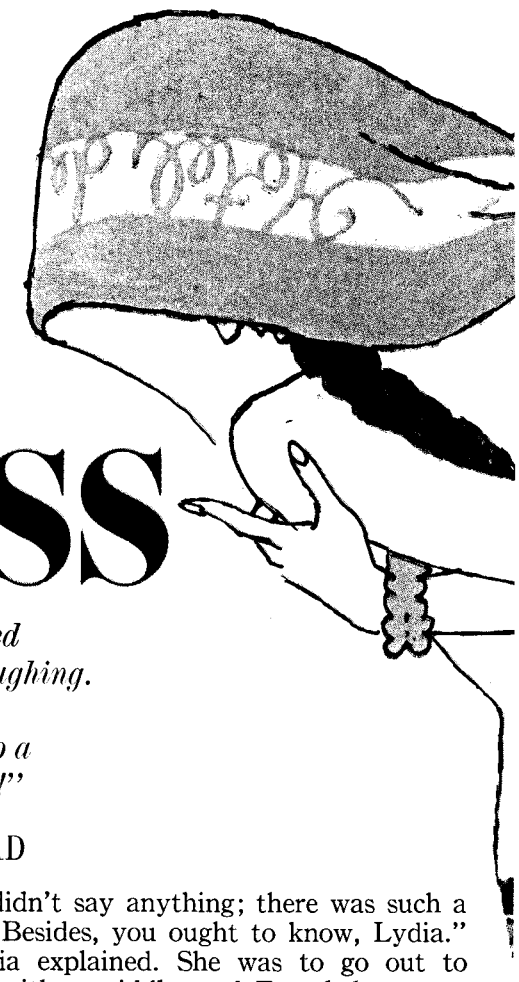
And, the anti-icer in Phillips 66 gasolines was developed by the Phillips research men who developed the anti-icer used by military jets—an anti-icer that protects in temperatures of 70 below zero. So you can be sure that Phillips 66 winter gasolines protect your car's engine against both fuel line freeze-up and carburetor icing even in coldest weather.

Drive into a Phillips 66 station today! Get the first-class service (like a free vacuum cleaning) and the first-class products that have made Phillips famous in 47 states!

Go first-class . . . go Phillips 66! *(It costs no more)*

PHILLIPS 66

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE HUNTRESS

"I must have love!" cried Lydia, bursting out laughing. "I can get married whenever I want to—to a hundred different men!"

BY CHRISTINA STEAD

The balcony of Lydia's room in the green-and-white boulevard hotel looked over the treetops. The hotel was at the top of a long rise from the Seine, in Montparnasse. The sun beat into the room so strongly in the mornings that the shutters were kept shut till after midday. Lydia got in late every night, slept restlessly. From two to four in the morning, heavy market trucks went past, shaking the whole house. About four Lydia would notice the early summer morning on the ceiling.

She had breakfast in her room and did not dress for a time. For aunts and cousins, friends, and her mother in New York, she had bought all at once, in an hour or two, four pairs of kid gloves, four bottles of perfume, a brooch, some Swiss handkerchiefs, some scarves and a handbag, all cheap and tasteless, and not at all what foreigners mean by French. She had gone into a large department store which she had laughed at in the days when she had been living in Paris in a small flat with her mother. The articles now stood in their boxes and papers on the bed she had slept in and on the chairs. She had bought nothing for herself in Paris, but wore what she had worn in New York the summer before: a black chiffon dinner dress, bought on Fifth Avenue and imported from France, a green-and-white-striped silk, some prints. She had brought with her, for the summer in Paris, two steamer trunks and four valises. Most of her things she had never unpacked. They stood there; and sometimes she lifted the lids of the trunks, looked at what lay inside, closed the lids again.

The little rosy perfumed room with her things strewn about had an air of comfort, waste, expense, juvenile gaiety, as if she were always getting ready for a party: It was captivating. She had several bottles of perfume standing about, pots of cream and powder, open jewel boxes, all the needs of a coquette and a beauty.

She ran about barefoot, sighed, put on her pink satin mules and telephoned her American friends staying in the hotel. She had telegraphed three hotels in Paris before coming, because she had friends in each; and then she had picked this one, where her friend Tamara lived, because her mother's friends Peggy and Anton had just arrived here from Switzerland.

After she was up, in her slip, dressing gown, and slippers, she would run in to see one or other of them, gossip with them, read her mother's letters, bring some woman to her room. She lit one cigarette after another, talked about her affairs with men, drank her coffee; and when one friend left for lunch, she telephoned another. Her friend Tamara, who worked in Paris, was divorced and was awaiting her man's divorce to remarry. Peggy and Anton were twenty and more years older than Lydia and had known her when she was a little child in Paris with her mother, just after the death of her father.

On a Friday, weary, yawning, she got up early, telephoned a few people, saw Tamara and Peggy before they went out, running up and downstairs to their rooms. She looked about eighteen or twenty, though she was almost thirty. Then she went back to her room with Peggy and discontentedly pulled her things about.

"Last night, Peggy, I asked your advice about whether I should accept this invitation to lunch. I don't remember what you said."

"I didn't say anything; there was such a noise. Besides, you ought to know, Lydia."

Lydia explained. She was to go out to lunch with a middle-aged French baron, to call first at his flat; and after lunching there, to go to the races at Auteuil.

"Do as you like. But if a man takes you to the races, he's supposed to bet for you; and beginners often win."

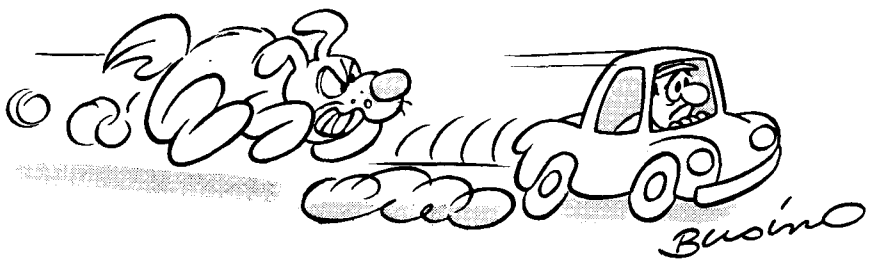
Lydia filled the room with smoke and ran about in skin-tight black nylon pants and bra, with her horsetail of India-ink hair down her back, and tried on one thing after another. She said, "Oh, why should I go at all? What a bore! How do I look in this? Why don't I telephone and call it off? No? Should I wear a light flannel suit? Or this black-and-green thing? The white coat goes over it."

She was a vanilla brunette with long, oval, deep-lashed eyes ringed with black. She had a strong, small figure like a swimmer's, rounded and beautiful in detail. Impatiently, she put some beads round her neck, some white earrings in her ears, took them off, drew out the black chiffon dress. "What about that? No, I suppose." She laughed; the kind of laugh that comes from a good-natured fat woman—her mother's laugh. "Oh, perhaps I'll wear it tomorrow with the blind date. He's a UNESCO boy. I told him on the phone I wanted to go to the theater and I wanted a job in UNESCO. I don't. It was just something to say. I had another boy to take me tomorrow, but—oh, Peggy, he's such a dope! Anyway, why should I dress up for a blind date? Should I wear this? Isn't that stupid? . . . He means nothing to me, this baron. Why should I go? It's only a light lunch in his apartment and just this afternoon.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

That means I must get someone for this evening and there's no time."

But she decided to go.

She came home laughing. Tamara was home from work. Tamara had a headache and was lying down with her shoes off. She had got more bad news; her remarriage would be postponed at least six months. Neither she nor the man had saved a penny; the divorce was taking all they had.

"Oh, Tamara, I heard someone crying in the night. Was it you?"

Tamara was thirty-six, a brunette with a Javanese face. She was almost an invalid, often ill, but a hard worker, working in three languages in an export office, sweet and troubled, half mad with her worries.

Lydia sat by her and began bubbling over, falling over herself like water in a jet, leaping and shining. "Oh, I went out with the baron. It was interesting at Auteuil. But do you know?—the baron himself is a funny man. He was so careful not to touch me. If he touched me, walking about the paddock, he at once drew away. In the car, I sat next to him, but he was nervous if my coat touched him. And he's as bald as an ostrich egg, just a fringe of hair; and so dull. All he says is, Should you like to do this? If you prefer that, tell me. I felt like a fifteen-year-old convent girl being escorted by a respectable cavalier drafted for the occasion and who's been told, Don't touch."

"Are you seeing him again?"

"Oh, he said he'd call, but why should I bother? He doesn't mean anything to me; and then he's so dull. I couldn't marry him. He's dull, prissy, peculiar, an old bachelor. I would never marry a man like that."

Tamara sat up and looked at her friend. Lydia looked younger than her years, even now when she was tired and discontented. "You are hard to please, Lydia."

"But I want perfection. I want a man to look up to and who will teach me."

"Won't you teach him? Marriage is give and take."

"Oh, no, no," cried Lydia. "It must be all give, he must give. I won't give. A man must be a light to a woman and guide her whole life, and she must lean on him and have nothing more to think of. How could that be with any of the men I've met?"

"Because it isn't so," said Tamara, sharply. "You must bring something to marriage."

"I bring twenty thousand dollars and a grand piano," said Lydia, with a soft, breaking laugh. "When I was sixteen I had my first offer of marriage from a preacher's son who was nineteen. He said we would not have children at first, because he would not be earning and I should have to finish college and get my M.A. so that I could get a good job while he was studying. Oh, it really is funny, Tamara. And he said he wanted a secondhand set of volumes, an encyclopedia, fifteen volumes, which would cost about fifty dollars. He wanted to read it through and be competent in various subjects. Ha-ha-ha! Oh, Tamara, why are men so funny? The second man who wanted to marry me was a drunk, the third wasn't divorced yet; and the next one was a poet with doughy hands. He really smelled. Tamara, can you love a man who is gluey and smells like dead fish? After all, marriage is physical, isn't it? Several times I felt I had to let him kiss me and I felt my hands and lips just sinking into him like dough: He felt wet. I used to look at him sideways when we walked at night, to see if he had a blue light like fungus. And then —— Oh, I suppose I should go and get dressed? Emory, this Englishman, is calling for me at seven. I don't want to see him. I don't know why I got myself into it. I hate to get involved. Should I put him off? Let's spend the evening together."

But Tamara had letters to write. Her intended husband worked in Rome and could get up only about once a month. The wife had changed her mind and decided to fight the divorce; she would ruin them, she said. It needed thinking over. "Perhaps we are both thinking it over. He is so harassed, so worn down."

"Well, I will leave you to think it over," said Lydia, with her clear, chiming laugh, and kissing her friend. "And do you know what I must think over? Whether to live with this Englishman for a week! He begged me the night before last. He got to the point of tears in his eyes. He doesn't love me, but he likes me and it might lead to love. Ha-ha-ha-ha! I shall say no. No, no.

But he was so kind, so sweet, so gentle. In a way," she said suddenly, thoughtfully, "he's the sweetest of all the men. But—why should I get involved? What for?"

"Of course you can do it," said Tamara.

"Oh, it's just a silly proposition. Must I give up my comfortable room here and put my bags I don't know where and move into his hotel room for a week, without knowing if I'll be able to touch him after one night? Ha-ha-ha! Does he wash? He probably has a frying pan on a gas ring in the corner. Men are so strange, aren't they? He begs and pleads with me," she said, getting up and clasping her hands, her manner serious, urgent. "He will treat me with respect." Her voice became strident: "But what's it all for? I go back to New York in a few days, and then I'm involved, without any reason." She turned and glanced quickly at her friend. She smiled a sweet smile. "I'm so silly, Tamara, advise me. It's no, isn't it? Oh, of course it's no."

"You are too sweet for that; you're not the kind."

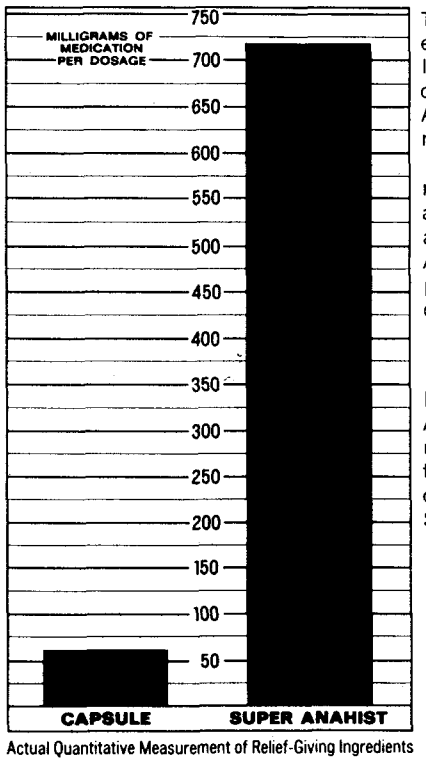
"No. But what am I to do? Tamara? What am I to do? I can't get on any longer without a man. I must have a man. This is my chance in a way, isn't it? Just a week and—snip-snip! Just a day! Oh, no," she said decidedly. "Then he would think he owned me. He would expect affection from me. Why? What nonsense. I'll tell him, Go away, no!" She began again mirthfully, "And he's been waiting—ha-ha—imagine—since three or four days when he first began it—ha-ha-ho—it's funny, though. He's been waiting for me to say yes. And now he's downstairs, I suppose, waiting already."

Smiling, with her little white teeth between her half-closed lips, kissing Tamara, twisting her loose hair, she thrust her feet into the black slippers and ran off. "I'll call you in the morning, Tamara; I'll tell you what happened. Oh, but Tamara, it reminds me of home. I never know whether to go out or stay with Mommy. Then the tele-

Super Anahist Decongestant Tablets have

over 8 times more cold-relief medication

than the leading cold capsule



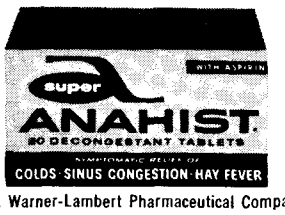
Actual Quantitative Measurement of Relief-Giving Ingredients

The chart on the left shows the *big* difference between Super Anahist and today's leading cold capsule. An actual dosage-for-dosage measurement, the chart shows Super Anahist gives you *over 8 times more* relief medication! Why?

Though *both* formulas contain antihistamine and decongestant, Super Anahist adds a stimulant, 2 analgesics, and Vitamin C—all missing from the capsule. Thus, Super Anahist relieves nasal-sinus congestion, plus your cold's headache, fever and muscular pains as the capsule cannot do.

Gives you more medication in the first 12 minutes than the leading capsule does in 12 hours

Instead of working pellet by pellet, Super Anahist dissolves in minutes . . . for relief up to 4 hours. You get a sunburst of medication for fast relief! For over 8 times more cold-relief medication in every dosage, get Super Anahist Decongestant Tablets.

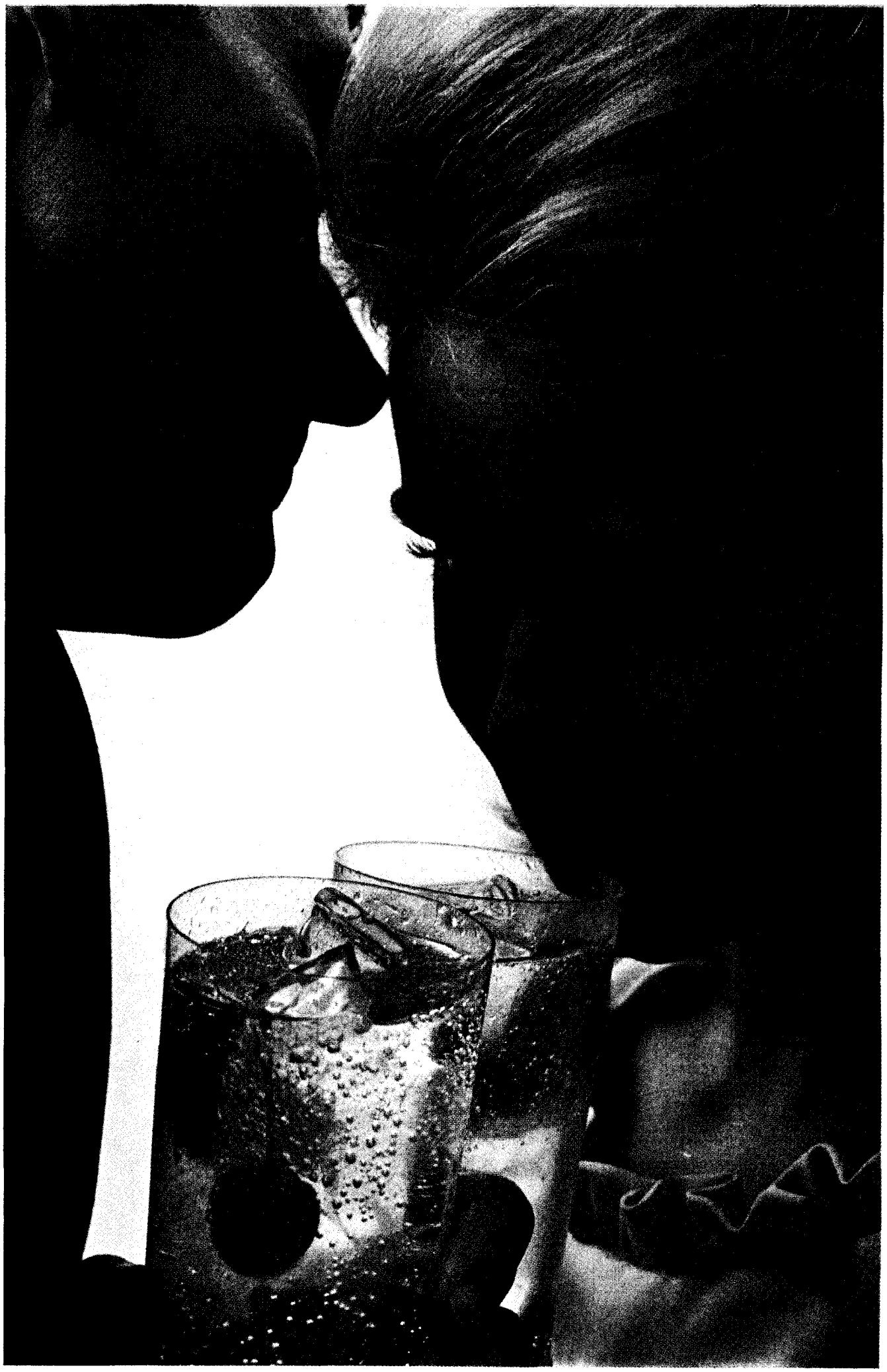


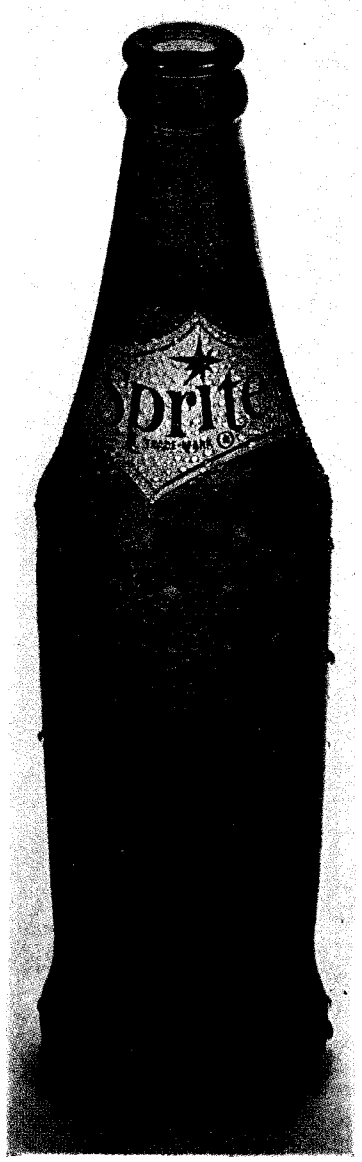
© 1965, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How will vodka coexist with the fresh, tart taste of Sprite® Exuberantly!

Try a Mad Russian. The alive, yet subtle taste of Sprite gets vodka doing things you never knew it would do. Sprite is tart. Naturally tart for adult tastes. Add a slice of lemon or lime. And a cherry. (Red, of course.) Will the Mad Russian become the People's Drink? Definitely da!





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery And At Same Time Relieve Itching and Pain.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery.* It stops itching and relieves pain in minutes, then speeds up healing of the sore, injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so. And most amazing of all, this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

In fact, results were so thorough, sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." Among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the remarkable new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

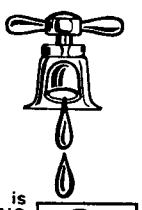
In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

Help for Psoriasis Sufferers

Psoriasis Shadow (Scales, Redness, Itch) Often Responds to Combined Medication

Are you in the "psoriasis shadow"? Blessed temporary relief you never thought possible may be yours by using Psorex as directed. Many psoriasis sufferers have found in the medication Psorex a highly effective combination of not one, but *two* basic ingredients to help remove the crusty scales, the redness, the itch . . . help smoothe the way to more normal looking skin. That's what makes Psorex so effective — the medicinal action of a pharmaceutical *combination:* purified coal tar and *allantoin.* This *combined medication* has helped many psoriasis sufferers. If you are in the "psoriasis shadow", perhaps Psorex can help you get a little more sunshine into your life. Gentle, soothing Psorex cream is actually pleasant to use, is available without a prescription at all drug counters. Try it today. For temporary relief, *rub Psorex on, rub relief in!* And tell that to every psoriasis sufferer you know.

NOW STOP FAUCET LEAKS



The "parson in the kindling" is fastening washer with TOO LONG OR SHORT screw that quickly loosens — DESTROYED washer follows.

NEW PATENTED MONEL SCREW with Nylok® plug locks at proper depth automatically—holds washer firmly. ® TM Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., Nylok Corp.

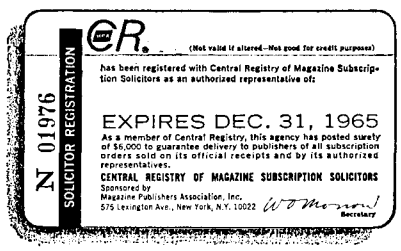
Used with Patented Sexauer EASY-TITE WASHER with FIBERGLAS REINFORCEMENT—resists distortion and shut off grind—outlasts ordinary repairs 6 to 1.

Available at Sexauer AUTHORIZED "1-in-10" QUALITY PLUMBERS in your neighborhood. For name and address, WRITE:

J. A. SEXAUER MFG. CO., INC., DEPT. AS-105
10 HAMILTON AVE., WHITE PLAINS, N.Y. 10601

SEXAUER
WORLD'S LEADING SPECIALISTS IN PLUMBING AND HEATING REPAIR PARTS

This Card is Your Insurance


CR
(Not valid if altered—Not good for credit purposes)
has been registered with Central Registry of Magazine Subscription Solicitors as an authorized representative of:
EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1965
As a member of Central Registry, this agency has posted surety of $6,000 to guarantee delivery to publishers of all subscription orders sold on its official receipts and by its authorized representatives.
CENTRAL REGISTRY OF MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION SOLICITORS
Sponsored by
Magazine Publishers Association, Inc.
575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022
Secretary
SOLICITOR REGISTRATION
N 01976

When you place your order with a CR registered representative, *you are assured prompt and dependable service backed by $6,000.00 in posted bonds.*

CENTRAL REGISTRY
OF MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION SOLICITORS
575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Car Using Oil?
CURE IT WITH CASITE
MotorHoney
$1.30 AT YOUR SERVICE STATION

EASY **TO USE LIQUID**
DISSOLVES CORNS

Get fast relief with GETS-IT. Dissolves even toughest corns quickly, easily, painlessly. Don't suffer, use GETS-IT—today.

GETS-IT®
LIQUID CORN REMOVER

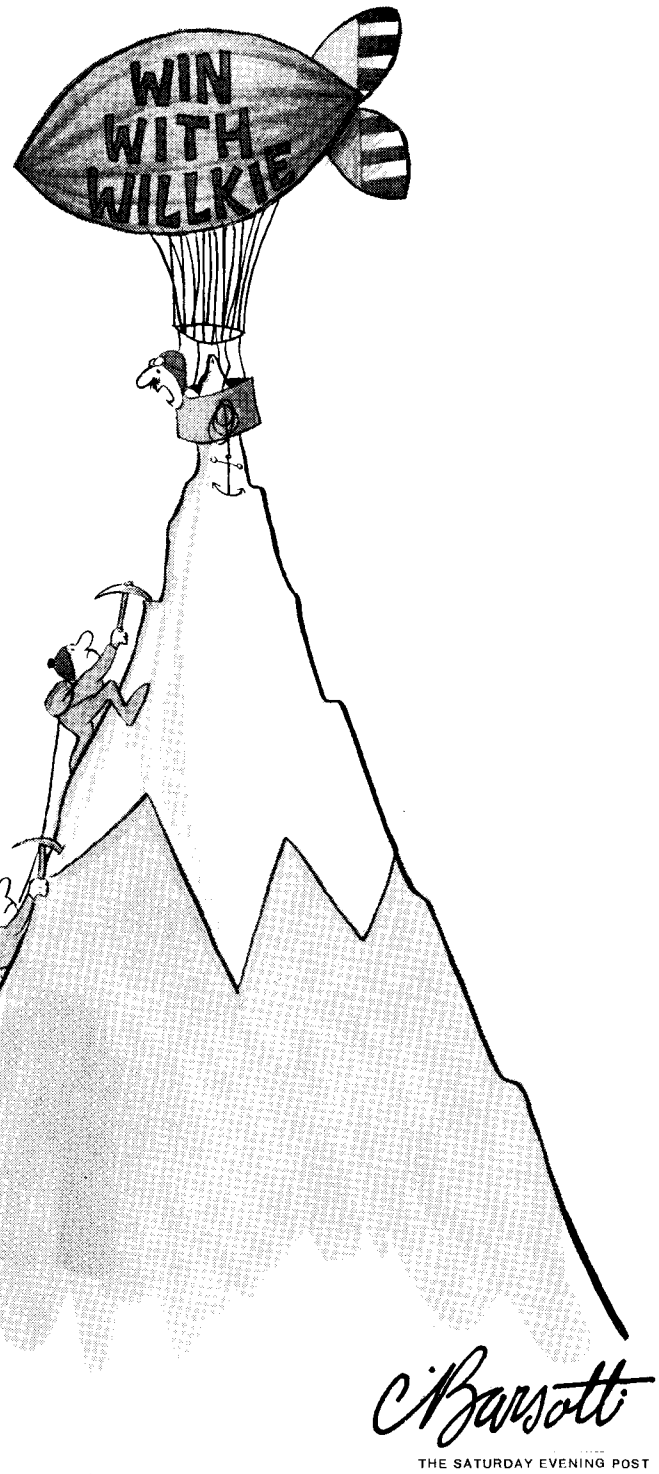
THE HUNTRESS

phone rings and she says, Go out with him, my chick, go out, my darling. Then I say, You go out with him. Then we stay at home and laugh and laugh."

When she reached her room, it was seven o'clock. She threw off her clothes, bathed, telephoned an American girl she had been out with two days before and chattered eagerly and with bursts of laughter about their adventure. They had picked up two French interns who had invited them to pass the night in their rooms at the hospital. "We're not serious, of course; but all for fun and you'll never regret it." The girls agreed and at the last minute Lydia had refused. "I'm not plucky." "You have nothing to be afraid of, we're doctors." "No, no, I just don't dare," Lydia had said, smiling and shaking her head. The other girl said to Lydia, "You're so pretty, but I don't see what you get out of it: what do you get out of life? Soon you'll be on the boat going home to mother. Here are two nice Frenchmen and you turn them down." The other girl had gone to the hospital and Lydia had gone home. Now Lydia excitedly asked her about her experiences. "Oh, perhaps I should have gone: oh, what a coward I am," she cried. The other girl raved about her happiness. "You'll never know what love is, if you take no chances," she repeated. "But what am I to do? I can never make up my mind," said Lydia. When she put down the receiver, the phone rang from downstairs. It was the UNESCO boy, Sam, the blind date. "Oh, I thought you were coming tomorrow!"

"Maybe I got it wrong: tonight, I thought."

"Well, I'm not nearly ready. I wasn't expecting anyone. I just came in. I spent the afternoon with a French



"It was just an all-around rotten trip."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

baron at Auteuil. Oh, it was a bore." Her voice broke and she laughed warmly. "Yes? Can you take a walk? What do you look like? Well, never mind, take a walk and I'll be down in twenty minutes."

"Well, I've been waiting half an hour, but OK," he said. He had a dull New York voice with thickened consonants. She looked over the balcony and saw a middle-sized man with thick black hair and an unpressed double-breasted blue suit. He slouched off. He turned and looked up, at the hotel. She bent double over the balustrade, laughing and waving her hand. "Is it you?" he asked. "Yes," she said, bursting with laughter. He smiled. "Hurry up, I can't wait." "But I can," she called out.

She went inside and sat down in the comfortable warm room, consoling in its rich feminine untidiness. She put on her frock, examined her complexion, took the frock off and tried on a light dress. She peeped over the balcony again and now she saw Emory, the Englishman, hanging about near one of the trees. She ducked her head in, hurried to the long mirror and then to the brightly lighted bathroom mirror. At last she was ready, in her customary elegant simplicity, and she ran out of the room, leaving it a flowering disorder.

Across the sidewalk, beyond the trees, she saw Emory, who began softly to move forward toward the door. She looked nervously aside and saw there, through the glass-paned doors, in the small, brightly lighted hotel sitting room someone she recognized, a middle-aged American with a half-bald, sandy head and fat sandy face, an upstate professor of psychology, for a long time her mother's friend. Lydia's mother, Hester, a dumpy, profuse, gay little woman, had had an extraordinarily varied life: She had been a governess abroad, had trained as a nurse, nursed men in war hospitals, worked later in a hospital laboratory; but she knew nothing about men. Since her husband's death many years before, she had had one or two silly flirtations with middle-aged drifters. The upstate professor was one of them. Lydia knew all about these affairs. The two women would tease each other; Hester would tell all that had happened and say, "Why did he do that? What did he mean by that?" Then they would giggle, and ridicule the men.

The professor's name was Russell. He was a great flirt, gossip and backbiter. One snowy evening he had come to Hester's apartment and stayed till the other guests had gone, till one o'clock in the morning. Then when she took him to the door, he said, eyeing her hard, "Don't you want me to stay?" "But I don't know you very well, Russell!" "You'll know me better by morning.'

"No!" Hester burst out laughing. "Why, it's crazy, kiddo. You never said you loved me."

"You're naïve," he said, annoyed. "I thought you were a woman of the world."

"You're naïve, kiddo," her mother replied mirthfully, "to think I was a woman of the world."

Russell was married. His wife, Myra, was Hester's friend. Hester could never get over this and gaily reminded him of it. "What would Myra say if she saw you sitting on the couch with me like this? Myra would think you were one heck of a wolf, if she knew, wouldn't she?"

"Russell!" cried Lydia now, skipping into the sitting room. "What are you doing here?"

"Your mother told me you were staying here and to look you up."

"Oh, what fun! How is Mother?" cried Lydia. She flung herself down on a chair and, flashing a glance toward the window, she observed Emory looking in. She became effusive, kissed Russell's cheek, patted his arm, smiled into his eyes. "Oh, Russell, how wonderful to see you."

The professor of psychology was going away the next afternoon on a weekend trip to Chartres.

"My goodness," said Lydia, "and I've been here six weeks, Russell. I've been looking for a Frenchman to marry, but I've scarcely met one—only a baron, and that was today. Don't you think I'd make a good French wife? Oh, I think so. Oh, I wish I could go with you and forget all about this. Paris is such a fever, such a torment, and I don't know how to get out of it."

"Well, come along with me tomorrow," said Russell, in his plain way. "I'll take you along. I've got no traveling companion. Haven't you been to Chartres?"

"Oh, no," said Lydia. "Yes! We'll go fifty-fifty and on the up-and-up. On condition that we leave by five tomorrow afternoon. I have an appointment—with a man—that I must avoid. Tomorrow evening. Such a nice man"—she began to explode in mirth—"and I don't want to hurt him too much. Look, I must fly. He's out there now—do you see someone doing sentry duty among the trees?" She pointed, laughing. "You see! I'm telling the truth. Well, all right for tomorrow?"

"Yes, I'll meet you here at three."

"Yes. You have a car?"

"No. We'll go by train."

"Oh, bother! Can't you hire a car? Well, all right. At three sharp, not a minute later," she said decisively. "Oh, Russell, it's so good to see you. Let me kiss you—that's for Mommy." She kissed him on the cheek before she rushed out to Emory.

When she met Emory, she made him walk two hundred yards up the boulevard, then allowed him to kiss her. Then she said nervously, almost crying, "Oh, Emory, you are the right man for me, but I am a virgin and it is a terrible thing for me. I am sure to get involved with you. I can't risk my whole future on this. Can I, Emory? Let's take a walk. Just walk up and down, let's turn the corner, not in view of the hotel because my mother's friend Russell is there, what a nuisance—he's come to take me to dinner! I don't want to talk to that old bore all night. He's so silly, Emory, he's so silly. And my friend Tamara's room, too, is on the front, right in view."

"Why mustn't they see me?"

"Oh, only that I don't want to explain things—I want to be free."

"You can't be free forever, of some things."

"Do you forgive me, do you understand? You do, don't you, Emory?" she said rapidly. "I am so nervous, so confused. I thought to myself, He understands me, he is so good. You must let me go until tomorrow. I promise tomorrow evening, when you call for me—at seven—I'll give you my answer. I'm desperate, Emory." She laughed lightly, fluttering. "It is stupid isn't it?"

"No," he said, "but really, tomorrow it must be yes. How can I go on like this?"

"I'm afraid I'm too different," she said in a low, strained voice, "too different. What does it show, never to be able to come to a decision?"

"You're as decisive as a hummingbird," he said cheerfully; "but you go too fast. You dart here and there and don't get any rest. That's your charm, too."

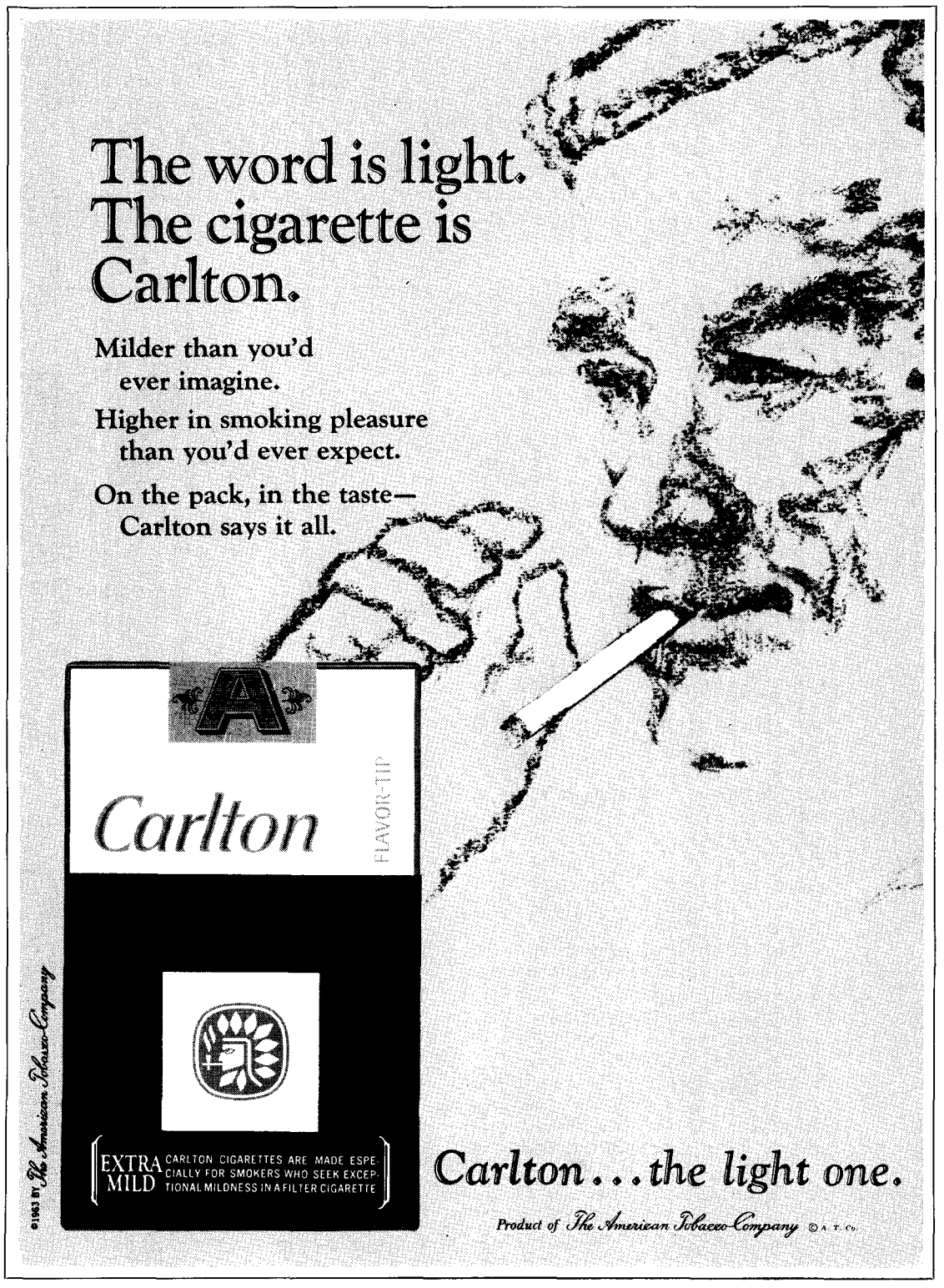
"Yes, you understand me; I don't get any rest."

"Well, let's go to dinner."

"No, no. I simply have to spend the evening with my mother's friend Russell. And then I must see Tamara. I know you will let me go."

"I am very disappointed," said Emory, rather stiffly.

He accompanied her to the door and left her, not noticing the UNESCO


The word is light.
The cigarette is
Carlton.
Milder than you'd
ever imagine.
Higher in smoking pleasure
than you'd ever expect.
On the pack, in the taste—
Carlton says it all.
Carlton
FLAVOR-TIP
EXTRA MILD
CARLTON CIGARETTES ARE MADE ESPECIALLY FOR SMOKERS WHO SEEK EXCEPTIONAL MILDNESS IN A FILTER CIGARETTE
©1963 BY The American Tobacco Company
Carlton...the light one.
Product of The American Tobacco Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man, who had returned and for some time had been watching them, himself keeping under the trees. She changed her mind at the hotel, walked past the door with him and to the corner. When he rounded the corner she tripped back to the UNESCO man.

"Oh, I am so sorry to keep you waiting," she said, beginning to laugh; "but this Englishman keeps coming here and wants me to sleep with him; but I can't do it. How can I? He's an Englishman and I'm going back to New York in a few days. Isn't it impossible?"

The evening with her blind date was a dreary joke. He walked her to a small restaurant in a side street. She never went there because it was full of poor young Americans living in Paris, men who had been on the GI Bill and stayed on, others self-exiled, artists and their poor young, thin, unfashionable wives. Some of them took just soup and bread; others had stuffed tomatoes, or, if richer, hamburgers. The UNESCO man, Sam, always dined here. They ate some mussels and then he said, "What dessert would you like? Are you having a dessert or are you on a diet, like all the girls?" They had strawberries and cream, and coffee. A few minutes afterward, she felt uneasy. Hives came out on her legs; she scratched at them, at first secretly and then openly, saying to Sam, "It must be the strawberries! Or was it the mussels?"

He was a worn-out, dusty, bored New Yorker of about thirty, her own age: and this closeness of their ages seemed very dreary to them both. It all seemed dreary. He returned her to the hotel by a quarter past nine and dragged himself off.

Lydia ran upstairs to Tamara's room and gossiped with her for a while. Tamara told her all her troubles; how life with her man would be a life of struggle and poverty.

"But you love each other," cried Lydia.

"Oh, love—yes, I can live with him: that's the principal thing."

"What a compromise, Tamara!" said Lydia, bursting out laughing, but embracing her friend and kissing her on both cheeks, bouncing about her with kisses, puppyishly. She giggled and lay down on the bed. "You're a mother to me, Tamara. Oh, I miss dear darling Mommy. What man will give me the love and patience and care she gives me? But Tamara—I must have love! I must love, to marry I must love. I can get married whenever I want to—to a hundred different men. That puts me off. It's like sitting in a bus—a hundred different passengers." She shrieked with laughter. "How boring! No, I prefer to wait."

Tamara had a headache, and Lydia left her and went to bed. She fell asleep and, as usual, awakened after only an hour or two. Her heart beat hard. She impatiently unbraided her two long thick plaits, thinking that they were hard to lie on; and then, feeling hot in her hair, braided them again. She put on the light and put it out. She did not sleep, and it seemed to her a voice was saying, *Macbeth hath murdered sleep.* She rose early in the morning and started out on her little errands. She took her suede slippers to a man round the block who would glass-paper them. Then she took a dress to the cleaners. She went to a little shop to match a button. When she returned, there was a letter from the Englishman, brought by hand, a passionate, barefaced letter. She put a little valise on the bed and began to pack for Chartres.

Toward three o'clock Lydia became very nervous, fearing the professor might be late and Emory come too soon. For once, she was packed and ready before time; and when she saw the professor on the other side of the street, she ran across to him, tilting forward on her high heels, dashing between the cars.

"Oh, Russell, let's get a taxi; come and get my valise!"

"Well, I have my own ——"

Without a murmur, she herself brought her valise and coat and put them in a taxi, which she hailed. The professor objected to the taxi, saying he had little money with him. He had only just received a check from his wife, late in coming, and he could not cash it at the American Express before Monday.

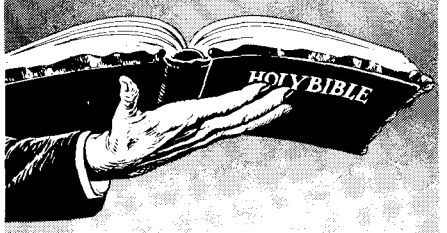
"Oh, never mind, I've plenty of money. I'll pay everything for both and you pay me back on Monday, or any day," she said glibly, getting into the taxi and pulling the professor by the sleeve. "Oh, let's get going and shake this town off. I've seen too much of it, I'm sick of it." And so, talking feverishly, she got him away from the boulevard. She had left no message for Emory at the hotel.

She calmed down, breathed, and began to laugh joyously. Her demonstrative relief seemed like interest and affection. She talked about her mother and she beamed at him. She laid her hand on his coat, ducked back and forth, leaned back and burst out laughing at all kinds of ordinary sights and sounds in the streets. She took a roll of bills out of her black suede purse, took her own luggage, paid the taxi driver like an eager schoolgirl. She asked the professor a dozen questions, began eagerly to listen; another question tripped over the heels of his explanation. She flattered him, tried to attract him.

"Oh, what a relief, Russell, to meet you, to be with you. Oh, it's like home."

She proceeded to tell him some of her adventures—about the baron, stiff and ignorant, who never touched her hand; and about Emory, who even then, "even now at this moment, imagine,"

How would YOU answer these 3 Bible Questions?



▶ To whom is the Bible addressed? Everyone?

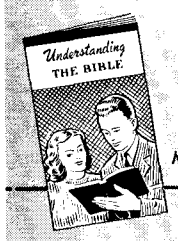
▶ Who speaks in the Bible? God or man, or both?

▶ What is the primary message of the Bible?

A clear understanding of these 3 Bible questions is essential to benefit fully from God's message and promises to man.

These questions are answered in a booklet **"Understanding the Bible"** written by a Bible scholar to help people benefit more from their Bible study.

This booklet, which has helped thousands gain a clearer understanding of God's message to man, is available at no charge.



Write For Your
FREE
Copy TODAY!
MAIL COUPON TO . . .

WORLD WIDE BIBLE STUDY
P. O. Box 22165, Denver, Colo.

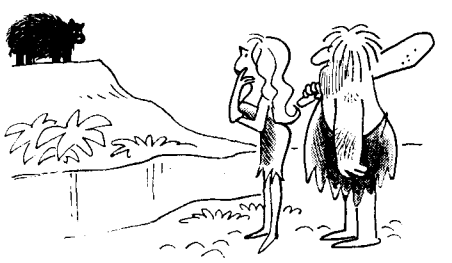
Please send FREE copy of "Understanding the Bible"

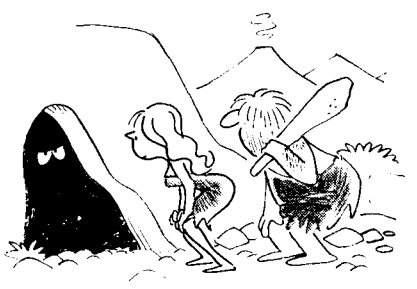
Name

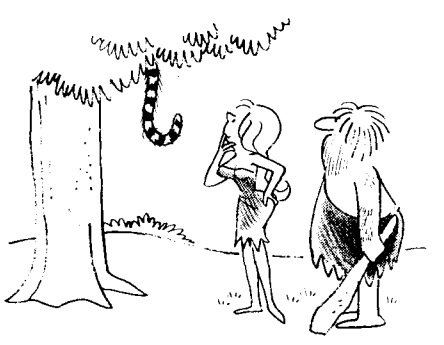
Address

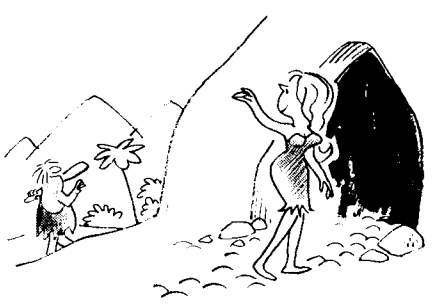
City Zone State

W.W.B.S. is sponsored by a group of Christians to increase Bible study.









LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was at the hotel, astounded, hurt that there was no sign, no word.

"He'll understand, I suppose, that I've fled before him, gone with the wind, oh, dear, oh, dear, ha-ha. He'll think that the disgraceful frank letter he sent me frightened me off. Because I am a virgin, you know, Russ, I am a virgin. Do you believe me? That will teach him a lesson. I'll put the blame on that, if he sees me again. Oh, but when I come back it will be close to sailing and there'll be no question of being involved. He'll give me up. Oh, what the hell," she said, belching one of her mother's phrases; and again she laughed heartbreakingly.

In the evening light of Paris, in the half-light of the cab and station, taking her jacket and scarf off her arm, arranging them, saying, "Russell! Shall I wear it or not? Does it suit me?", quickly twisting a stray lock of her black hair, fixing a jeweled clasp, making up her black oval eyes and brilliant red lips, and turning herself out, in the end, simple, girlish and yet like a dark flower, alive and with disturbing, fleshy perfume, she wove her rhythms round the sandy, middle-aged professor.

"Oh, it's all right about this Englishman, never mind about him. I like to be with you. I can be friends with you; I can be entirely myself. You do understand, don't you, what I feel about you? I can have two or three days absolutely without a hitch and without thinking of anything. You're a friend of Mother and we know each other. It's such fun, Russell. I feel so happy, so free. The country! Now I can be free. Oh, Paris is an obsession; I feel it like paprika. And then the men fluttering round, so aimless and asking you to decide. Oh, Russell, I can't stand the idea of Emory standing there, pleading with me, hovering round the hotel. Where's the satisfaction? Oh, of course I have got to live with a man eventually, to find out what it's like; because I can't sleep, I'm on fire. Am I wasting my time? What am I to do? Men are a terrible aphrodisiac, and yet I don't want them. They're so much trouble." She gave him a quick, slippery smile and looked out the window at the country.

"If it's on your mind so much, you'd better go with a man," said the professor.

"Yes, oh, yes. If only I could, Russell. But I always laugh too soon."

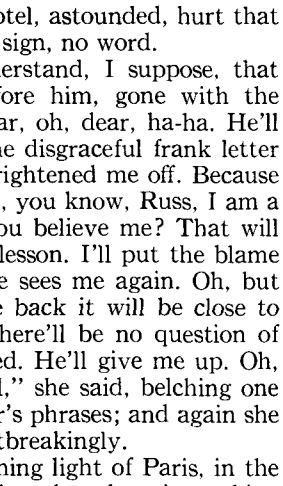
He talked to her about it. When they got to Chartres, they asked for two rooms at the little hotel, but found that only a double room was vacant. She said impatiently that they would take this; and they moved in. They walked out, saw the front of the cathedral by moonlight, went back and went to bed. Lydia asked Russell to go into the bathroom while she undressed and got into bed. He did so; and he was nice enough to her, did not bother her when she said she was tired.

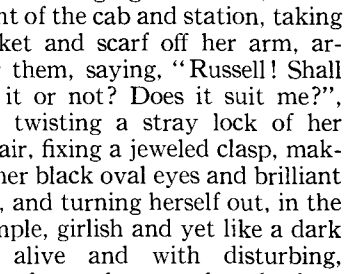
She wanted to move to another hotel in the morning. She helped him with the bill. He was a clumsy, dogged man without pleasing ways of doing things; and he was used to being looked after by his wife. He would look at things put before him on the table with intense interest, but without saying thank you. He drank his coffee without pouring out hers; he ate more than his share. She laughed and grabbed her food from under his spreading paw.

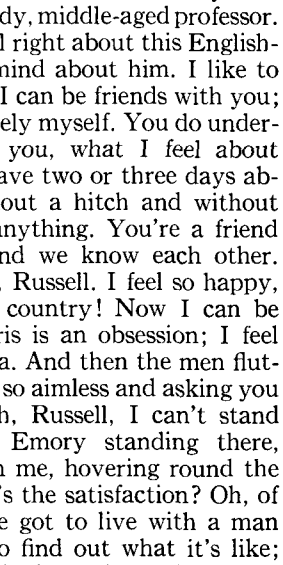
"Oh, you are so funny, Russell," she said, breaking away from him, as he maritally put his big hand on hers. "You're just a big lunk. You're no Romeo, are you? What would Myra say if she saw us sitting here together half-dressed and so greedily snatching food from one another?"

"Myra doesn't come into the picture."

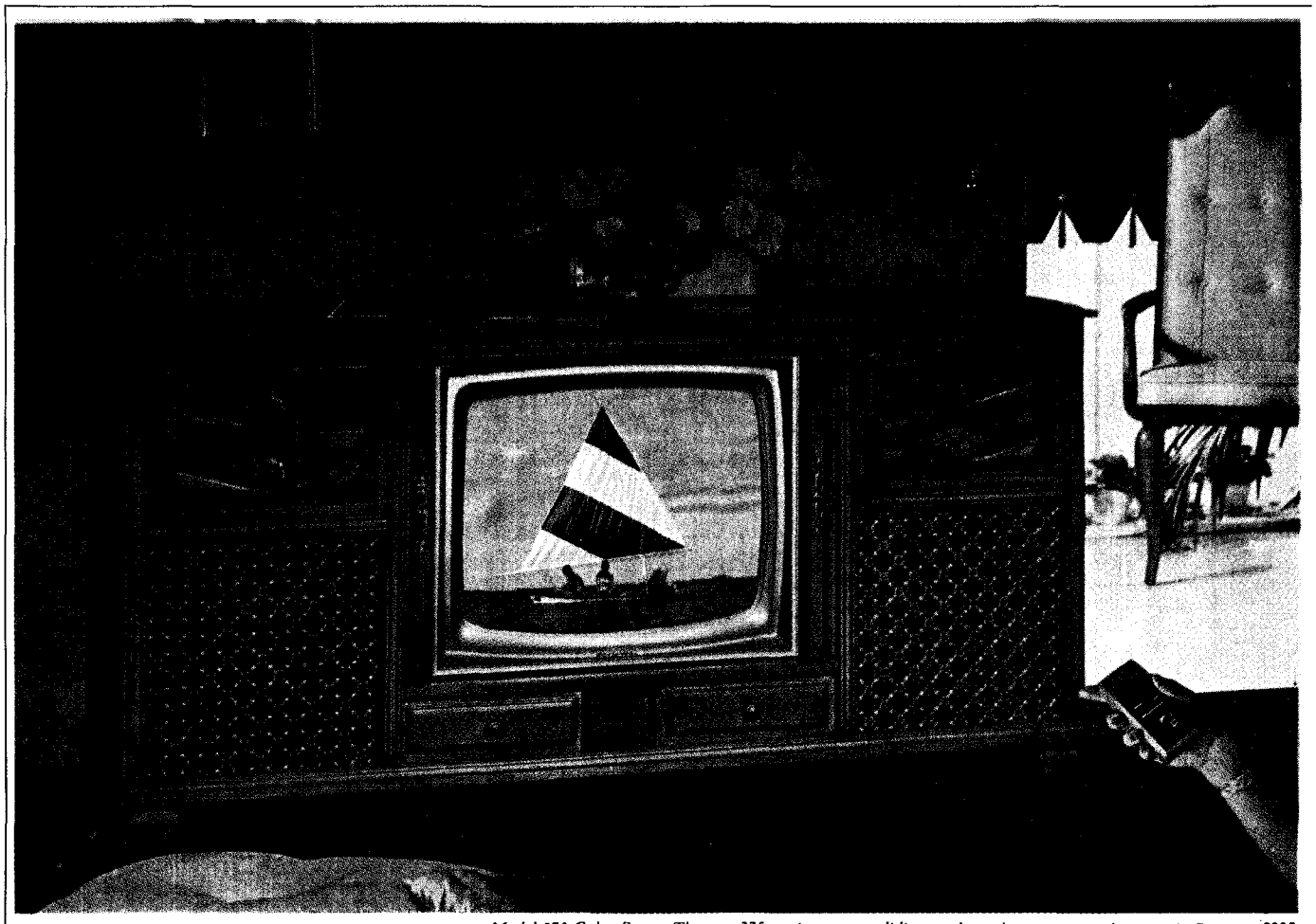
When they had paid the bill, they set out for a walk and to look for another hotel. They spent some time in the







THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Model 575 Color Stereo Theatre, 275 sq. in. screen, gliding tambour doors to conceal screen, in Pecan . . . **$995.**

Only Magnavox gives you Magna-Color with Astro-Sonic Stereo —the greatest advancements in home entertainment

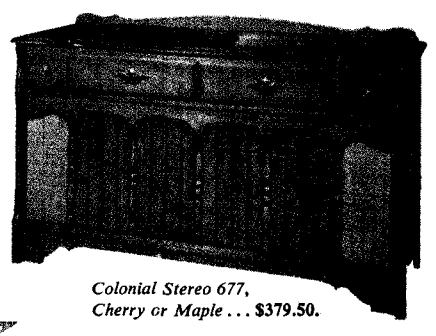
MAGNA-COLOR, the newest development in television, gives you all these *exclusive* benefits that make it the *finest!* **Brilliant Color** for the brightest, most vivid natural color ever. **Automatic Color** eliminates the critical tuning which frequently distorts pictures, keeps exacting colors constant. **Chromatone** adds new dimension and depth to color, warm beauty to otherwise drab black and white pictures. **Quick Pictures** flash on in just seconds.

TOTAL REMOTE CONTROL lets you select channels, change records, and perform other control functions—*without leaving your chair!*

ASTRO-SONIC STEREO flawlessly re-creates the most beautiful music you have ever heard . . . gives you superb high fidelity on TV as well as on stereo FM/AM radio, and records. So revolutionary, it is ten times more efficient than tube sets. So reliable, service is guaranteed for one year, parts for five years*.

Contemporary 550, Walnut . . . **$498.50** *(**$550** with remote control).*

Select from a wide variety of elegant styles at franchised Magnavox dealers (in the Yellow Pages). Portable TV from only **$89.90**, console radio-phonographs from **$198.50**, Color TV from **$379.90**.



Colonial Stereo 677, Cherry or Maple . . . **$379.50.**

the magnificent Magnavox

270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

*Dealer provides service and parts. Solid-state components replaced if defects develop under normal use.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Being there longer than most isn't enough.

You've got to arrive at the best way to make Bourbon. Then work hard, every day, to keep making it that way.

It takes dedication. And patience. And purpose.

So, we still make our mash with more of the costlier small grains. They push up the price, but smooth out the flavor.

We double-distill drop by drop, instead of the faster big batch way.

We even make our own barrels, from preselected heartland white oak—charred on the inside to 3/22". From this char comes the marriage of body and flavor that is ours alone.

And we taste test, each season as the whiskey ages, to be sure what reaches you deserves to carry our name. What doesn't never will.

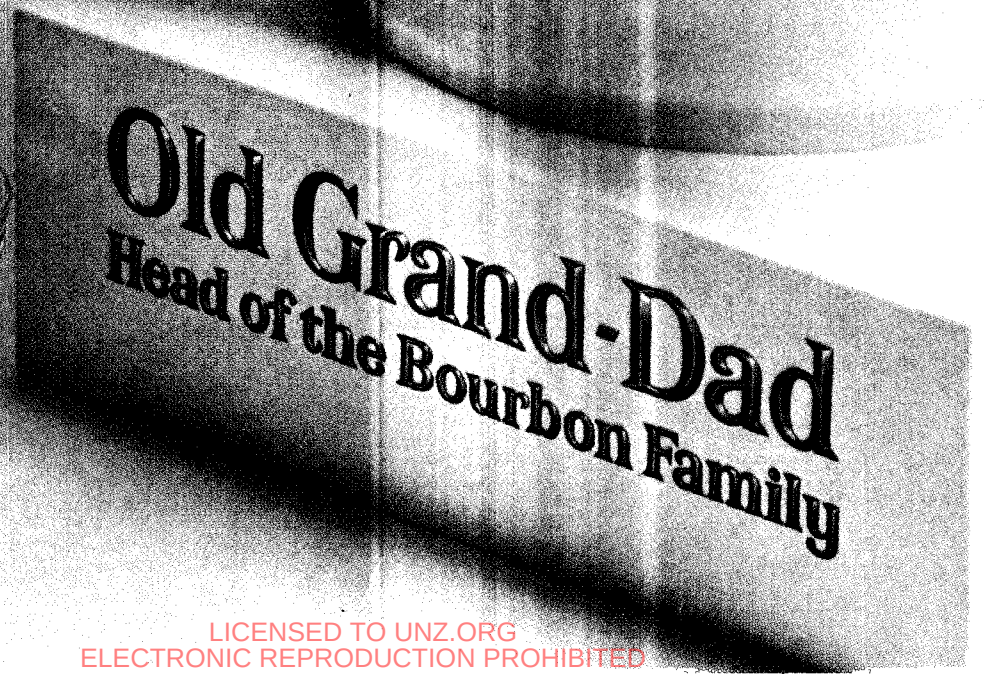
Head of the Bourbon family?

Our whiskey got to the top because people ranked it best.

As long as we have anything to do about it, they always will.

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskies.
86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Distilled and bottled at the Forks of the Elkhorn
by the Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

You don't get to be head of the Bourbon family by just sitting around growing old.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cathedral, went down to the river, walked about and were bored. At lunchtime they moved to the big hotel, where they also lunched. They spent the afternoon traipsing and complaining. Lydia had got one large room for both. She used her own name and told the proprietor she had been there with her mother. This time the washbasin was in the room behind a screen; so Lydia asked Russell to go into the corridor while she undressed and washed. She then got into bed and turned her back. Russell presently returned, made ready for bed and, when he got in, took hold of her.

"You're surely not going to refuse," said he.

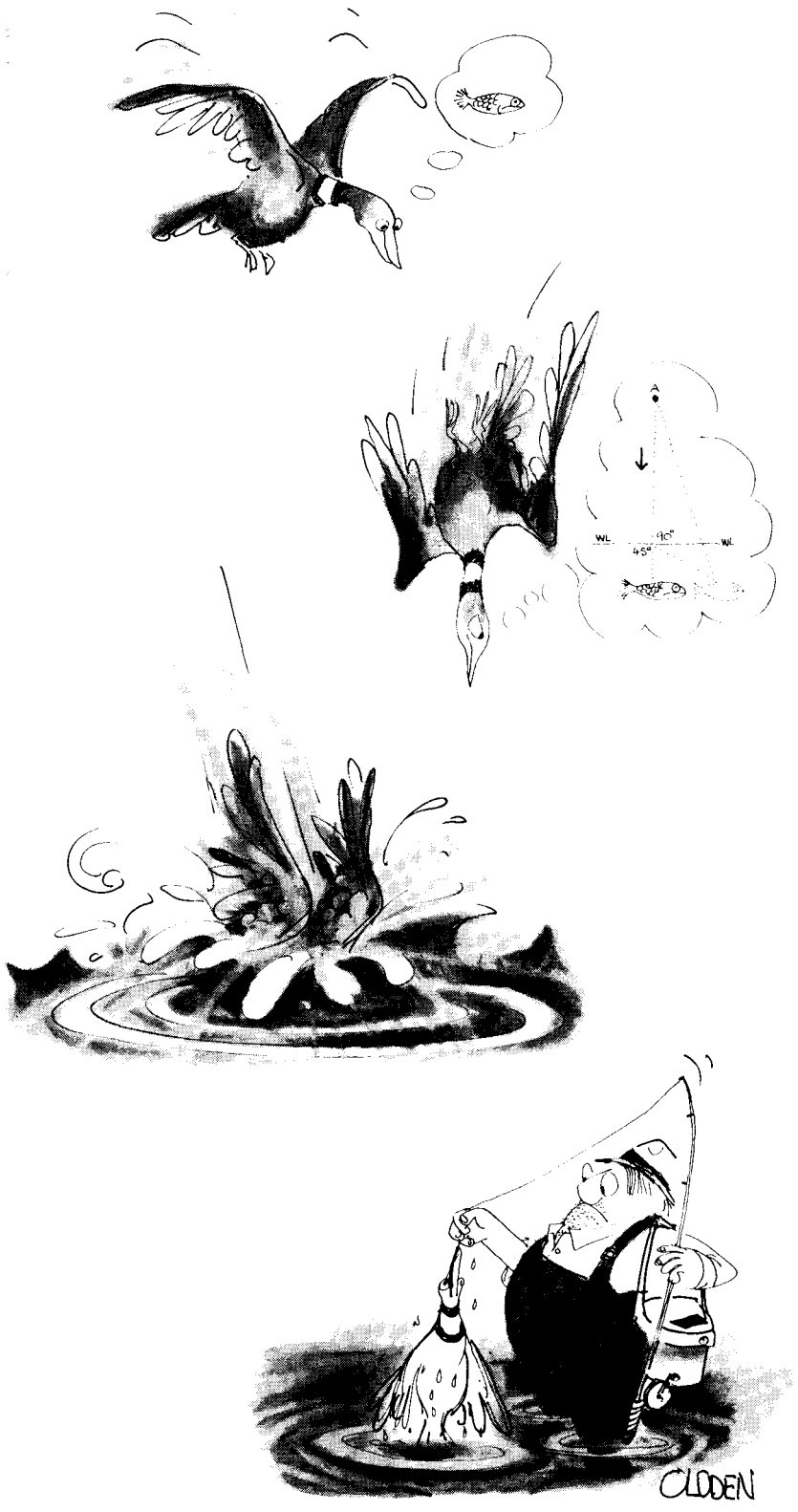
"You're surely not going to force yourself on me!" she said. "We're traveling together, my dear Russell, but we're not intimate. We're comrades, remember; we scarcely know each other, though you're my mother's friend."

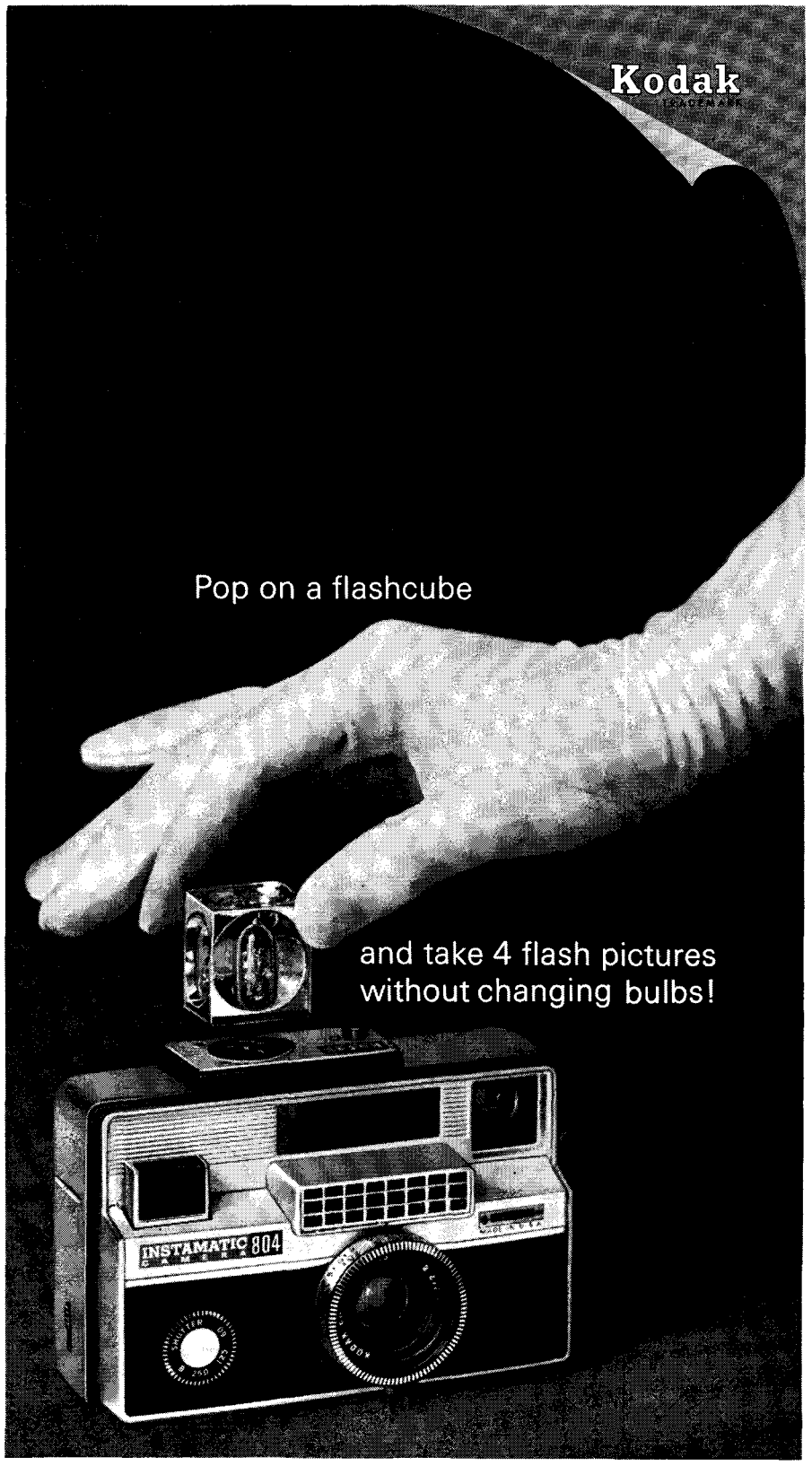
"Are you kidding me?" he said. "What do you think I came away with you for?"

"You're not going to get near me, you big ape," she shrilled; and she was such a shrew that Russell quailed. He went out into the corridor and did not return for a long time. One of the maids became alarmed, and the manager came upstairs. "Are you the American who's walking up and down?"

"You bet your nose I am; my girl friend won't let me go to sleep."

When he came back, she seemed asleep, but was not, watching him angrily and crouched like a kitten that has been too much set upon by boys and dogs. Russell tried to make a conquest in the night, but she ordered him out, and the next morning found him crouching against the head of the sofa.





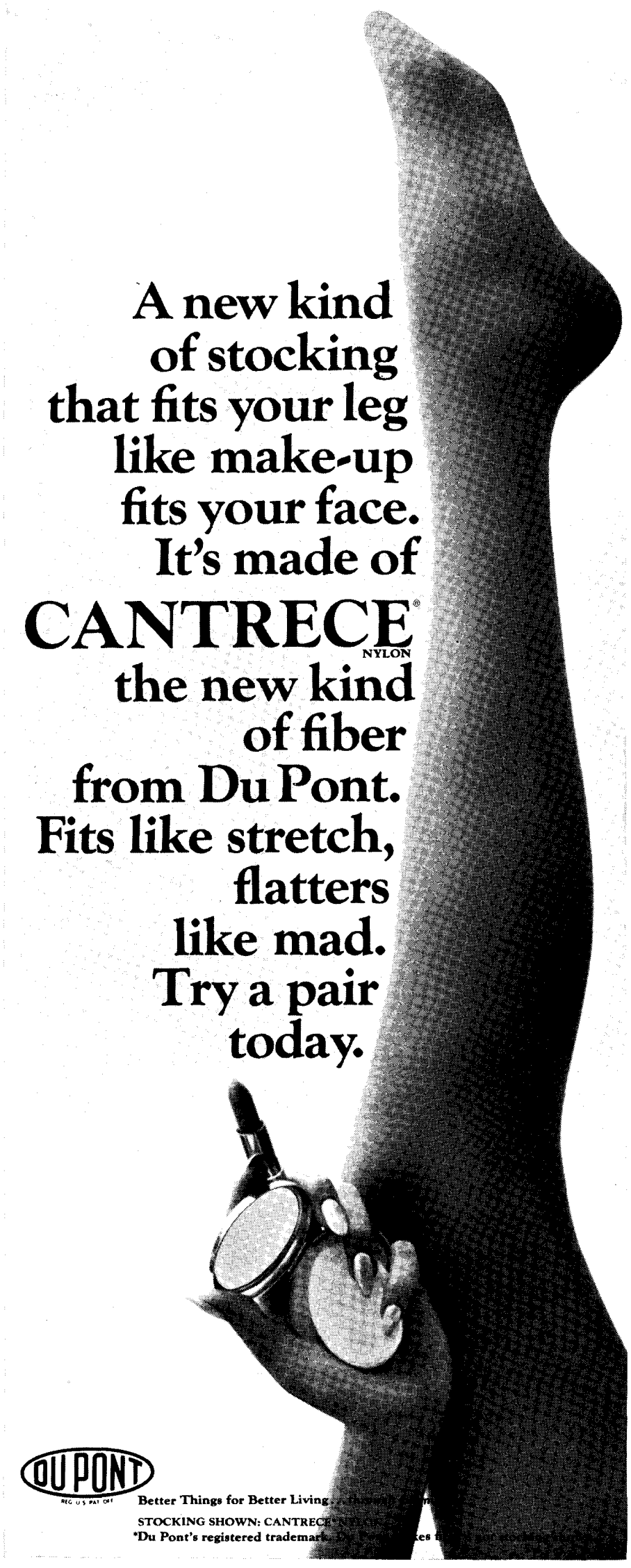
Now the most automatic of cameras does even more for you

The new KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera is the precision camera that does practically everything for you automatically. It even gives you automatic flash advance with the new rotating flashcube! It loads automatically . . . and automatically adjusts for film speed . . . automatically advances the film for you after each shot . . . automatically adjusts the fast *f*/2.8 lens for correct exposure . . . automatically warns when you need to use flash . . . automatically switches to flash speed when you pop on a flashcube . . . automatically sets itself for correct flash exposure as you focus . . . automatically indicates by rangefinder when focus is correct . . . and more, much more! This most helpful of precision cameras costs less than $125. See the KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera and other models at other prices—at your dealer's. KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera

Price subject to change without notice.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



She ordered their breakfasts downstairs. They went out to the cathedral during mass. There was a light, unpleasant wind. At lunch and in the afternoon, he made attempts to flirt with her. In the evening, as soon as they entered the hotel, she marched to the desk and asked the manager to find her another room.

"I accepted this room," she explained, "because I thought you might be short of accommodations. There are so many American cars about. But this man here is nothing to me; he's my mother's friend and his lack of gallantry is disgraceful. I can't even bear his presence. He attempted to make love to me, not that he's really capable; he's only an American boor. Kindly find me another room. Please do what I say, because I'm paying. He has no money on him."

Russell did not understand so much French, but he refused to move out of the big bedroom. "You can stay with me if you want to. You know very well why you came away with me. I'm not going to pay for all that cheating. Stay or go. I don't care."

"Well," said Lydia, laughing spitefully, to the manager, "he cannot pay and he will not move. So I must move. Unless you are prepared to throw him out. I realize that would cause a scandal. I have the money for everything, so kindly do what I say. Oh, please do what I say, sir. I made a great mistake when I came away. I am foolish, I suppose. To spare any scandal, I myself will move, but he must bring the bags." Then she said to Russell in French, which he understood with difficulty, "I will now meet you at mealtimes. You will have to meet me for dinner, since you have no money. I have you at my mercy because you have no money, no sense, and no French."

She dressed delightfully, as usual. Everyone in the dining room looked at her. She had now dressed her hair in a Spanish style. She was perfectly at ease, with smiling gravity. After a considerable time, Russell appeared. He was a big, hungry man. However, at the table, he turned his back on her and took no notice when she asked for the salt and pepper. She called the waiter, who offered them and cast indignant looks at the man.

"Haven't you any manners?" she scolded Russell in French. "Fortunately, I should never think of marrying you." Her voice, though light, amusing, had a sort of scream in it. "Pass the things! If you are not a man in any other way, can't you have the manners of a man? What will they think of you? You need not show in public that you are impotent."

He turned round at this, "What do you mean by that?"

"It's social impotence, not to know how to behave with women. It's impotence to treat women badly and to sulk. It's impotence to go away with them without the right money; that's

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Date of filing: October 1, 1965.

2. Title of Publication: THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

3. Frequency of issue: Biweekly—January 16, 1965, through December 18, 1965, 25 issues.

4. Location of known office of publication: Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105.

5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor:
Publisher: Jess L. Ballew, Rye, New York.
Editor: William A. Emerson Jr., Larchmont, New York.
Managing Editor: Otto A. Friedrich, Wantaugh, New York.

7. Owner (*If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given.*)
The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105
C. W. Bok, Camden, Maine
Mary Louise Curtis Bok Foundation, Philadelphia, Pa.
Cary William Bok, Edith Evans Braun & Derek Curtis Bok, Tr. of the Locust Trust, Philadelphia, Pa.
Cary William Bok, Edith Evans Braun & Derek Curtis Bok, Tr. of the Swastika Trust, Philadelphia, Pa.
Trustees U/W of C. H. K. Curtis, Philadelphia, Pa.
Friends of the Curtis Institute of Music, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bache & Co., Incorporated*, New York, N.Y.
Francis I. Du Pont & Co.*, New York, N.Y.
Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc.*, New York, N.Y.
Goodbody & Co.*, New York, N.Y.
H. Hentz & Co.*, New York, N.Y.
Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis*, New York, N.Y.
Walston & Co., Inc.*, New York, N.Y.
*Held for account of customers.

8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities:
The Mary Louise Curtis Bok Foundation, Philadelphia, Pa.
Trustees of The Caledonia Trust, Division A, Philadelphia, Pa.
Trustees of The Caledonia Trust, Division B, Philadelphia, Pa.
Keystone Custodian Funds, Inc., Boston, Mass.
Miriam Boyd Parlin, Englewood, N.J.
C. W. Bok, Camden, Maine
Trustees U/W of C. H. K. Curtis, Philadelphia, Pa.
The First National Bank of Boston, Boston, Mass.
The First Pennsylvania Banking and Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Philadelphia National Bank, Philadelphia, Pa.
Franklin National Bank, Mineola, N.Y.
Bank of The Southwest National Association, Houston, Houston, Texas
Union Bank, Los Angeles, Calif.

9. Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.

10.	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months†	Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date
A. Total No. Copies Printed (Net Press Run)	7,040,656	6,951,000**
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	530,893	505,529**
2. Mail Subscriptions	6,150,589	6,175,271**
C. Total Paid Circulation	6,681,482	6,680,800**
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by Mail, Carrier or Other Means	117,242	112,713**
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	6,798,724	6,793,513**
F. Office use, Leftover, Unaccounted, Spoiled After Printing	241,932	157,487**
G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	7,040,656	6,951,000**

†July 1, 1964 through June 30, 1965
**June 19, 1965 issue

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Jess L. Ballew
Publisher

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

financial impotence and you may be physically for all I know. I know nothing to the contrary. But why lead people to suspect it? And then you are in the wrong. We are in France, not Keokuk."

He sat there eating his meal. At lunch, out of shame, he had eaten very little. She said, "Well, I've waited long enough. Are you ordering wine?"

"I don't drink wine," he said.

She hailed the wine waiter and ordered. "I'm taking it; I'm used to it. Must you behave like a hick, you fat, porky hick?"

In the night he tried to enter her room. She had left the door unlocked. She was waiting for him. She sprang from her bed and rushed out into the corridor, calling for help. When the night porter came, a squat man in pajamas and a faded dressing gown, she asked him to conduct Russell back to his room and to lock him in if he could.

However, she insisted upon having breakfast with Russell in his room, for the sake, perhaps, of confusing the staff and irritating him further. He said, at length, "Lydia, you don't like me; you'd better go home. Leave me here. I don't care what becomes of me. Go on, leave me."

She thought it over and then said she could not. "No, no. I'm sick of this hotel. We'll go to another hotel and I'll see what I think. Oh, Russ, I thought I'd have some fun. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. What's the matter with you, Russ? I ought to revenge myself upon you, but I can't. I've got to go through with it. Let's get out of Chartres. It's a dismal place. We'll go somewhere else."

She settled up, asked the manager's advice. He was plainly taken with her and advised her to leave this gentleman and to go back to Paris. "Oh, yes," she said nervously, "I should marry a Frenchman, don't you think so? That is why I came over. I have always thought so. But Mommy loves New York; and then I should lose my citizenship, you see?"

On the way in to Paris, she was shrill, uneasy, bitter. The man half groaned as he said, "I had no idea you were such a spitfire. You never gave any sign of it. You look so sweet."

"I had no idea you came from the barnyard! A capon from the barnyard. When you dip a fowl in hot water to get its feathers off—that's what you look like."

They parted at the station without a word, although she offered to take him to his hotel in a taxi. He appeared at her hotel about lunchtime and said, "Here is all I owe you," and immediately went away again.

She packed and suddenly was gone, rolling over the waves to New York, her head and body burning, her tongue running on, laughing, asking; and at night she thought of curious things. It bored her to fancy anything; but she had a fancy that she would like to jump into the dark sea's water and swim. She would be alone, free, borne up, delighted.

"What have I done? What is the matter with me?"

And in her mind she returned with weariness to the hideous fever of the man-woman struggle in New York, necessary, terrifying, endless, ugly. She had to take part again because she was a desirable girl; in the insatiable checked license, checked by cunning and calculation; in the lascivious longing, squalid fun; go back to dissatisfaction and cynicism, horror and fear, doubting; every hour the prey of a mad Venus, cruel with delay.

"Well, Mommy, here I am again, come back to plague you. Do you think we should go and live in Paris? You used to study music there. You would get young again. I thought of you all the time; and I thought how selfish I am. Oh, no, I didn't get engaged; I didn't even look for the Frenchman I told you about; I didn't go near his office. The French take love so seriously, I should have been involved. I had no time anyway. I saw nothing. I can't tell you what the streets looked like. But I had such a good time and went out with plenty of people; so many beaux, Mommy, it was exhausting. Oh, what's the news, the good old news?"

Her mother gave musical evenings; they invited their friends and young men. They prepared a variety of rich dishes, both being good cooks. The guests could look at the pieces of rare furniture and a cabinet of old china and jewelry which they had kept from Hester's marriage. The year passed. They heard that Tamara had committed suicide and that her lover and his wife had made up. "The money had given out," said Lydia. Spring came. Lydia was very tired. Her mother could not get away from her work; so

For dear moments
a birthday, anniversary or an unexpected thank-you

Give King's Royal Collection, the rarest chocolate treasures ever offered in one assortment. Unmistakably the finest.

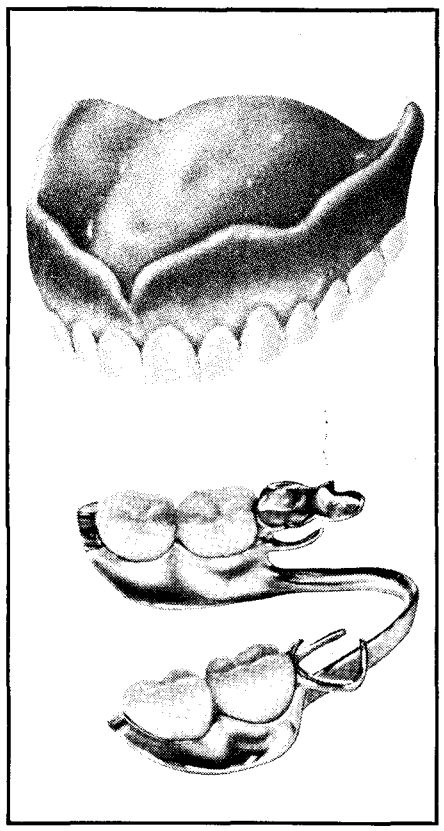
King's
SINCE 1906
CHOCOLATES FOR AMERICAN QUEENS

AT LEADING DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES.
KING CANDY COMPANY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Restores Dentures' Original Whiteness

and true pink color



Special "fast-soak" formula cleans costly dentures like fine jewelry.

Modern dentures are expensive, and like fine jewelry they are easily damaged. Cleaning with abrasive pastes or hard brushing may scratch dentures . . . may cause 'teeth' to be dropped or broken.

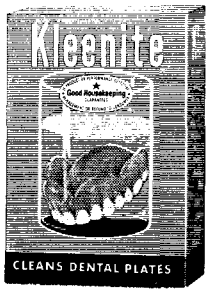
But today there's a newer, safer way to clean dentures—*soak* them clean in KLEENITE. This fast-acting powder soaks away discolorations—even smoke stains and film. It restores original whiteness and true natural color.

KLEENITE's fast-soak formula combines *three* stain-removing actions: (1) detergent; (2) solvent; (3) oxidizer. Special soak-in surfactant removes stains and film that pastes and brushes can't even reach.

Dentists have discovered that *soaking* in KLEENITE beats even the hardest brushing with an ordinary dentifrice. It cleans denture surfaces faster—even soaks away deeply embedded stains. Restores original whiteness to teeth and pinkness to gums. KLEENITE is available at all drug counters.

More Dentists Now Give KLEENITE To Denture Patients

A survey of dentists—all of whom have had an opportunity to try KLEENITE—shows more of these dentists now recommend KLEENITE than any other denture cleanser. Try it.



THE HUNTRESS

Lydia went alone to Saint Augustine, Florida, a place that a friend in Paris had raved about. She was very disappointed. The hotel was empty. There were no noisy visitors, lively crowds. She tapped along in her New York clothes, and she knew that at sunset it looked like a town in the *Arabian Nights*, but she did not care for sights; and when she walked along one of the roads, she heard noises. "What's that?" she asked a passing man. "Rattlesnakes." She hurried back to the hotel.

After a few days, she decided that Miami was the place she really wanted. She walked out, on her last evening, across a bridge to a small, sandy island. Walking about, lonely, was a stately young man of athletic build, fair-haired and well dressed. After a few paces, she called to him and they walked along together; but she did not chatter in her usual way. She was quiet, serious, and somewhat plaintive. She stayed on, and they passed several days together. He found out her age and said, startled: "But why aren't you married? I can't understand it, a beautiful girl like you." He walked along for a time without saying anything more; and at last, "How do you explain it?" He already knew her family history, that she had some money, that she was well educated.

"I have never been able to trust a man. It is very foolish of me," she said. "I want a man I can trust always. I want to rest with him and never to be anxious again. Oh, I have had such a wretched life; perhaps I don't understand men."

"Have you ever been ill, nervously ill?"

She laughed, "You mean am I crazy? Oh, no, Arthur; oh, how ridiculous!"

"I can't understand it, then."

She was at ease with him, looked forward to seeing him, and was not in a fever. They took the same train back to New York. But she did not hear from him. She told her mother about him, adding, "He probably thinks I'm crazy or there's something wrong with me. Otherwise, I should have been snapped up long ago." She began to laugh hysterically.

Two months later, he telephoned her in the evening. "Will you have dinner with me?" She had meant to turn him down, if he ever telephoned, but instead she said, "Yes." She went straight to the restaurant and they spent a quiet evening. He did not ask about her mother. On the weekend, he took her out to his home, a house on Long Island. He was a rich bachelor aged thirty-eight, who collected art treasures and studied the cello. He played for her: He was an artist. "Sometimes I have a few friends here; we make up a quartet." "Do you go to concerts?" "No; sometimes I get an orchestra to come here." She saw that he was very rich; and the quiet house with the servants, his own independent, eccentric absorption pleased her. He was quite amusing when alone with her. He took her home but would not go in to see her mother. "I think I know your mother now," he said. She did not expect to hear from him again; and even this, though she felt disappointment, left her with a feeling of calm. For the first time, she was resigned to her life. "What a funny man not to want to see your Mommy! Did you quarrel?" "No." "What's he like, kiddo? Come, tell me and we'll have a good laugh." "I don't want to talk about him, Mommy. Supposing he never telephones again? More water under the bridge! I wish I could go swimming. I couldn't go at Saint Augustine: it was too cold and I couldn't go swimming on that lonely beach. It is so quiet out there at his place; and it's by the Sound. I could swim there." "Well, some day in summer he'll ask you out."

The following week he telephoned again. They met in the same restaurant; and as soon as they sat down, he asked her to marry him. "I've thought about it for two months and I couldn't believe it; but I feel sure. I couldn't understand why you weren't married. I thought there must be something wrong with you. I was looking for a woman when I met you; but I never imagined I'd meet you."

She said yes, at once.

"I've thought about you and your life, and I've made up my mind what I am going to do."

She listened and did not laugh. It seemed to her that he had found the solution; what he said was quite right. She was going to be happy. Her mother was invited to the engagement party which he gave; but he did not speak to her. "I don't understand it: Why couldn't he say he was glad to know me, that he was grateful to me for bringing him his wife? He needn't have meant it; but it would have been a few words I would have been glad to hear." And little by little, patiently but with determination, he met her old friends, was good to them and discarded them. Presently it was as if her old life had never been; and she had grown up in his house; and it was many years before she thought about their union or found anything in it extraordinary. □

America, America

"Nobody gives a damn about good or evil anymore; either it's 'in' or it's 'out'!"

With THE HUNTRESS, *Christina Stead makes her first appearance in the pages of* The Saturday Evening Post, *but she is by no means a "new" writer. Since the publication of* The Salzburg Tales *thirty years ago, she has had an ardent following among critics, although her books have never met with popular success. Within the past year, however, the re-publication of her neglected novel,* The Man Who Loved Children, *has stirred up a storm of enthusiasm, and belated recognition that she is one of the best novelists of the century seems assured.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kentucky's Most Likeable Bourbon

Enjoy the magnificent flavor of this superb bourbon ... delicious sip and you'll appreciate how fabulous it ta... Bourbon D... greatest bourbon in history. Every drop ... craftsmen. N...
One look at

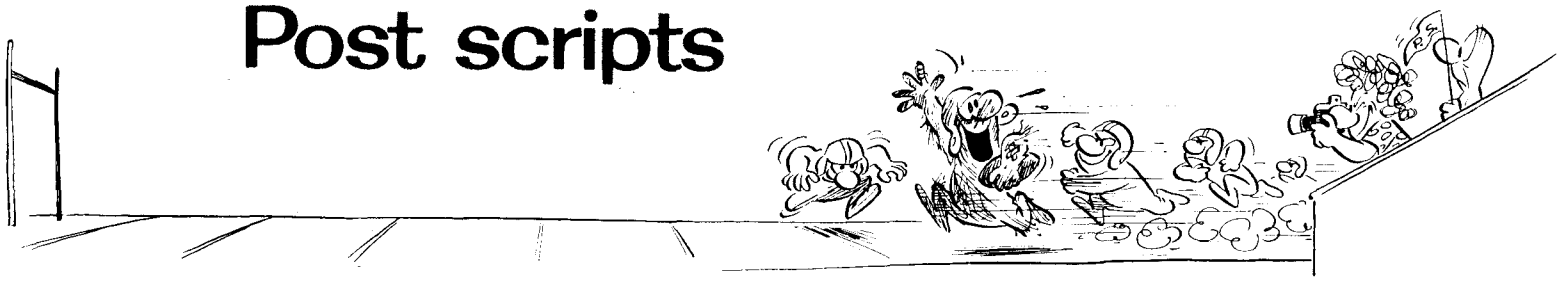
Kentucky Straight

Tear yourself away from this ad and head for Bourbon DeLuxe. The smooth Kentucky flavor—and terrific value—will sell you quicker than words.

The Bourbon De Luxe Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskies 80 & 86 Proof.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

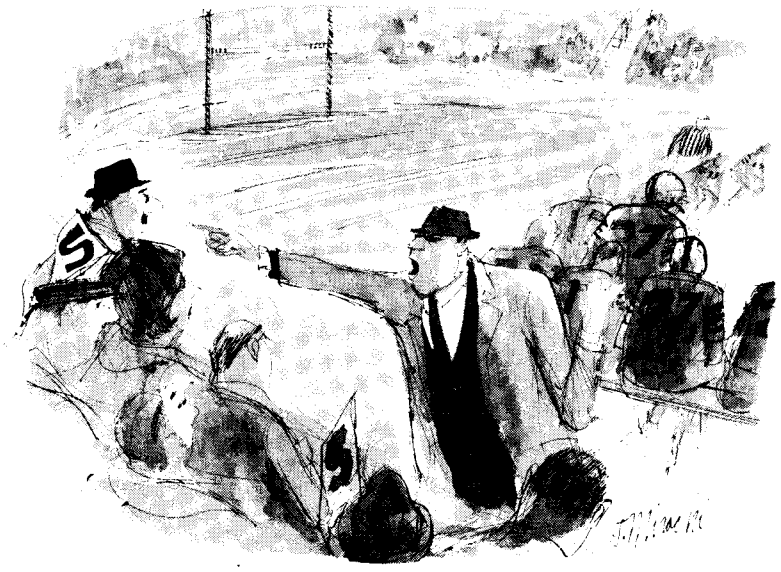
Post scripts



The Girl From Latvia

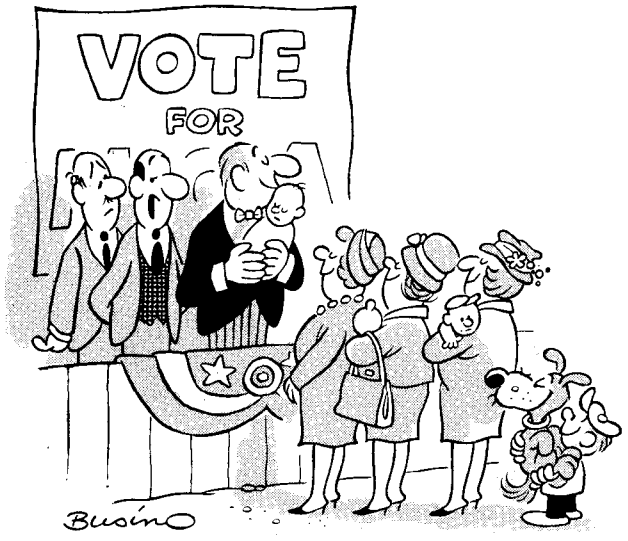
Pretty Putzi, sweet young Lett,
Observes the rules of etiquette.
Should you offer a ride to Putzi,
Don't attempt a game of footsie.
Pinch a Putzi, find a Tartar,
She carries a hatpin in her garter,
With which, if you are indiscreet,
Lett Put hurts you in the driver's seat.

OGDEN NASH

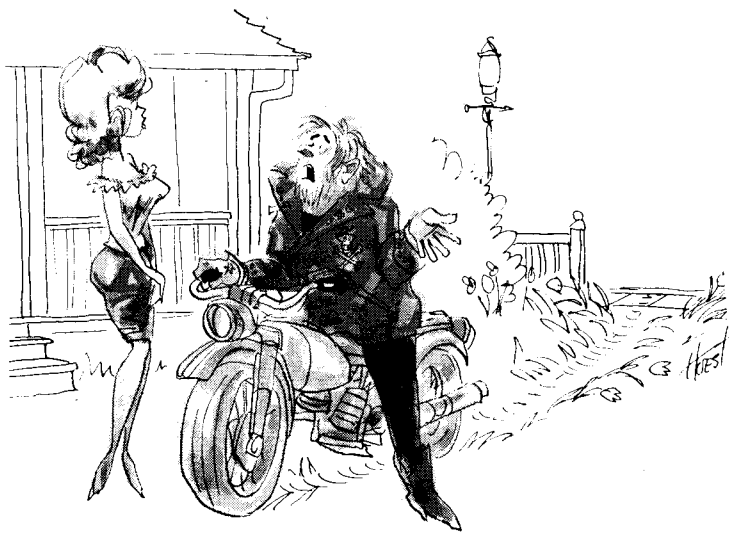


"You, with all the advice—go in for Oblonsky!"

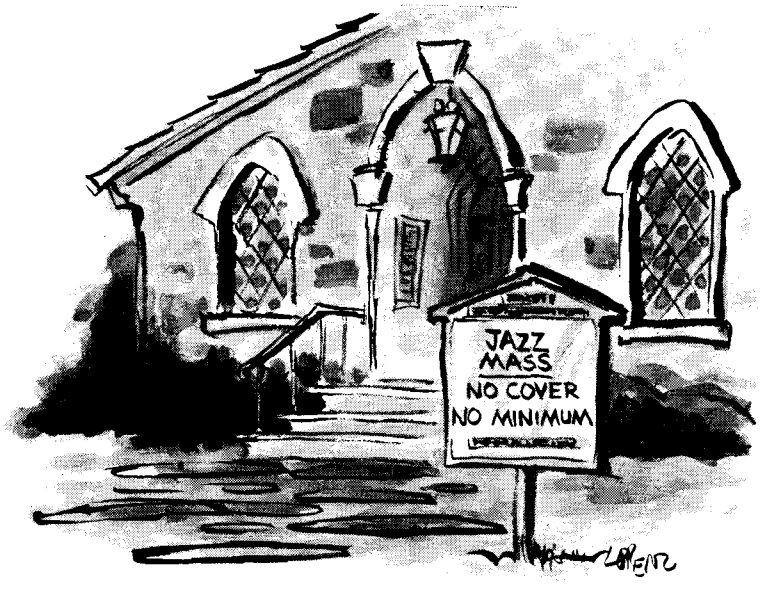
"You're not listening to a word I'm saying."



"We're in trouble."



"But what is it your parents don't like about me?"

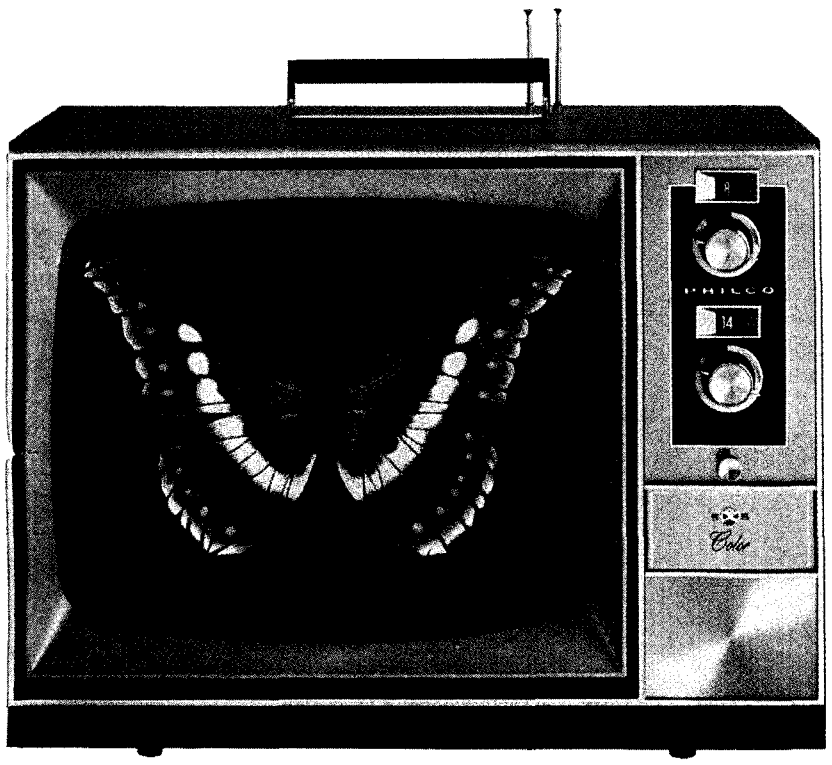


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So you told your kids you're not getting color tv until somebody makes a portable?

Better get a new story.

Or a new Philco.



The breakthrough in color tv has happened.

Philco has cut color down to size. Now you can have portable color tv that works on its own built-in antenna. Plugs in anywhere. Can be moved from room to room.

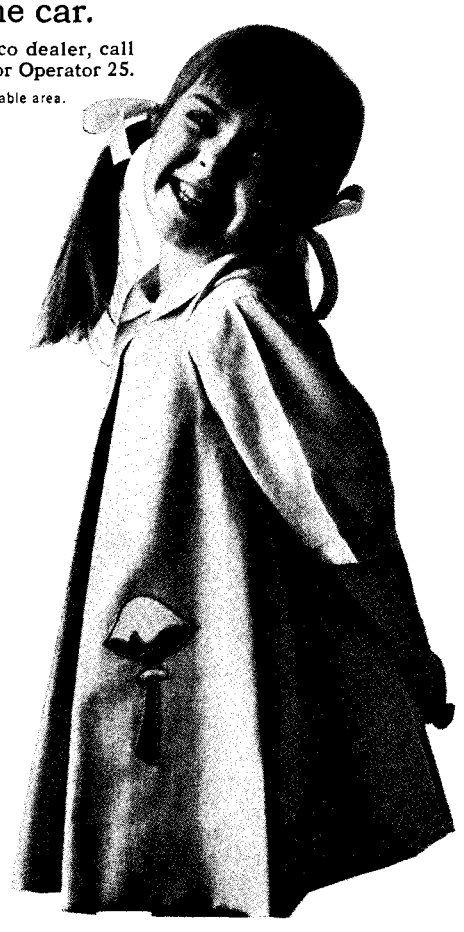
Philco replaced many of the tubes with tiny transistors and diodes that run cool, rarely need service. And there's a new 19-inch* Philco color tube that gives the brightest picture on the market.

Here's Philco 20/20 Color at its best. Color that's kept true to life by circuits that check it more than 15,000 times a second. With new Philco automatic degaussing to eliminate color impurities.

Visit a Philco dealer and see the new Philco color portable for yourself. Your kids are already waiting for you in the car.

For the name of your nearest Philco dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

*Overall diagonal measurement. 172-sq.-in. viewable area.



PHILCO®

A SUBSIDIARY OF *Ford Motor Company*

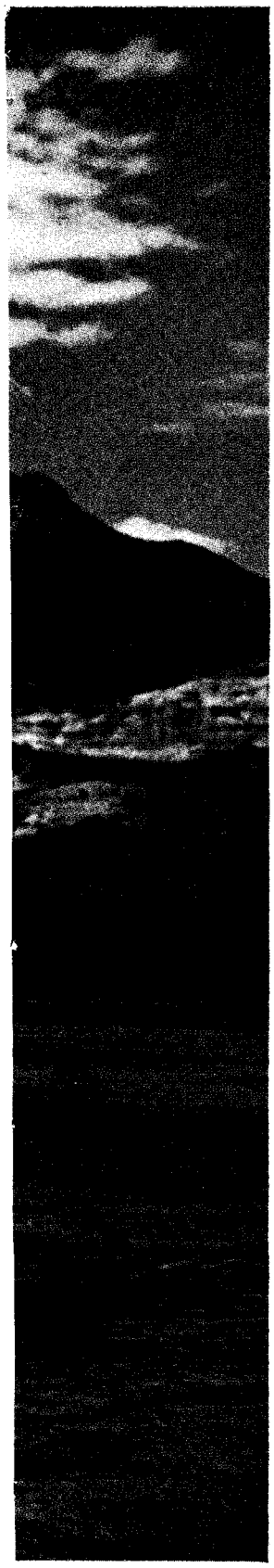
TELEVISION • STEREO PHONOGRAPHS
RADIO • HOME LAUNDRY • RANGES
REFRIGERATORS • AIR CONDITIONERS
FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOWN THE WIDE MISSOURI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH AN OLD S.O.B.



One day on the river is very much like any other day. It starts with the sun's rays peeping over the high bluffs, the wind rustling in the cottonwoods, Tom Benton rustling out of his sleeping bag with a *pro forma* resolution to definitely henceforth cut out drinking after the evening meal.

There is the usual clatter of camp life: spitting toothpaste into the bushes, sizzling bacon, pulling up the tent stakes. And then down to the gluey mud of the riverbank to load our little flotilla, and under the immensely empty western sky we are off drifting on the great, brown Missouri, past snags and sandbars, cliffs and coulees, honking geese, Tom comfortably bulwarked in the bow of his boat, with his chewing tobacco and his sketch pad, his sharp old eyes searching out the landscape.

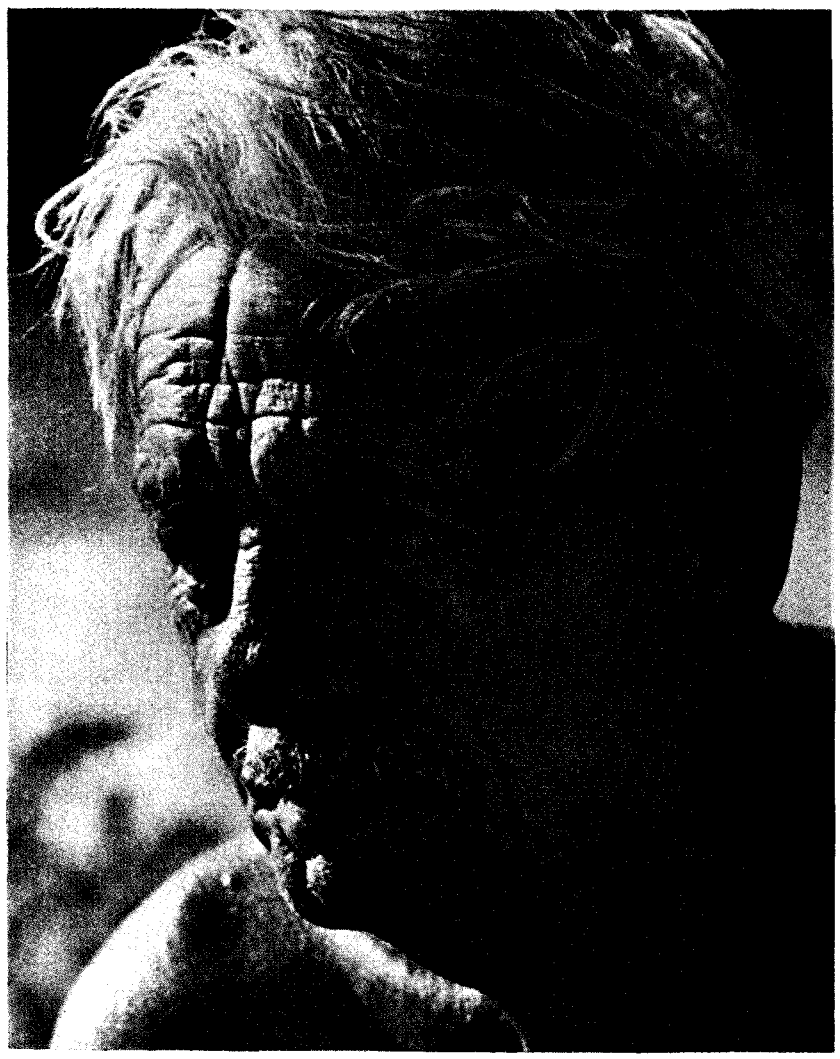
Tom is Thomas Hart Benton of Kansas City, the Grand Old Man (or some would say the Vile Old Man; at any rate the Outspoken Old Man) of American art, who at the age of 76, fearing neither man nor beast nor art critic, has come to the headwaters of the mightiest of American rivers to record one more facet of the American experience he has been trying to get down on his drawing pad for half a century. His quick, pugnacious eyes reflect all those years of artistic disputes, going back to the days when he was founding his own distinctively American school of painting and almost singlehandedly reviving the art of mural painting in America.

He is chunky, grizzled, with a piratical red bandanna round his neck, profane, loquacious, Harry Truman's favorite painter; a little slowed by age but spry at clambering up a deer track, a man with a firm grip on the neck of a bottle, ever ready with his Missouri mule-skinner vocabulary to curl the hairy ears of the Corps of Engineers men running the boats.

Benton has loved rivers and riverboating since his father took him down Cowskin Creek in the Indian Territory back in the 1890's. In everything from canoe to LST he has floated or paddled or steamed on river and creek and bayou across the land. But never on the upper waters of the mighty mud-choked Missouri, the "strong brown god" of his fellow-Missourian T. S. Eliot. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, moved by an obscure bureaucratic impulse, has invited him to go along on an informal exploring party. And here he is.

The idea of the trip was to cover the whole route of the Lewis and Clark exploration in 1805 from Omaha to the headwaters of the river at Three Forks, Mont. But the Engineers have built so many giant dams that most of the river is blue lake water now, and the landmarks of the old exploring and pioneering days have mostly been drowned. Only one long stretch is unchanged: the 150 miles or so downstream from Fort Benton (named for the artist's great-uncle, the Senator Thomas Hart Benton who was a great prophet of western expansion) to Slippery Ann Creek (named for a bank robber's mistress who had a mean way with a deck of cards).

This stretch the Engineers now propose to drown with a $360 million dam complex. If they had any illusions that Tom would give them any aid and comfort in this project, he is quick to set the record straight. He wants them to leave the river alone. At most he would accept the rival project of the National Park Service, which would close the whole area to all forms of useful endeavor



Crusty, controversial and profane, 76-year-old Thomas Hart Benton is not only a great American artist but a great American character.

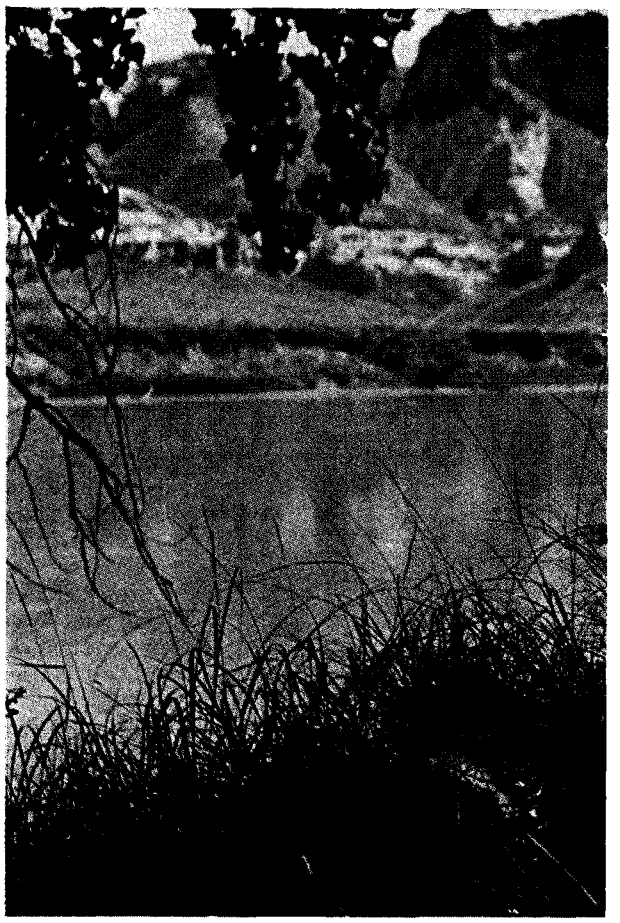
By Robert Wernick

Photographs by Ted Polumbaum

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Women!" growls Benton. "They say they are dying to get a look at the darling wilderness, and the next thing you know they are demanding flush toilets."

Late in the first day on the river, Benton disembarks near Fort Piegan. Flags marked campsite for the oncoming boats.



On the fourth day, intent on a detail of the scene before him, th

and make it into a National Wilderness Area, open only to certified lovers of the primitive life.

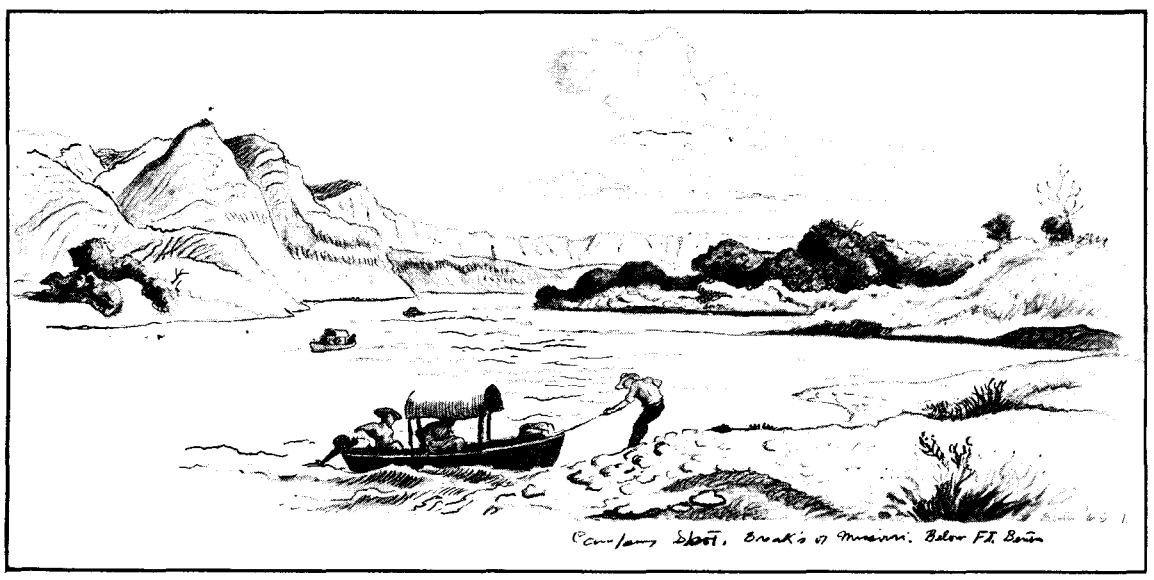
"But Tom, you can't fight progress," says the area engineer. "Sure this stretch of the river is historic and beautiful. But these dams mean power and industry and irrigation."

"What the hell do you want with more irrigation in Montana?" Benton says. "We've got surpluses of everything as it is. All you'll be growing is more Goldwater voters, and you've got too many of them as it is. I like this view. Why can't you leave it alone?"

"But Tom, we're only going to raise the level of the river fifty feet. Maybe it would spoil the view from here, but you take that canyon across on the other bank. No one can go up it now, but the dams would flood it, and then people could go up it in boats and maybe they'd find that the scenery is spectacular there too."

"No, no, no," he shouts. "Let the sons of bitches go up the canyon the hard way." He spits a brown gobbet of tobacco juice into the brown Missouri.

The river below Fort Benton meanders in a narrow flood plain sunk between giant bluffs of glacial fill. At the top of the bluffs are the wheat fields and cattle ranges of the High Plains, but down on the river we are out of sight and sound of humanity. Blue herons strutting on sandbars catch sight of us, squawk and scold, stretch their long, looping necks and majestically fly away. A Canada goose flaps and splashes, feigning panic, to distract attention from her goslings, too young to fly. Beavers gnaw witlessly away at tree trunks. Deer browse in the tall grass by the riverbanks and trip shyly down to drink. All is just as it was for Lewis and Clark, we keep telling ourselves.



There are, of course, some differences since 1805. The rise and fall of the river is dictated not by melting snow in the Rockies but by the amount of electric current needed by the factories and electric toasters of Montana. We may pass a golden eagle testing its immense wingspread against a cliffside, but there are no grizzlies, no hostile Blackfeet, no heaped and stinking corpses of buffalo driven over cliffs by hungry Indians. Instead of dugouts made from cottonwood trunks, our boatmen have sturdy aluminum craft with outboard motors and chilled beer, and the only discomforts are chigger bites and an occasional patch of white water.

Things have changed for artists as well. The last professional painter to be brought a great distance to record these scenes was a young Swiss named Karl Bodmer, who was in the entourage of Prince Maximilian von Wied-Neuwied when the prince came to make scientific observations of the Great Plains in 1835. Bodmer was very much a servant, to be wakened or called at any hour to sketch a buffalo or an Indian dance or a bit of scenery which struck the fancy of his royal patron. Tom Benton, on the other hand, is his own boss. When he sees a noble cliff or a lush riverside prairie he likes, he gives the word, and the convoy noses in to shore.

"A funny thing about Bodmer," says Benton. "He never did anything else, as far as I know. He made all those fine paintings, but of course to the aesthetes of the time, it was just reporting, it wasn't art."

Aesthetes! The very word is enough to plunge him back into a lifetime of artistic controversy. Half a century ago he was an aesthete himself, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year-old artist works at the sketch shown in the photo at right.

His sketch completed in rough, Benton applies tone. Here and in pictures below, he adjusted the scenery to suit himself.

school-of-Paris abstractionist immersed in quarrels over chromatic form. Today all abstractionists hate him as a matter of principle. Tom has his principles too. "There has been great art in the past that was purely abstract and decorative—Muhammadan art, for instance. But this is the first time in history when art has been made deliberately without meaning. Oh well, some of it may survive. I may be wrong too. All art theories are just rationalizations; you paint a certain way, and then you make up theories to justify it.

"Lots of these abstract expressionists' works were made so carelessly they're cracking and falling to pieces already. That's the trouble when you're just interested in pure expressing yourself, you don't give a damn what you're doing.

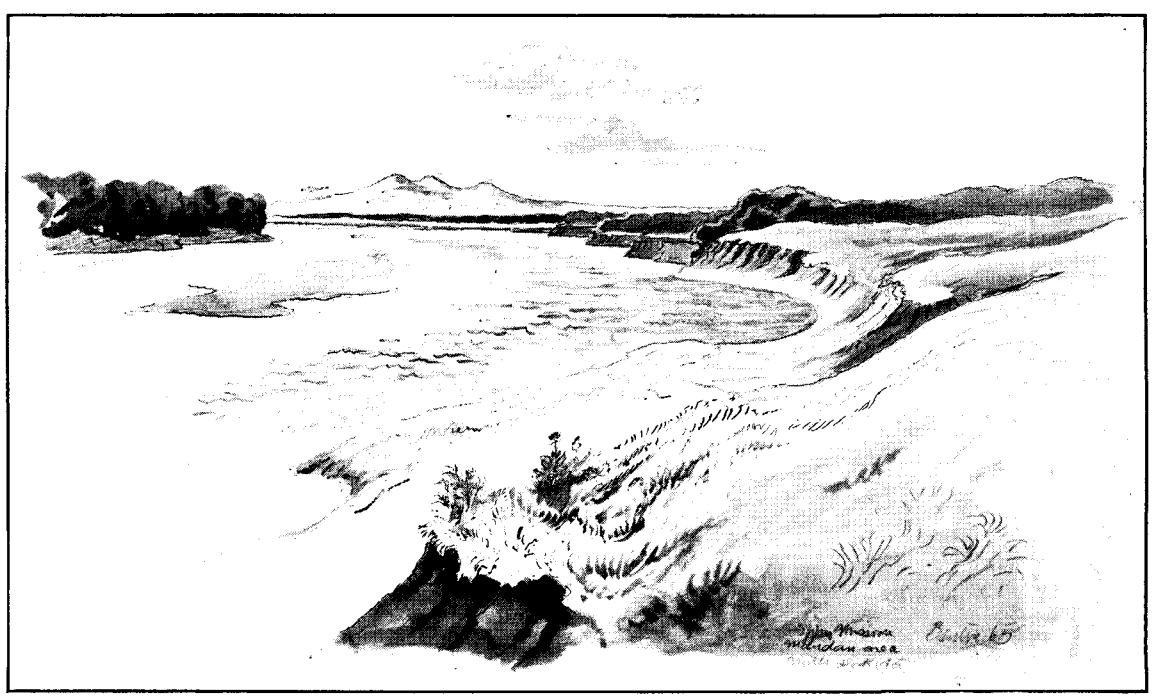
"And if you notice: The careers of abstract artists so often end in a kind of bitter emptiness. It's the emptiness of a person looking into himself all the time. But the objective world is always rich: There is always something round the next bend of the river."

Around the bend in the afternoon of the second day we come upon the celebrated White Rocks, the "seens of visionary inchantment" which so delighted Meriwether Lewis in 1805. Here the bluffs are soft, white sandstone, eroded into what Lewis saw as "eligant ranges of lofty freestone buildings, having their parapets well stocked with statuary; collumns . . . pyramids . . . nitches and alcoves." This is what Tom has been waiting for, and he spends hours hopping and clambering and cursing himself for having smoked a cigarette last night ("It only takes one to kill my wind"), till he finds the ideal landscape, the one he will use in his next major historical painting.

While he sketches, the other members of the party keep busy in their various recondite ways. The boatmen turn up old rifle shells, even an arrowhead. The historian from the National Park Service is on the lookout for traces of old fur traders and Blackfeet scalping parties. The area engineer computes the area that will be flooded by his dams. The engineers' recreation director lectures the tenderfeet from *The Saturday Evening Post* about the problems of the outdoor life: "Now that stuff sticking into your legs is your needle-and-thread grass. Note how Mother Nature has provided it with a corkscrew construction so that it can go on digging into you."

We camp that night under giant cottonwoods which, we like to think, might have been saplings when Lewis and Clark's crews, their bare feet cut by the sharp stones, dragged their pirogues up the icy stream 160 years ago.

Round the campfire in the evening, while the steaks sizzle and mourning doves moan, the bottle is pulled out and broached, and Tom is ready to beat his way again through the storms of the past. Thirty years ago, as chief of the so-called Regionalist School, he was enthroned, with his friends Grant Wood and John Curry, at the summit of the American art world. He is back in fashion today—his paintings sell for $25,000 and up—but there was a stretch of years in between when he was derided, almost forgotten, when he sold barely



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No slave to fashion—in his dress as well as his art—Benton dons a bandanna (above) to ward off mosquitoes and hunches in a slicker (below) when rain sweeps river.

enough to keep his family in decent comfort. The bottom dropped out of the market for Regionalism after the Second World War, and American art took a violent turn in directions that Benton had spurned years before. Drips and splatters, splashes and blobs and whorls were what the art buyers wanted. Curry and Wood both died in despair. Benton remembers going to see Grant Wood in his last illness, dying in the hospital of cancer of the liver, and Wood told him he was going to start a new life under a new name as soon as he got better.

Tom Benton went on painting precisely as he had before, holding the same opinions, spouting them when they were called for and spouting them when they weren't. Through all that bitter time, the grand master of the reigning school was his old student, his best student, his old friend and babysitter, Jackson Pollock. It is a name never far from the Benton conversation. If he sees a particularly pleasing formation of lichen on a rock, out there in the Montana wilderness, he will say mischievously, "Just like a Jack Pollock."

"Jack Pollock," he says, "never learned to draw. He never could grasp anything that depended on logical connections, like anatomy or perspective. He was the most unintellectual man who ever lived. That doesn't mean he wasn't intelligent. He might have got drunk and made a fool of himself, he often did. But he never would have done anything so damn foolish, so damfool inappropriate as Lewis Mumford did that time I had the fracas with him. Lewis Mumford, there's an intellectual for you.

"I suppose you read about my fracas with Lewis in the papers last May. To hear people talk about it, you'd think I get into fights all the time. Hell, I don't really get mad more than once every ten years. The last time? Well, it was with a man and his wife. The time before that it was with Burl Ives. He's so much bigger than I am, I had to go for him with a poker.

"The sad thing about the fracas with Lewis is, we used to be friends. Then one day in 1938 I wrote a review of one of his books, and we didn't speak for 25 years. Then we met at the American Academy, I said, 'Hello, Lewis,' he said, 'Hello, Tom,' and we were friends again. Then he got up and gave that damfool speech. He was the president of the American Academy and was in a public place, and he knew it was going to be taken all around the world as an official speech, and he was calling the U.S. Government a bunch of blackguards about its policy on Vietnam. I wasn't drunk. Oh, I'd had a few, but I knew what I was doing. I was mad. That's when I got up and said I wasn't going to listen to any of that garbage anymore. Now I suppose I won't be able to talk to Lewis for another 25 years."

When the bottle is empty, Tom is ready to turn in. In the morning he vows that he will never again take a drink after dinner.

By the third day we have surrendered to the wilderness. In fact we are rather snobbish about it, and outraged to find other human beings encamped by the place where we are to spend the night. There is a ferry nearby, serving a backcountry road, and assorted fishermen have come to pitch their poles there, and their wives are gossiping back in their trailers.

"Women!" growls Benton. Women are the death of the wilderness, with their tidy possessive ways, their passion for moving things around. "Women come out saying they are dying to get a look at that darling wilderness, and the first thing you know they are demanding flush toilets. The hell with civilization!" cries Tom with a baleful look at the women up there in their trailers who are depriving him of his right to strip down like Huck Finn and cool off in the swift muddy waters.

Yet, he says wistfully, in the old days, when he used to hoof it all over America, he would have gone up to those people, he would have talked to them, won their confidence, perhaps sketched them as they fished or gossiped. "It's part of growing old," he says. "You have to give up a lot of things when you grow old, but that doesn't mean you have to give up everything. So many of my friends have given up. They get attached to their comforts, or they get attached to their miseries. I've had to form a whole new circle of friends, people twenty or twenty-five years younger than me. Of course, once you're past sixty or thereabouts, you notice people's attitude toward you change. Like that cute little waitress in Fort Benton; twenty years ago I would have jollied her along, but now I know the way she'd look at me: '*What is that old s.o.b. up to?*'"

After the White Rocks the scenery is less concentrated, less spectacular, but charged with its own desolate grandeur. This is real Benton country. He loves the clean, dry western air, the incisive contrasts, every color and contour sharp and clear, the dry hillsides etched out by their watercourses like drawings for a book on the anatomy of the earth.

Not many artists draw like that these days. No one lives more in the present than old Tom Benton, but he isn't so sure the old days weren't better in a lot of ways. "Artists were friendlier then, for one thing. You knew when you started that you were going to have to live without any money to speak of for fifteen or twenty years. You went to Paris, you got a girl to take care of you and you took a lot of odd jobs to make a little cash. Anyone who happened onto some money was glad to share it with his friends. It was a good time. That was the last generation of American artists in Paris who made names for themselves—John Marin, Jake Epstein, all of us. Nowadays you have all the galleries taking up young kids and pushing them, and getting them involved in squabbles over publicity and in all those silly artistic animosities before they've started shaving.

"It's the art dealers. I've known so many of them. Some of them take your money in a quiet gentlemanly way, and others take it in the other way. I knew one gang of them, they specialized in selling pictures to Texas and Oklahoma people, oil millionaires, people with no more aesthetic sense than a turnip. There was a poor old lady in Oklahoma, a rich old bag I should say, and they sent her a couple of dozen pieces of trash for a whopping price. Then they suddenly discovered that by mistake one of the pictures they had sent her was by a famous artist. They wrote her at once: Dear Madam, We are grief-stricken to learn that by an oversight we sent you, along with all that wonderful art, a dirty, grimy old picture that slipped in by mistake. We will be glad to exchange it at no cost to yourself for the bright, cheerful, extremely valuable work we are sending you by express special delivery, yours very truly. And they got it back too. She thought they were doing her a favor. Oh, I could tell you stories."

He did too. But the laws of obscenity and libel prevent any repetition of them in this place.

Tom Benton has an avid interest in the American past, and can at any time keep up a learned antiquarian discussion with the Park Service historian on such questions as: Did the Mandan villages smell bad? ("Of course they did!") Did Sacajawea live to be 100? ("Hell no, she didn't!") He himself is a kind of bridge from the American

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

past to the American present, and he can shuttle between generations with ease. "One thing about living a long time," he says, "is that you see everything at least twice. Like op art, which is the latest thing in the galleries. It's very interesting, and it was very interesting the first time I saw it, in the books of Wundt and the other German psychologists back in the 1890's and 1900's. They had fascinating experiments with linear illusions and effects of color on color."

Or take folk songs. If Tom's memory is correct, he is the man responsible for planting that particular virus in the American bloodstream. It came from some songs he had learned while tramping around the southern highlands in the 1920's. He played them on his harmonica for his friend Charlie Seeger, a musicologist at Juilliard, who went wild over them, and in the fullness of time let loose the river which runs through Charlie's son Pete to the whole flood of grim guitar-twanging folk now loose in the land. All because of Tom.

"For the artist," says Benton, "the world is always rich. There is always something around the next bend in the river."

So we drift along, till on the sixth day the noise of lapping waves is broken by the more familiar noise of automobiles, and we are passing under a highway bridge. A hot shower and a shave at Slippery Ann, and we are ready for civilization again. "To hell with civilization!" repeats Benton, climbing into the station wagon.

We are soon back in the world of strip farming, filling stations, motels. As we get out at the liquor store in Lewiston, Benton is in a benign mood. The area engineer has not sold him on dams, but they assure each other of their eternal friendship. He even has a solicitous thought to spare for his old foes, the abstract painters. "The human figure is coming back into fashion in painting, and what are all those poor sons of bitches going to do now? They never learned how to draw." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RIDDLE OF THE "NICE" KILLER

Duane Pope, a quiet Kansas farm boy and a hometown hero, went out one morning and calmly shot three persons to death, leaving his astounded friends to wonder, "Why?"

By Bard Lindeman

Although he is wearing handcuffs, Pope is chained to the U.S. marshal who is escorting him to a preliminary hearing in Lincoln, Nebr. The young gunman is impatiently awaiting his coming trial.

It was 11:15 on the morning of June 4, 1965, when the green Chevrolet pulled into Big Springs, Nebr., and stopped on the gravel shoulder next to the red-and-yellow brick building of the Farmers State Bank.

Police Chief Harry Shaw was passing in his pickup truck and saw the driver get out of the car. He was well dressed, wearing a dark suit, white shirt and striped tie. "Must be one of them bank examiners," Harry Shaw told himself.

The stranger, hatless and carrying a small briefcase, pushed open the glass door and walked over to the desk of Andreas Kjeldgaard, the bank's president and a 77-year-old millionaire. The man stood by Andreas Kjeldgaard's desk and asked about a farm loan. When he was told the bank did not make farm loans in Big Springs, the stranger took a gun from his case and, still nice and easy, pointed it at the banker.

There were three employees in the small area in back of the tellers' cages: Frank Kjeldgaard, 25, a nephew of the president; Mrs. Lois Ann Hothan, 35, a widow with two sons; and Glenn Hendrickson, 59, a cashier. They emptied their cash drawers of $1,598, dropping the money into the gunman's case, and then Mrs. Hothan explained truthfully that she couldn't open the big vault, where most of the cash was kept. The door to the vault had a time lock.

Motioning with his revolver, the soft-voiced young bandit ordered everyone to lie down on the floor. Frank Kjeldgaard, who happened to be a gun expert, recognized the pistol as a .22 Sturm-Ruger that was equipped with a silencer. The three men and Mrs. Hothan quietly stretched out on their stomachs on the tan-and-white rug. The gunman then stood over Andy Kjeldgaard and, saying nothing, fired one shot into the old man's neck and another into his back. The second bullet struck his heart. The silencer muffled the explosions, but out of the corner of his eye Frank Kjeldgaard saw the concussions knock the glasses off his uncle's head.

Frank Kjeldgaard next felt the muzzle of the gun against his own neck. He heard the cough of the silencer as the bullet ripped into him. He stayed conscious, however, and felt the impact of the second shot in the small of his back. The bullet missed his heart. Kjeldgaard was still conscious enough to realize that he must play dead and he did not moan.

The gunman then walked around the two men and killed Glenn Hendrickson with precisely the same shots—the first into the neck, the second into the back. Mrs. Hothan was lying beside Hendrickson. She had heard the silencer fire six times, but she was still lying face-down on the floor when her turn came. The pistol fired twice more. It had taken only a minute, and there were eight little copper shell cases scattered across the rug.

The killer turned and walked away from the scene. As he reached the door, a wheat farmer named Otto Mauser pushed inside. "Good morning," the stranger said.

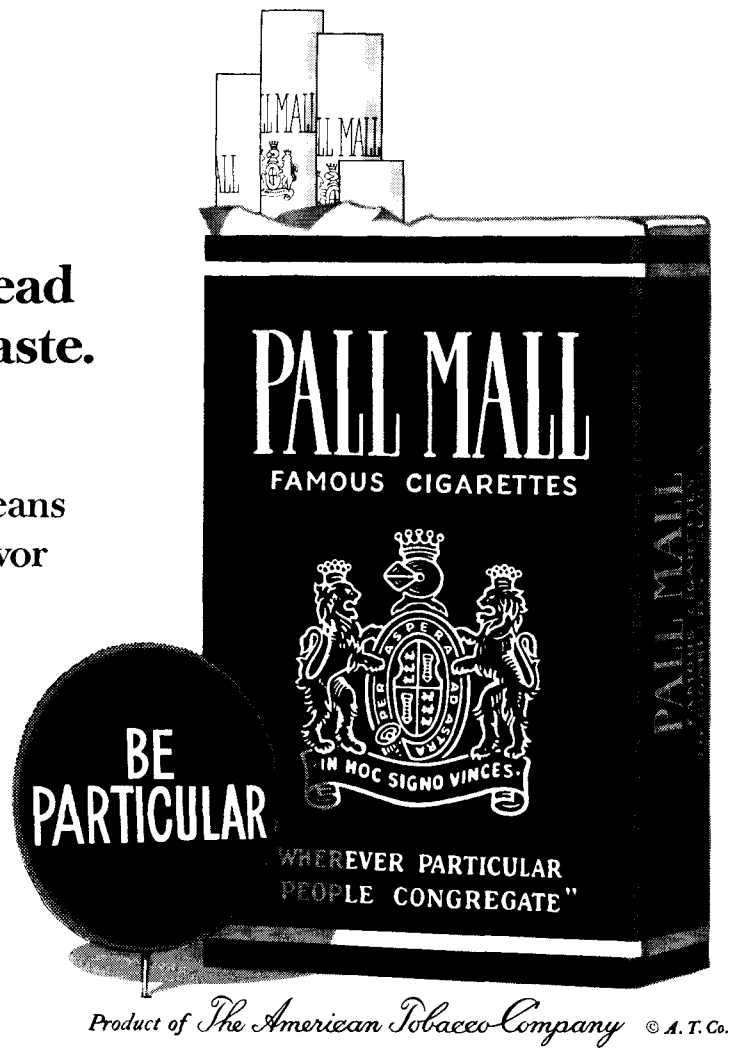
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's one in every crowd!

You don't have to stand on your head to prove you're particular about taste.

All you have to do is smoke Pall Mall.
Why? Because Pall Mall's natural mildness means just one thing: smooth, pleasing flavor – the flavor you get from Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy!
Smoke a long cigarette that's long on flavor. Buy Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes.

Outstanding – *and* they are mild!



Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLINICAL PROGRESS REPORT:

New advance in home treatment for HEMORRHOIDS

Doctors report results "good to excellent" for 5 of every 6 patients with new formula that provides more complete, longer-lasting relief!

Hemorrhoid sufferers by the thousands are turning to new M.P.O.—the advanced discovery that brings faster relief from pain, itch and swelling. Here's why:

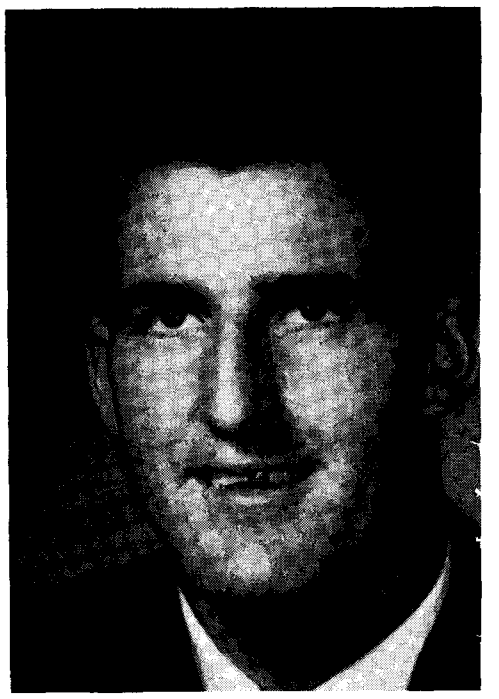
Relief starts in seconds—M.P.O. contains more medically accepted pain-relieving ingredients than the preparation you may now be using. And M.P.O. is homogenized for faster absorption of its relief-bringing medication. The instant you apply M.P.O., its anesthetic (Benzocaine) and vasoconstrictor (Ephedrine Sulfate) start to work to relieve pain, stop embarrassing itching and promote shrinking.

Relief lasts longer—Because M.P.O's formula has an exclusive stabilized base, the medication is concentrated on the inflamed tissue to keep on working. And it includes Hexachlorophene, the famous germ killer, to relieve bacteria-caused itching and fight possible infection.

M.P.O. is available at all drug counters in stainless ointment or suppository form. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back. Get M.P.O. today!

The Mentholatum Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pope hid his tensions behind a smiling mask. "He just never rebelled against anything or anyone," recalls a former roommate.



In his college yearbook picture, Pope looks as confident and as unworried as any other senior. Then, five days after graduation, he walked into the bank in Big Springs, Nebr.

THE RIDDLE

Mauser, noticing the briefcase and what he later called "city clothes," believed he was a salesman. Once outside, the stranger walked to his car and drove away. Paul Collison, a Big Springs high-school coach, had been watching from across the street. He thought it odd that the car had no license plates, and then he heard the bank alarm. As Collison ran for a phone, Mauser started down the other side of the street, yelling, "The bank's been robbed! There's at least two bodies up there."

Actually there were three and there very nearly were four. Frank Kjeldgaard was paralyzed in the lower half of his body, but he lived. The first bullet had ripped through his neck, narrowly missing his jugular vein; the second had damaged his lungs and his spinal cord.

Within 36 hours of the shootings, the FBI knew the identity of the killer. He was easily traced through the green Chevrolet he had rented in his own name, and witnesses also picked out his photograph. Federal agents said that the murderer was a shy, smiling farm boy who had been graduated from McPherson College in Kansas just five days before. His name was Duane Pope.

To the people who had known Duane Pope for years, the announcement was literally incredible. They knew him as a quiet, amiable young man who had worked his way through college on a scholarship by sweeping classrooms and hauling trash. He had been co-captain of the football team in his senior year. Duane was 22 years old, he was handsome enough to be noticed by the girls, he was a lean, powerful six feet one and a half inches and 190 pounds, and, apparently, he had no problems at all.

On Sunday night, May 30, when he had stood under the bright lights in Jessie Brown Auditorium to take his degree, Duane Pope was someone the college and the community looked up to—a representative of the worth and dignity of the American small college and the American small town.

"They got the wrong Pope," said Nick Petrucci, who was Duane's co-captain and his roommate for three and a half years. "There are lots of Popes in Kansas and they got the wrong one."

Nick recalled how he and Duane had been studying together one night when a spider started to crawl across the floor. Nick had yelled, "Kill him, Duane, he's coming your way."

"Nah," Duane had answered, "I don't want to."

"And the damn bug," Nick said, finishing his story, "crawled right under him. Duane just didn't like killing nothing. He used to stand in the middle of the room in the dorm and swat flies with his 'M'-club paddle, but he only liked to stun them. He didn't like to kill them. Flies, spiders, bugs, nothing. Now you tell me how he killed them three people?"

Sometime next month in the United States District Courthouse at Lincoln, Nebr., the Federal Government is scheduled to try Duane Pope for murder. Locked in a narrow maximum-security cell at the state penitentiary, the prisoner, who never has wanted to do anything but work the land, is restless, bewildered and impatient for the trial. He speaks so softly that his visitors must ask that the prison fan be turned off during their conversations. "Why?" Duane asks constantly. "Why did I kill? Why did I do it?"

Everyone asks "Why?" after a crime of senseless violence, and the answers are usually speculative and inadequate. The most spectacular crimes are often committed by the most unlikely persons. The case of Duane Pope is a classic example of brutal, sudden and irrational violence. It is especially baffling, because social scientists have found that such cold-blooded acts usually occur in large cities. According to the established theories of criminology, they should not be committed by a person who was raised in a small, stable community where the people all know one another.

Roxbury, Kans., Duane Pope's home town, is just such a community. It stands at the four corners made by two intersecting, blacktop county roads in the central part of the state. From one end of town you can take in all of Roxbury at a glance. There are the Roxbury State Bank, Ash's grocery, a gas station with two pumps, a café selling hot and cold sandwiches, pie, coffee and 3.2 beer and the little house with the switchboard and telephone operator. The elementary and high schools are in one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

building. The tallest structure is the big, white grain elevator, just west of the crossroads.

The Pope farm, a half section—320 acres—is five miles outside Roxbury and nearly three miles off the hardtop along a narrow dirt-and-gravel road. Far back from the road, an island surrounded by wheat, corn and soybeans, is a weather-scarred frame house and a half-dozen ramshackle buildings: tool sheds, garages, a barn, chicken houses and lean-tos. Scattered about, and creating a sense of disorder, are thousands of dollars' worth of tractors, plows and other small farm machinery, as well as trucks and cars. Much of the equipment is in disrepair, apparently abandoned where it sits.

There is electricity and television in the main house, but no plumbing and no running water. The first thing Duane did on returning to the dormitory after a weekend at home, his friends noticed, was to take a long, hot shower.

Earl Pope, Duane's father, stands six feet four and weighs 270 pounds. He is a gruff and plain-spoken man. He never has made much money, and so Fay Crumpacker Pope, whom he married out of Roxbury High School, works as a practical nurse in the county hospital at McPherson. The Popes, a minister explains, live in the fashion of many big Kansas farm families, "sufficient unto themselves, with few if any close friends and a little shy with outsiders." Shyness is a characteristic of the Pope children, he adds.

Duane is the fourth of eight children, the second of the five Pope sons. He was still a boy when he began to help out in the fields. Because he liked to work with his hands, he often stripped down and repaired a piece of farm equipment, whether it needed it or not. If Duane stood apart in those days, it was only because he was better behaved than most farm boys. His eighth-grade teacher recalls: "There were some fiery mean ones, ready to make war on the others. But not Duane Pope. He was one of the best."

In the high-school yearbook, *The Lion*, there are 17 lines of type listing Duane's activities. There are pictures of him, sober and unsmiling, as senior-class president and student-council member and others of him, handsome and smiling, as the basketball captain with the pretty, white-gowned Homecoming Queen on his arm. A photograph of him holding a tall, glistening basketball trophy is captioned "Happy? Why, of course."

On the nights that Roxbury played basketball at home, the little crossroads town came alive. The whole town ate an early supper and headed for the gym. Here, a dozen times a season, the drama of Roxbury vs. The Outside World was played out, with popcorn and soda at halftime. The 1961 team, with Duane Pope its captain, was league champion for the first time in nine years and was the only Roxbury team ever to win the local tournament.

"You want to know what they thought of Duane in Roxbury?" Nick Petrucci asked one day recently. "They looked at him and said, 'I hope my kids are like him.' I went home to some basketball games with him and everyone, I mean everyone, said hello to him."

After high school Duane would have been content to stay home and farm, or join with his brother Dennis in the business known as "cat-skinning"—working with big earthmoving and land-clearing machines. Duane had discovered the Caterpillars at a state fair years ago and they excited him more than anything in his life. But it was expected that he go on to college. His mother and people in town wanted it for him, and his coaches encouraged it. So, when McPherson offered him a scholarship if he would work and play football, he said he'd try it.

Duane never was comfortable in college. "I remember that he'd always walk down the right side of the hall, never the middle," said Charley Wiggins, who was in some classes with Duane. "He'd say hello but wouldn't stop. That's how shy he was."

And there were nights when, with a paper due or an examination scheduled, Duane would complain, "I don't belong here. I never should have come."

Even the fact that he lived with Nick Petrucci, an easygoing extrovert, seemed to weigh upon Duane. Nick's glibness was a constant reminder of his own inability to relax, be quick, clever, get laughs, be gay with the girls.

Duane often sought escape the only way he knew—by going home to Rox-

JOHNNY UNITAS WEARS SUPP-HOSE SOCKS.

Surprised? You shouldn't be.

A great many famous athletes in top condition wear Supp-hose Socks. Like Johnny Unitas. And Willie Mays. And Bobby Hull. They've discovered that Supp-hose, with the patented two-way rib, makes a man feel like a man. That's saying a lot about a sock, isn't it? But Supp-hose is no ordinary sock. No ordinary sock feels as good as it looks.

Now you know why outstanding men in every field are enthusiastic Supp-hose fans. They know a good thing when they see one. Try a pair soon. Supp-hose are $4.95.

Supp-hose® SOCKS FOR MEN

Another fine product of Kayser-Roth

Also available in Canada . U. S. Pat. No. 2739467

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bury. On Sunday afternoons, Nick used to drive the 18 miles to the farm to work beside Duane and his father in the fields and to stay for dinner. It was there, on the farm, that Nick saw a different Duane, one who was impatient with his father because he was late with the planting and left the care of the cows to Ello, Duane's 14-year-old sister. Duane complained that his father was a poor manager who had bought a new baler when he already had two, needing repairs, rusting in the yard. And Duane would also show impatience with his father for repeatedly being late for his college football games.

Nick Petrucci was the only person outside of the Pope family who knew that Duane could feel anger. At college Duane concealed his frustrations behind a smiling, farm-boy mask. He was incapable of doing anything else. "He just never rebelled against anything or anyone," says Nick. A good friend of the Pope family once declared that "Duane fails to ask for assistance when he should."

Nick and two of his other dormitory buddies, Toby Brown and Jamie Oxley, used to make good-natured fun of Duane. They kidded him because he fussed so to get the "right" shirt or tie for his suit, because he wouldn't sample Nick's homemade Italian wine that they sneaked onto campus, because he wouldn't even *taste* beer, and because he turned to the wall to undress and insisted on wrapping a big towel about himself rather than parade naked in his room. Mostly they kidded him about girls. Nick says, "It took him forever and a day to date a girl—even one that he really liked."

Then, last fall, Duane met Melinda Hanson, an attractive, dark-eyed brunette who was a transfer student from Kansas State. Characteristically he did not get around to dating her until January, when they went out two or three times. Nick Petrucci never cared for Melinda "because she wore false beauty marks, too much makeup, and wasn't Duane's type. She'd been around, and Duane was just a farm boy."

During the time that Duane knew her, Melinda was pregnant by another man. Duane did not know this, and he fell in love with her.

At the end of January, Melinda told Duane she was leaving college to take a job in Fort Worth, Tex. For their farewell date she picked him up at his dorm, and they drove in her car to the Lagoon, the campus hideaway.

"Imagine? Pope at the Lagoon!" Nick Petrucci says, his voice rising. "Did he catch the stuff over that. Toby and Ox really put the juice to him about the Lagoon.

After that there were four, five and sometimes six letters a week from Texas, most of them highly perfumed. All were faithfully answered. Duane had a telephone number and a post-office box for Melinda, but she concealed her true address. It was a home for unmarried mothers.

Melinda was still at the home in late May when, a week before graduation, Duane bought a .22 Sturm-Ruger and a nine-round clip at Crabb's Town and Country Store in McPherson. After experimenting in the college workshop, he made at least three silencers and welded the best of these to the gun barrel. He practiced firing it, the FBI later learned, in the fields beyond his farm home.

Three days after he was graduated, he borrowed $50 from his father, explaining that he was going to Oklahoma to look for work in the wheat harvest. In Salina, Kans., that night, Duane began to step out of character. He passed two bad checks to buy a new suit and a briefcase. The following day he rented a 1965 green, two-door Chevrolet and drove 410 miles north and west until he reached Ogallala, Nebr., 22 miles from Big Springs.

Early the next morning he checked out of his motel and drove west to Big Springs and the Farmers State Bank.

That night, after the murders, Duane Pope sat up against the bar in a Salina nightclub called "Eddie's Dancing" and began to talk. "He kept calling me back from the other end of the bar to talk to him," says Marvin Muchow, the owner of the bar. Duane bragged that he was a singer with a rodeo. As if to prove it, he sang *Harvest Moon* and danced with the barmaid, asking if she had a steady boyfriend.

When someone told this to Sid Smith, Duane's football coach, he said, "Duane sing and dance? Lord, no! Don't tell me any more. The more I hear, the more confused I become."

Sometime Friday night, after mailing Nick $50 he owed him and leaving money to make good the two bad checks, he called Melinda to ask when she was coming home to Kansas. He didn't tell her about Big Springs; she didn't tell him that she was about to have a baby. Then Duane fled to Dallas, where he read in the newspapers that the FBI had linked him to Melinda. The stories also told him that Melinda was in the maternity home in Fort Worth.

From Texas Duane traveled to California, where he bought and abandoned a car, then on to Tijuana to see a bullfight. Then he went to Las Vegas.

While Duane was still at large, Desmond Bittinger, the president of McPherson College, appealed to him through newspapers, radio and television to surrender. Bittinger explained to newsmen that he was afraid that Duane might kill again. "My first thought is that he's sick, he's stumbled," said the small, courteous educator, who is also an anthropologist. "But if we failed him at McPherson, he gave no indication we were doing so. If we had known his tensions, I'm sure we could have helped him."

In Las Vegas, Duane read Doctor Bittinger's plea. He flew back to Kansas City and telephoned police from his hotel room. "I want to give myself up," he said. "I understand I'm wanted for robbery in Big Springs."

Before Duane called the police, he had phoned Doctor Bittinger. "Do you know," he asked, "how my mother—my parents—have been taking it?"

They had, of course, been taking it very badly. A short time after the killings, Mrs. Fay Pope stood just inside her cluttered little kitchen, her arms folded across her short-sleeved house dress with zipper front, and told a reporter she couldn't answer any questions. Those were the orders they had received from the lawyers. But she wasn't unfriendly, and then she couldn't help talking about Duane.

"How hard has it been?" the reporter wanted to know.

"Real hard, and it gets harder all the time," she answered.

Her feet and ankles were covered with the black dust from the yard, and her hair wasn't combed, but behind her, one step up in the dining room, hung two pure-white, freshly laundered nurse's uniforms. Neighbors said Fay Pope was a Crumpacker, "a pioneer family in McPherson County."

They said, too, that from the time she was 17 or 18, and first married, she had worked hard for her family. And when the children started school, she joined the P.T.A. and got them band instruments.

"Has Duane heard from Melinda?" the reporter asked.

Fay Pope shook her head. "No! But he'd see her tomorrow if she'd come." Mrs. Pope had spoken calmly about her son, but the mention of Melinda upset her. People were wrong to insinuate, she said, that Duane had fathered Melinda's illegitimate child. "You don't date a girl in January and have a baby in June," she said heatedly.

After a moment Mrs. Pope became calm again. "Duane's sick," she said. "He's sick, and what can you do when you're sick like that?"

This is the core of the defense case, that Duane Pope on the morning of June 4 "did not have the capacity to control his behavior and to choose between alternative courses of action." For the defense, former Nebraska governor Robert Crosby and Professor Wallace Rudolph of the state university, court-assigned counsel, have retained Dr. Herbert Modlin, head of Law and Psychiatry at the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kans.

The Government scoffs at the defense's claim of temporary insanity, declaring, "We find no background of mental disorder." U.S. District Attorney Theodore Richling stood alongside Duane at one of the early court hearings and said, "The boy is calm, cool, deliberate, poised. He knew everything that was said, and he looked me right in the eye. No, those weren't murders at Big Springs. Those were executions."

Defense Attorney Crosby, who calls himself "just a country lawyer from North Platte," has spent hours talking with Duane. "From what I know," he says quietly, "I believe that Duane Pope was too good for his own good." He explains that the hostilities which filled Duane, and which he was incapable of releasing, drove him to his violent act. Crosby believes that Duane Pope had to kill, and that the staged crime only provided the forum.

All social contact, every conversation, each class meant a new challenge and another struggle for Duane, Crosby says, and adds, "You or I, living twenty-two years as he did, would have been in constant agony. I wonder if Duane had remained on the farm whether this would have happened."

No one knows, of course, just as no one really knows what made Duane Pope walk into the bank in Big Springs that day last June. Duane's friends in Roxbury were shattered by the reports of the killings. After the news broke, it was a moving, almost haunting experience for a stranger to drive through town. It seemed to be deserted. The regular meetings and social events were canceled. People stayed home, and the lights went out early. The only sign of life was out in the soft-rolling wheat fields, where the big combines were turning and humming, their headlights splitting the darkness. The people in Roxbury did not want to talk about Duane. "Just say," one woman told a reporter, "that we couldn't feel worse if it was our own son."

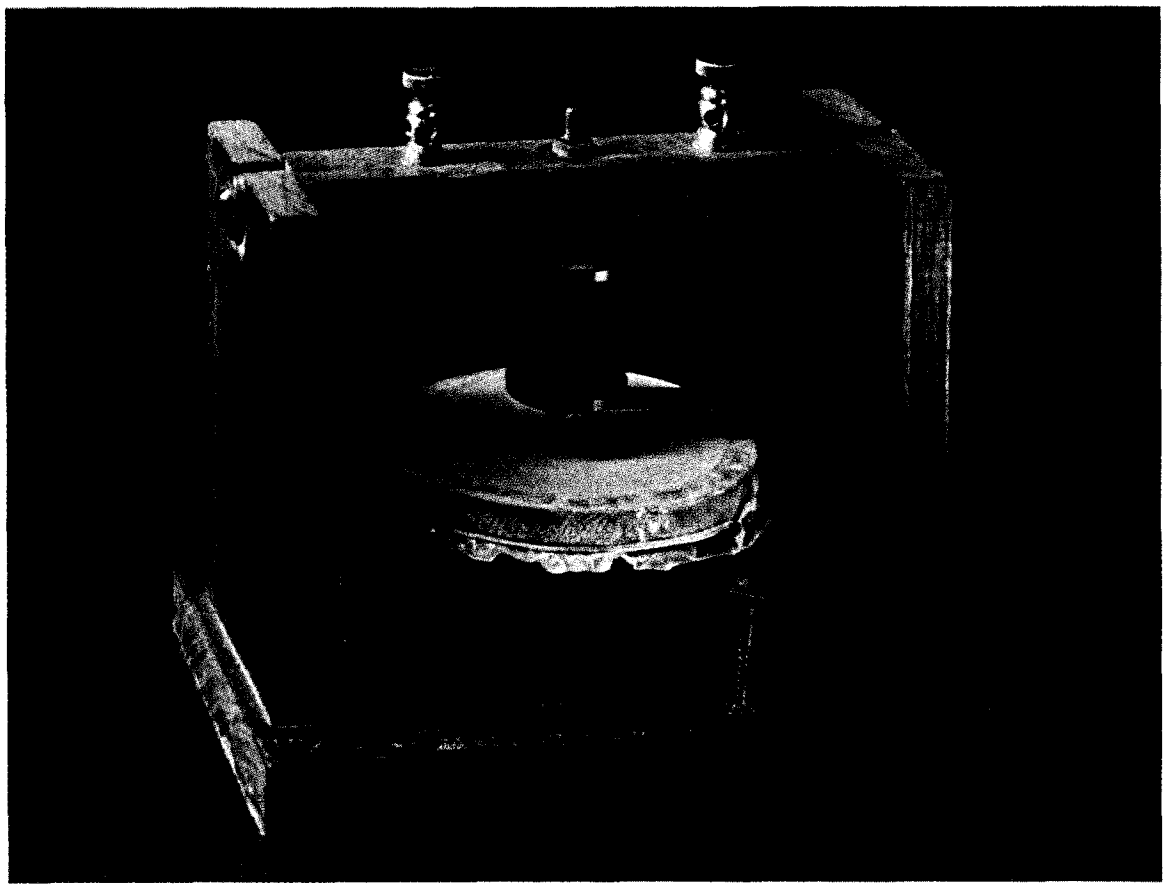
Melinda Hanson has come home to Kansas and is working as a salesgirl in Wichita. She tells friends that she knew Duane Pope only a short time and could give no explanation for the shootings. "Please," she says, "I just don't want to get involved."

And Nick Petrucci, who lived so close to Duane for so long, is left to wonder at the meaning of a leftover scrap of conversation. One night Duane told him that he liked his criminology course. "Why can't more courses be like it?" Duane had asked.

"What's so good about it?" Nick wanted to know.

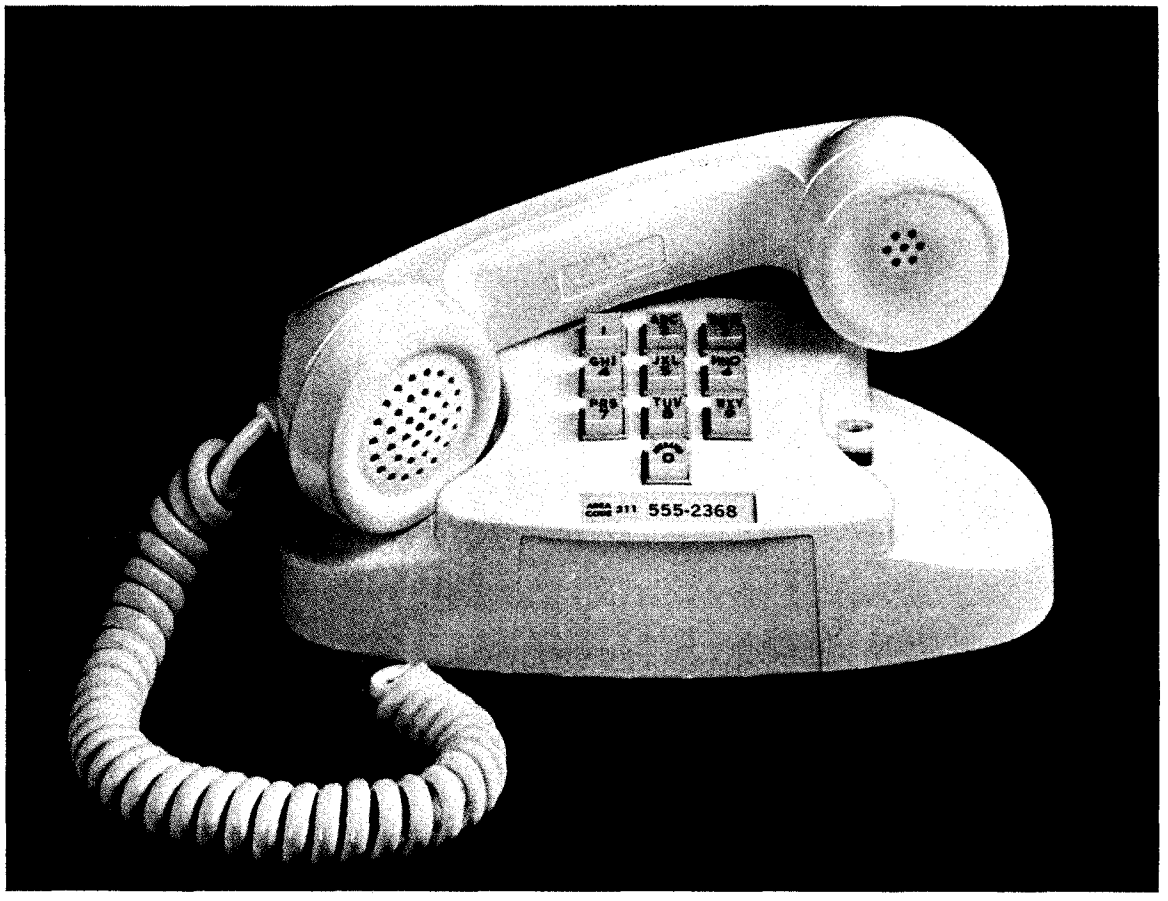
"For one thing," Duane Pope said, "you learn about people and why they do things." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On June 3, 1875, Alexander Graham Bell first transmitted recognizable voice sounds on this ingenious instrument. It employed a tightly stretched membrane, called "goldbeater's skin," which was sensitive to sound waves.

90 years of telephone progress toward better, faster service!



This year, 1965, the area-by-area introduction of fast, convenient Touch-Tone® phoning is well under way. Modern push buttons speed calling and open up many new uses for your phone. For example: you may be able to shop by phone just by touching buttons to identify the merchandise you want—or pay bills through your bank the same way.

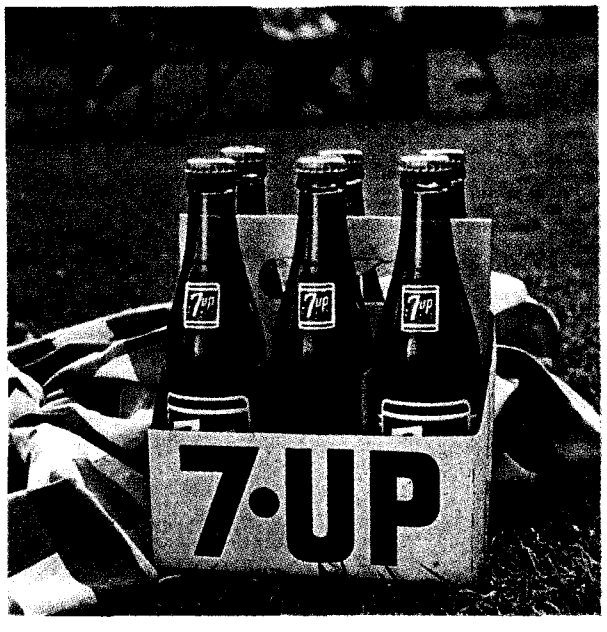
The 90 years between these two models have seen literally thousands of telephone designs developed. And behind them all has been a relentless search for new methods and materials that would carry the human voice farther, faster, more clearly—and as free from trouble as humanly possible. That's why your telephone and your telephone service will always keep changing—for the better.

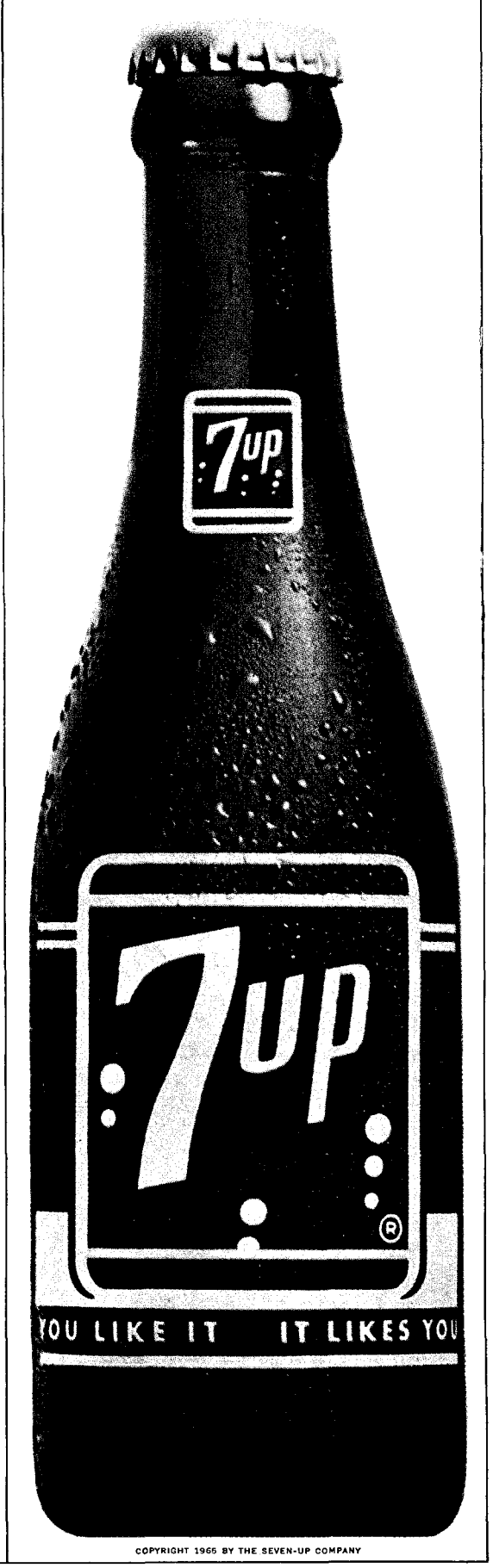
Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph and Associated Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

7-UP...WHERE THERE'S ACTION!

Seven-Up is a real natural for the action crowd! It's got the sparkle that swings...the taste that's fresh and frisky . . . and the quick-quenching action to make thirst quit. Look for it. 7-Up . . .where there's action!

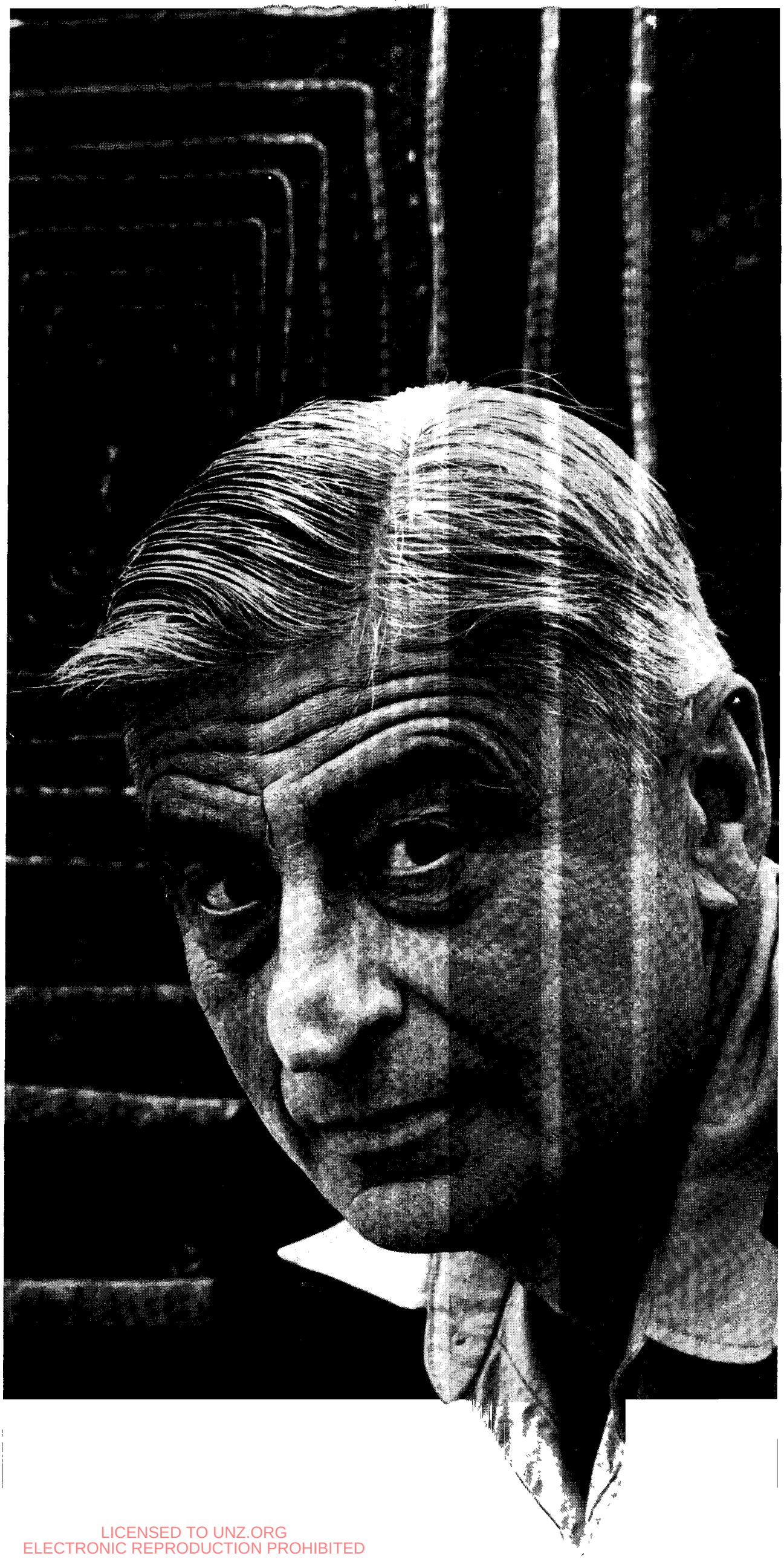




COPYRIGHT 1965 BY THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Seuss: 'What am I doing here?'



A painfully shy former screenwriter and unsuccessful novelist named Geisel has become America's best-known children's writer—and he still can't quite believe it.

By C. Robert Jennings

"Dear Dr. Seuss," an eight-year-old wrote one day. "You sure thunk up a lot of funny books. You sure thunk up a millian funny animals. Now this I want to know. Who thunk *you* up Dr. Seuss???"

The sordid truth is that the extraordinary Dr. Seuss was thunk up by a nervous, shy, ordinary-looking man who constantly worries about living up to his own creation. "I always have the feeling that people will take one look and recognize me as a fraud," says 61-year-old Theodor Seuss Geisel. "Kids come

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's Your Pleasure?

ANTIQUES? BRIDGE? ISOMETRICS? HUNTING? FISHING?

These five FREE books *will add more joy to your leisure hours . . . and they're all yours—any one, or all five—with our compliments! (total value, $5.00).* Leisure time is hobby time . . . and if you don't already pursue a hobby, here are five books that may start you thinking in that direction! Even if your interests are now centered on any of the subjects in these books, they're sure to give you added know-how. You can have any one—or all five—of these helpful volumes . . . FREE! Just see what you get:

GUIDE TO ANTIQUES
Charles H. Goren
PLAY WINNING BRIDGE with any partner EVEN A STRANGER
Isometrics
Be FIT AS A MARINE
A Beginner's Book of SPORTING GUNS and HUNTING
Fresh and Salt Water FISHING

H: HOUSEWIVES' GUIDE TO ANTIQUES, by Leslie Gross. Tells you what an antique really is . . . and how to detect a fake! Tells how to use antiques in various rooms in your home, how and where to buy antiques and dozens of other bits of invaluable information.

J: PLAY WINNING BRIDGE WITH ANY PARTNER, by Charles Goren. Shows you how to cope with bad partners as well as good ones . . . Tells the best way to establish the conventions you should both agree to use, the precise meaning of bids you make and cards you discard. Every phase of partnership bidding and play is covered. It's "exactly like kicking your partner under the table".

L: ISOMETRICS: BE FIT AS A MARINE, by Marine Lt. Col. William H. Rankin. Read this book, then put it to use ten minutes a day. You're bound to improve, physically. The exercises prescribed here are based on the same principles that have developed American Leathernecks for decades. Isometrics uses all the muscles in the body, without stress and strain. So go to it!

M: A BEGINNER'S BOOK OF SPORTING GUNS AND HUNTING, by Milton Shapiro. Mr. Shapiro gets a bang out of guns in more ways than one and he passes along the hundreds of bits of information he has piled up on the subject. Covers everything the hunter should know from the history of guns to safety precautions. Particularly good are his tips on choosing and using the right shotgun or rifle.

N: FRESH AND SALTWATER FISHING, by Ray Ovington. Guaranteed to put you in the "happy ten percent of the fishermen who catch 90% of the fish"! Talks about basic types of tackle, techniques, lures (and how to tie them), bait to select, how to cast. Tells about the fish, and where to find 'em. If you lean toward fishing, this'll hook you!

To get any one—or all—of the books listed above, just send us 25 PHILLIES CHEROOT cigar bands for each title you want, together with the coupon below. Be sure to write the letter corresponding to the title in the boxes below for each book you select. If you want all 5 books, send us 125 PHILLIES CHEROOT BANDS. And, by the way, pardner, when you light up a PHILLIES CHEROOT, we won't have to tell you to smile. That'll come naturally . . . a big smile of pleasure as you taste that first puff of PHILLIES CHEROOT . . . western style . . . it's slick on the draw . . . 'bout as big as your trigger finger! So . . . round up a supply of PHILLIES CHEROOTS, friend, and find out what *real* smokin's *really* like!

GOOD ONLY WITH COUPON BELOW. OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31st, 1965. Be sure to include your zipcode for faster delivery.

7598500

PHILLIES CHEROOTS, P. O. BOX 3529, PHILA., PA. 19122
Please send me my free book(s). (value $1.00 each) I have entered the letter of the books I want in the box below.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

I enclose 25 PHILLIES CHEROOT cigar bands for each book I have selected. (125 cigar bands for all 5 books.) Send me my FREE books.

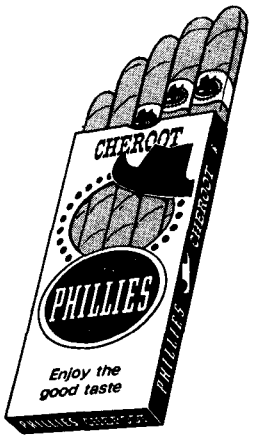
NAME_____

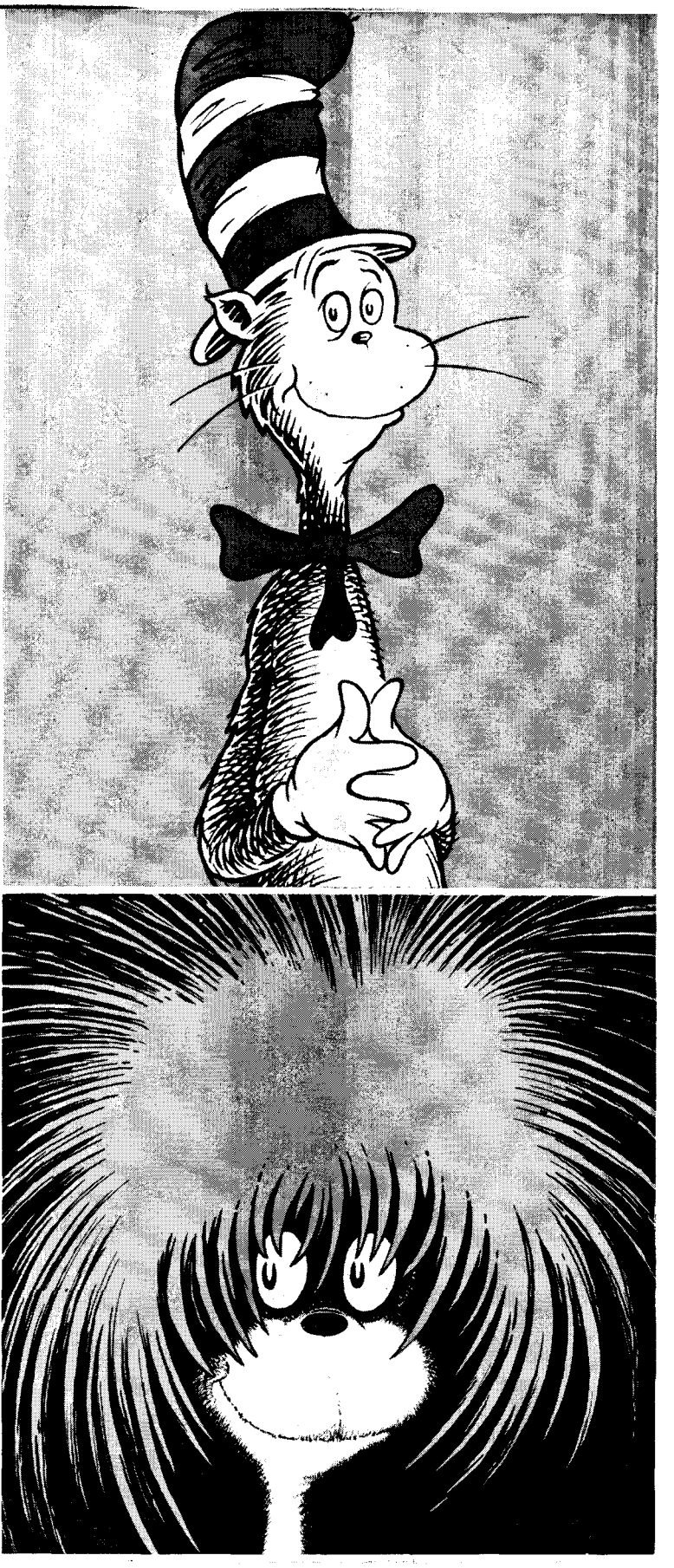
ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

ZIP CODE_____

Offer expires December 31, 1965. Void in areas where taxed, restricted by law or prohibited. Limit: one coupon per mailing address. Offer good only when accompanied by this coupon. Personnel of Phillies Cigars and its subsidiaries and its advertising agencies and their families are not eligible.





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to my door and say, 'I want to meet Dr. Suess.' "I say, 'I am Dr. Seuss,' and they simply refuse to believe me. Sometimes they will just sit and stare until my wife passes the cookies and eases them out. If your nose doesn't light up and you don't look like a baggy-pants comedian, or at least have a bifurcated beard and horns, they are disappointed."

When Geisel was 14 years old, Teddy Roosevelt came to his hometown of Springfield, Mass., to address a War Bond rally and present medals to those Boy Scouts with the best sales records. Among them was Teddy Geisel, who waited nervously as T.R. read off the names. Unfortunately, someone had inadvertently left his name off the list, and when Roosevelt had finally finished, young Teddy was sitting alone on the stage. "There I was with Mr. Roosevelt asking, 'What is this little boy doing here?' and hundreds of people staring at me. I can still hear them whispering, 'There's little Teddy Geisel, he tried to get a medal.' And to this day I keep asking myself, 'What *am* I doing here?'"

Geisel blames this experience, and his unfortunate encounters with his skeptical readers, for his almost pathological fear of audiences. But while Geisel regularly turns down requests to appear in public, the works of Dr. Seuss turn up everywhere in America, his harum-scarum menagerie of golliwog-eyed animals forming a sort of mythology all their own. In cheerful colors they romp bonelessly through wise, simple and amusing misadventures looking, says Geisel, "a little drunk," and never once saying "Run, Spot, run."

In 29 years Dr. Seuss has had 26 best sellers, all but three in rollicking verse and every one still in print. Since its appearance in 1957, his *Cat in the Hat* has grossed more than three million dollars and become the most influential first-grade reader since McGuffey. His manuscripts and illustrations are of such historic moment that they can be viewed only in a special collection of the U.C.L.A. Library. In the archives of the library at Dartmouth College are original manuscripts by Sinclair Lewis, Booth Tarkington, Robert Frost and Dr. Seuss's *500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins.* Seuss books have been dramatized on the air, put to music and performed in Carnegie Hall. He receives 500 letters a week, and Random House, his publisher, receives up to five tons of Seuss mail in a single year. The passion for Seuss unites such varied readers as Princess Grace's children and Clifton Fadiman.

The phenomenal appeal of Dr. Seuss lies partly in his fresh melding of the logical with the ludicrous. As uncountable urchins know, the outlandish world of Seuss stretches from the Kingdom of Binn to the Island of Sala-ma-Sond, from Lake Winnabangs to Who-ville, where a whole kingdom exists on a dust speck. It is preposterously peopled by Norval, the Bashful Blinket; Gowdy, the Dowdy Grackle; Chingo, the Noodle-topped Stroodle; by Ziffs, Zaffs and a Zizzer-Zazzer-Zuzz—anatomically odd creations of infinitely more fancy than fact. But to the Popsicle set they are as real as animals at the zoo. For they start with the premise that children readily accept the ridiculous if, once stated, it is pursued with unremitting logic. "If I start out with the concept of a two-headed animal," says Geisel, "I must put two hats on his head and two toothbrushes in the bathroom. A child will accept a tuttle-tuttle tree [the "T" in *Dr. Seuss's ABC*] as a fact and a non-fact simultaneously. He knows you're kidding, but he goes along with it." It's all what Geisel calls "logical insanity."

"Kids gag at having morals crammed down their throats," Geisel says. "To say I am the biggest moralist since Elsie Dinsmore, as one reviewer did, is ridiculous."

Unlike the characters in much current juvenile literature, Seuss's creations are mostly uncute. He deplores what he calls "bunny-bunny" or "fuzzy-wuzzy" books. Instead, Seuss animals are saucy, like the Cat in the Hat; or gentle, like Thidwick, the Big-Hearted Moose; disingenuous, like Yertle, the Turtle; or simply absurd as a Nerkle, a shapeless, wobbly critter with a feather-

Three notable Dr. Seuss creations: From top, the justly famed Cat in the Hat, an Iota from "the Far Western part of southeast North Dakota," and a Fox in Socks.

DRAWINGS © 1950, 1957, 1965 BY DR. SEUSS

This tough little 39¢ Ball Pen is *Guaranteed* to write for 1 year *or your money back!*

GUARANTEED TO WRITE
FOR 1 YEAR
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Mustang by Tucker is the *only* 39¢ ball pen that's retractable, has a GSA refill, and is guaranteed for a year!

Money back if it doesn't write for a year! The guarantee has to stick—because Mustang meets GSA (Government Supply Agency) specifications. It's the *only* 39¢ pen that does.

So, if you want $5.00 quality . . . SPLURGE. Spend 39¢ on a new Mustang pen. It'll be the last penny you spend on a pen for one whole year. Unless you lose it. Ask for Mustang wherever pens are sold.

TUCKER Mustang RETRACTABLE BALL PEN

Tuckersharpe Pen Company, Inc., Richmond, Virginia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duster tail and a cork on the end of his pointed snout. They usually point a simple moral: *The Sneetches* is a palatable plea for equality. There are Star-Belly Sneetches with stars on their bellies who look down on Plain-Belly Sneetches who have none. In the end, of course, the starless creatures realize they're as good as anybody else.

Horton Hears a Who is a fable extolling minority rights and resulted from a Geisel visit to postwar Japan where he was impressed "by a people trying to find a voice and make it known." A colony of Whos, microscopic creatures who inhabit a grain of dust on a clover leaf, are about to be boiled in a Beezle-Nut stew because they cannot be heard by the outside world. Though scorned by others for his efforts, good old Horton, the elephant, comes to their aid, for "A person's a person, no matter how small."

In *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*, the Scrooge-like fellow of the title tries to keep Christmas from coming to Who-ville by stealing all its holiday bounty the night before. The little Whos cheerfully celebrate anyway, proving that "Maybe Christmas *doesn't* come from a store, Maybe Christmas . . . perhaps . . . means a little bit more."

"But these morals," says Geisel, "are never put in as morals, and children don't read them as such. Kids gag at having morals crammed down their throats. But there is a moral inherent in any damn thing you write that has a dramatic point. People change places, and with any resolution of conflict or narrative motion a moral is implied. Still I never set out to prove a point—except for *Yertle the Turtle*, a deliberate parable of the life of Hitler. But to say I am the biggest moralist since Elsie Dinsmore, as one reviewer did, is ridiculous."

When young Geisel was growing up in Springfield, his grandfather was running the Kulmbach & Geisel Brewery, known to tavern tosspots as "Come back and guzzle." But fortunately for Ted, his father was more partial to monkeys than malt. "Come on, son, let's go over to Forest Park and count the animals" was the sort of invitation Ted remembers best. Eventually his father, now 85, became supervisor of parks in Springfield, which gave him blissful dominion over the zoo.

In high school Geisel's art course ended abruptly after one lesson because, he says, "the teacher wanted me to draw the world as it is, and I wanted to draw things as I saw them." This setback didn't keep Teddy from caricaturing his friends and fellow students as funny animals. "Even now," he says, "none of my animals are really animals. They're all people, sort of."

At Dartmouth Geisel edited *Jack O' Lantern*, the campus humor magazine. One of his cartoons, typical of the genre, depicted two chimney sweeps about to make the plunge. First chimney sweep: "Shall I go down first?" Second chimney sweep: "Soot yourself."

After graduation, Geisel went to Lincoln College, Oxford, and applied himself to English literature with the notion that he might return to teach at Dartmouth. "I was horrified, however, to find that while I loved Swift, Defoe, Shaw and Beerbohm, I knew absolutely nothing about literature." Happily, his next-desk neighbor in one course—who insists it was called "Punctuation in *King Lear*"—was a pretty Wellesley girl named Helen Palmer, now editor-in-chief of Dr. Seuss and, for 38 years, wife and business manager of Ted Geisel. "When I saw the funny-looking rabbits Ted was drawing in his notebooks," says Helen, "I said it was silly to bury himself under Shakespeare's semicolons."

Ted agreed. "Helen brought me to the realization that I wasn't soundly grounded in *any* subject, that I had merely been playing writer and scholar." He took her for an outing on the back of his motorcycle, a contraption which was not allowed on campus, but which Ted managed to keep by posing as a poultrymonger, carrying two plucked ducks in his basket. At the moment he proposed, a tire blew and they found themselves in a ditch—and engaged.

Before returning to America, Ted Geisel took a cattle boat to Corsica where, he says, he wrote "The Great American Novel. It ran to two enormous volumes, and when it wouldn't sell I condensed it into one volume. When that didn't sell, I boiled it down into a long short story. Next I cut it to a short, short story. Finally, I sold it as a two-line gag. Now I can't even remember the gag."

Back in Springfield, he sent a couple of cartoons to the old *Judge* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, which bought them for $25 apiece. For the first time he signed himself Dr. Seuss (after his mother's maiden name and the Ph.D. he never got), saving his patronymic for some great future achievement.

His cartooning success resulted in marriage in 1927 and a move to New York's Park Avenue, where for the next few years he turned out stacks of cartoons for *Vanity Fair*, *Liberty*, *The Post*, *College Humor* and the old *Life*. Helen Geisel resisted attempts by magazine editors to send him to art school. "The wonderful thing about his drawing," she says, "is that it's not at all self-conscious. I was afraid that if Ted went to school, he'd find out that he was drawing the kangaroos all wrong."

One of his cartoons showed a knight in armor lying on a canopied bed and being rudely awakened by the nuzzling of a dragon. "By gosh," went the caption, "another dragon! And just after I'd sprayed the whole castle with Flit." The wife of the advertising executive who handled the Flit account spotted it in a beauty parlor and prevailed upon her husband to hire the artist; Ted Geisel spent the next 15 years exterminating bugs with "Quick, Henry! the Flit!"

Returning from a European vacation on the *Kungsholm* in 1937, Ted Geisel found himself mumbling "da-da's" over and over to the monotonous beat of the ship's engines. "Finally Helen suggested I think up nonsense rhymes to be said to the rhythm of the damned engines—just to get rid of it." The result was Geisel's first book, *And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street*. It was spurned by 27 publishers before a college crony, who had just been made juveniles editor of Vanguard Press, bought it. In 28 years the book has gone through 20 editions and is still selling some 15,000 copies a year.

In 1939 he tried another book for adults, *The Seven Lady Godivas*, which also flopped. "I attempted to draw the sexiest babes I could," he says, "but they came out looking absurd. I think maybe it all went to prove that I don't know anything about adults—beyond the fact that they're obsolete children." That one, like his first novel, was by Geisel. The best-sellers continued to pour forth from the apparently bottomless well of Seuss's ingenuity, and Geisel was rarely heard from again.

But if he had little success as a serious writer, he was taken seriously as a political cartoonist. In 1940, appalled by the bleating of U.S. isolationists, he joined the old New York daily *PM* as "angry cartoonist in charge of Lindbergh, Wheeler

The Grinch, top left, stole Christmas but failed to reckon with the Christmas spirit. In DR. SEUSS'S ABC, *"Oscar's only ostrich oiled an orange owl today." At bottom, a drawing from* I HAD TROUBLE IN GETTING TO SOLLA SOLLEW.

DRAWINGS © 1957,1963, 1965 by DR. SEUSS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Geisel flopped as a serious writer, but "I have a secret following among adults. They have to read me when no one is looking."

and Senator Nye"—whom he once pictured as the after-end of a horse. He portrayed Pierre Laval as a louse on Hitler's finger, and drew an avalanche of protests from dog lovers after using a low-slung dachshund to symbolize a Nazi. "I'm not proud of the way the cartoons looked or of their overstatement," says Geisel, "but I still believe in what I was saying."

During the war he was attached to Frank Capra's famous U. S. Army documentary unit, for which he wrote and directed indoctrination films. They ranged from animated discourses on Hitler's geopolitical theories to sermons on syphilis.

After the war Geisel went to Hollywood, where, among other things, he wrote the script and lyrics and designed the sets and costumes for a Stanley Kramer disaster called *The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T*, a live-action musical fantasy. Shortly afterward he quit the movies for good. "Hollywood is not suited for me," he says now, "and I'm not suited for it. The problem there is that all these people work on things until even the author doesn't know what's his and what's not. I realized my métier was drawing fish."

But Geisel did take some honors home. He invented Gerald McBoing-Boing, the little boy who talked in sound effects and whose misadventures copped an Academy Award in 1950. One of his wartime documentaries, *Your Job in Germany*, was reissued after Germany surrendered as *Hitler Lives?*, of all things, and won an Oscar in 1945. A 1947 documentary about Japan, *Design for Death*, which he wrote with his wife, also won an Oscar. There were additional benefits. "I must confess I learned more about writing children's books when I worked in Hollywood than anywhere else," he says now. "For in films everything is based on coordination between pictures and words." This facility us clearly evident in all his work.

In 1954, by which time he had written 10 children's books, Geisel read an article in which John Hersey complained of the pitiful state of children's primers and suggested that someone like Dr. Seuss give children a break. Seuss accepted the challenge and came up with *Cat in the Hat*, hailed by Hersey as "a gift to the art of reading." It was the first time the arduous process of learning to read had ever seemed anything like fun.

Meanwhile the Geisels had settled astride Mt. Soledad, the highest point in the resort town of La Jolla, Calif. "I wanted to live where I could walk around outside in my pajamas any season of the year," he says. They have a pool (installed to speed Helen's recovery from polio in 1955), a part-time secretary, one car, a 360-degree view, no pets and no children. "You make 'em," says Geisel, "I amuse 'em."

Not surprisingly, Geisel is a highly disciplined craftsman. While he has severe, self-imposed rules, he writes to no set formula: "A formula is usually tantamount to writing down to children, which is something a child spots instantly. I try to treat the child as an equal and go on the assumption a child can understand anything that is read to him if the writer takes care to state it *clearly* and *simply* enough."

For Seuss, writing simply means "no dependent clauses, no dangling things, no flashbacks, and keeping the subject near the predicate. We throw in as many fresh words as we can get away with. Simple, short sentences don't always work. You have to do tricks with pacing, alternate long sentences with short, to keep it vital and alive. Virtually every page is a cliff-hanger—you've got to force them to turn it.

"Most children's books are not satisfactorily resolved. You've got to use adult writing to the extent you have a beginning, middle and end. And you *must* have the happy ending. A child identifies with a hero, and it is a personal tragedy to him when things don't come out all right."

Geisel is dismayed at the "contempt for this market that most juvenile authors have. They think they can put down a lot of slop-twaddle and dismiss it as 'just for kids,'" he says. "They don't realize that every sentence is as important as a chapter in a novel, every word is really a page. You can't just knock them out over the weekend; you have to sweat them out."

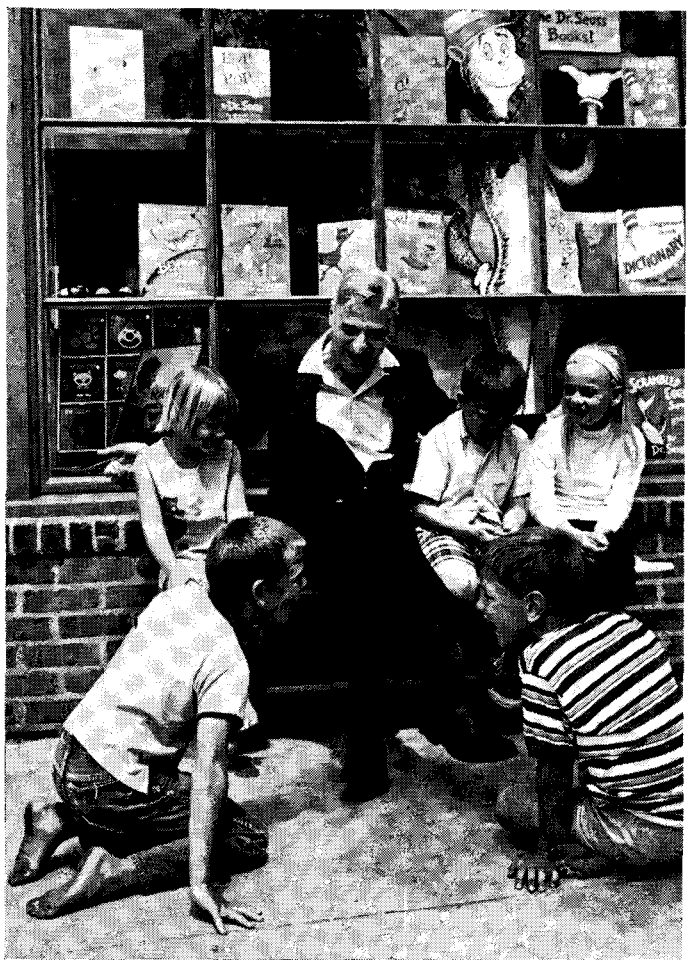
A 60-page book, for which he produces some 500 illustrations and up to 1,000 pages of text, represents from 12 to 18 months of the most meticulous work. "I realize they look as if they've been put together in 23 seconds," he says, "but 99 percent of what I do ends up in the scrap basket."

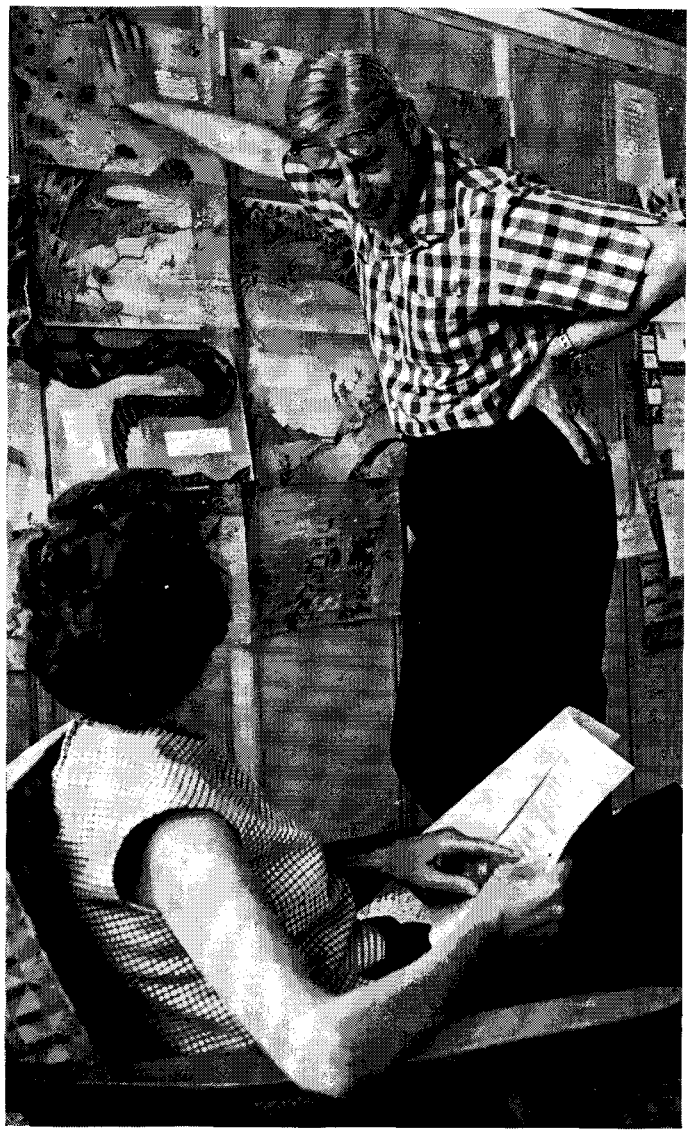
If both writing and drawings are galloping along nicely, Geisel is apt to work all night, eventually seeing the sun come up on his pink-stucco hacienda. If not, he will sit and stare at the Pacific in controlled fury or throw himself on the nearest divan and groan.

When a Seuss book finally gets into the Random House mill in New York, Geisel spends far more time in the production department than any other author, "trying to perfect details right down to press time." He once spent five hours in publisher Bennett Cerf's office working over a single line of verse until he had removed an extra beat that bothered his ear; on another occasion he fussed over two pages for a full week in his Manhattan hotel room. After 100,000 copies of *The Cat in the Hat Comes Back* were already sold, he ordered a new jacket made up because he felt one line was too black.

Still, for all of the anguish, Geisel wouldn't trade places with anyone, not even a Bipp-no-Bungus from the wilds of Hipp-no-Hungus or a tizzle-topped Tufted Mazurka from the Isle of Yerka. "Childhood is the one time in an average person's life when he can laugh just for the straight fun of laughing—that's the main reason I write for kids. As one grows older his humor gets all tied up and stifled by social, economic and political rules that we learn from our elders, and before long our laughter gets all mixed up with sneers and leers. Kids react spontaneously to something ludicrous, so I have more freedom writing for them. They laugh at silly things their parents would feel embarrassed to be caught smiling at. I have a secret following among adults, but they have to read me when no one is watching."

Geisel often wonders where Seuss will go from here, having worked more or less backward from older children's books to phonetics primers like his latest, *Fox in Socks*, *Hop on Pop* and his *ABC* book. "I've done everything but prenatal books," says Dr. Seuss. "Now I'm trying to figure out a good alphabet soup for expectant mothers, where the child is born saying 'Cat in the Hat.' If that doesn't work, I may become a gardener, and in my spare time study the heartbeat of whales." □

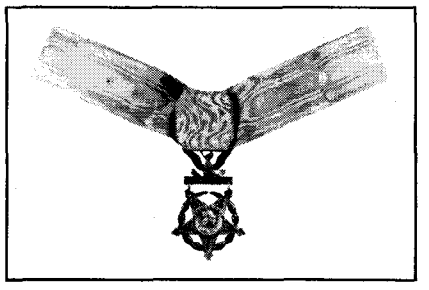




Above, Geisel makes a rare appearance with children in front of La Jolla bookstore displaying his creations. Below, he goes over drawings from his latest book with Helen Geisel, his editor-in-chief, business manager and wife for 38 years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial



Beyond the call of duty

One of America's most distinguished generals once declared that he would have cherished the Congressional Medal of Honor more than his stars of rank and all his other medals. For the Congressional Medal signifies not simply that its wearer is brave but that he has risked his life beyond the call of duty in the service of his country. Capt. Roger H. C. Donlon, whose calm face appears on the cover of this issue, is the first and only American to win a Congressional Medal of Honor in Vietnam. His battle story on page 38 is an epic of courage and gallantry.

Captain Donlon's experience was not unique, of course, nor is he a unique man. Countless Americans have served and are serving under enemy fire, and America, like the England of Lord Nelson, "expects every man to do his duty." Yet Captain Donlon's actions under enemy fire went beyond the call of duty. They tell us something about the nature and value of bravery itself.

Courage is not a quality that proves useful only in time of war. All men, between birth and death, have need and use for courage in their private and public lives. In some small way, at some time, we all come under fire, and our response to it helps to define both our individual lives and the society we create for ourselves.

Several weeks ago, for instance, a 72-year-old man named Joseph Miller was bringing his brother's $2,500 payroll from a bank in New York City when two thugs confronted him with pistols and demanded the money. When he refused, they shot him three times, seized the payroll bag and ran. Covered with blood, Joe Miller ran in pursuit of the bandits for three blocks, yelling for help. Nobody helped, and the bandits escaped. One policeman paid tribute to 72-year-old Joe Miller in simple words: "He's a man of rare courage." He could not say the same of the bystanders who watched passively as a wounded old man cried vainly for help.

Yet they, too, will eventually find themselves in some crisis and react in their own ways, sometimes with more courage than they realize they have. Nor is violence the only threat or the only test. A man shows courage when he jeopardizes his career for what he believes is right. A woman shows courage in the very act of bearing a child. John F. Kennedy, war hero, wrote *Profiles in Courage* not about earlier war heroes but about political figures who had shown bravery in fighting for their principles.

What is it, then, this quality that causes men to overcome their natural fears, to ignore the easy way of self-interest? Courage is not a reckless indifference to death and danger. A trapped bandit who opens fire on surrounding police is less brave than irrational. Nor is it courageous to show off. Teen-agers playing Russian roulette or risking head-on collision in a game of "chicken" are not brave so much as afraid of being called afraid. Nor yet is courage simply a refusal to give in. Brave men have been defeated and have surrendered, as General Grant acknowledged at Appomattox.

Perhaps the most striking quality of Captain Donlon's bravery in the remote outpost of Nam Dong is not simply that he risked death over and over, or that he refused to give in—though these are indeed elements of courage—but that he never lost his sense of concern and responsibility for the men who were with him under fire. This is perfectly fitting and proper for an officer, of course, and Captain Donlon was trained to be a professional soldier. Still, it would have been human and understandable for an officer to accept his own medic's urging that his wounds be treated, to send someone else to check on the perimeter rather than go himself, even to turn over the command to a subordinate free from the handicaps of serious injury. In his fierce determination to lead his men out of what sometimes seemed sure destruction, Captain Donlon showed the true nature of courage as determination to do what one believes right, out of one's sense of responsibility both to oneself and to one's fellows. True courage has a goal. For that goal the brave man—and sometimes the coward too—sacrifices his comfort, pleasure, and immediate self-interest.

Donlon was responsible for his men, and for the villagers in the neighboring hamlets, and for his country's fortunes in a conflict that ranges far from Nam Dong, and, in a sense, for all of us. That is why he fittingly wears the Medal of Honor awarded by the representatives of the American people. The kind of test that Donlon met that night in Vietnam is not going to confront many of us, but the values he held throughout that night are values that all of us need in many another test.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED